

CHATTERBOX.



1904.

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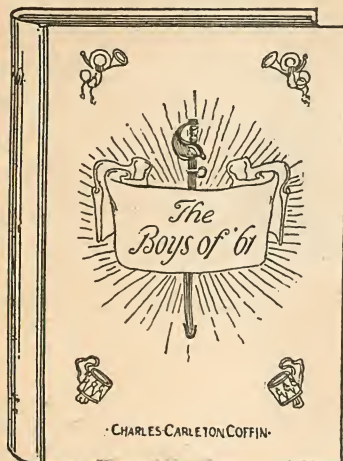
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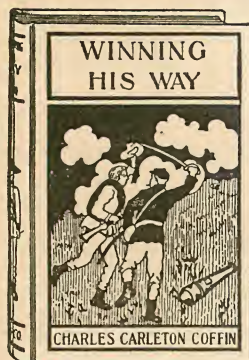
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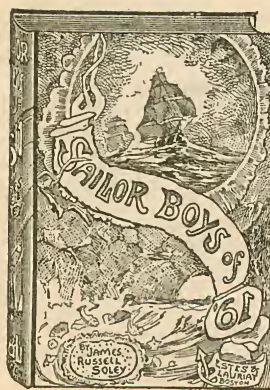


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Chatterbox

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1904

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Chatterbox.



“A man with more money than manners.”

QUITS.

A WELL-DRESSED man, who evidently possessed more money than manners, entered a railway carriage. An old gentleman who was within had placed his hat on the seat beside him to reserve it for a friend. The new-comer not only took the seat, but sat on the hat and crushed it. Instead of apologising, he turned fiercely on the old gentleman, and blamed him for his carelessness in putting the hat there. The old gentleman quietly smiled, and said nothing. At the next station the rude passenger got out. The old gentleman then rose and called a porter. 'Please run after that gentleman, said he, 'and tell him he has left something behind.'

The man came rushing back, and, putting his head in at the door, said, 'What have I left?'

'Two very bad impressions,' coolly replied the old gentleman.

H. B. S.

THE FIGHTING CLIFFORDS.

WHATEVER we may think about some of the things done by the Normans who came to settle in England after the Conquest, things that were hard upon the Saxons and look bad to us, we must allow that many of them were brave and self-denying men. So were those who were descended from them, and who helped to raise England amongst the nations. Few appear more famous than the Cliffords; for centuries they were desperate fighters in the numerous battles of the Middle Ages; their ancestors had been hardy mountaineers of France. Often they fought in Scotland as well as in England, or took their part when our country was battling with foes across the Channel.

One of the notable residences of the northern Cliffords was Pendragon Castle in Westmoreland, but only a ruined tower remains, standing near the river Eden amongst the beautiful fells and woods. Cyclists on an excursion sometimes find their way to Bardon Tower, and stop for refreshment at some cottage close by, with its little orchard and its beehives.

We do not read much about the Cliffords after the Restoration, at least not as soldiers; those chiefly remarkable for their exploits in war have long vanished, but their tombs remain, and portraits of some may be seen in our National Collection. For instance, there was the Clifford who had a character for cruelty not to be envied, who figured in the Wars of the Roses, and slew the young Duke of Rutland, and afterwards the Duke of York.

Amongst others of note was the seafaring Lord Clifford, of Queen Elizabeth's time, who carried out eleven expeditions against the Spanish and Dutch. But probably of the northern Cliffords, the most remarkable were the Shepherd Lord, as he was called, and Lady Anne, who rebuilt Bardon Tower when it had been desolate many years, putting up a singular inscription yet to be seen. She also repaired five more castles belonging to the family, and built a new church at Skipton after the Civil War. She bravely resisted an attempt of

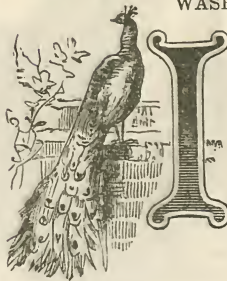
King James to seize some of her property, and spent much of the large income of her estate in acts of hospitality and charity. When, during the reign of Charles II., one of his ministers wanted to name a Member of Parliament for Appleby, she wrote in answer that she had been bullied by a usurper, neglected by a court, but would not be dictated to by a subject. It was she who erected a monument to the poet Spenser in Westminster Abbey.

The Shepherd Lord lived long before her, and his memory takes us back to a troublous period of civil war in England. Lord John Clifford, also called the black-faced Clifford, fell at the battle of Towton, where the Lancastrians were beaten. Dreading lest her boy and herself should suffer from the hands of the victorious Yorkists, the widow fled to the wilds of Yorkshire, where she was concealed for a time. She decided to bring her boy up as a shepherd, to avoid suspicion, and he followed this employment till Henry VII. came to the throne, when he took his proper title, and the King restored to him the Clifford lands. When he was a shepherd, he was looked upon by his rustic comrades as a man of great ability. He afterwards studied under the monks of Bolton, wrote poetry, and became learned in astronomy and sciences. But though for many years a man of peace, he had the warlike qualities of the Cliffords; for early in the reign of Henry VIII., we find him a general of the English army, and one of the chief commanders of the troops engaged at Flodden, where the Scotch were defeated.

J. R. S. C.

WONDERS OF LITTLE LIVES.

I.—BIRD-EATING SPIDERS; BURYING BEETLES; WASPS' NESTS.



IN the warmer and tropical parts of the world, spiders of huge size are common. Perhaps the largest of all are those found in tropical South America, where they are said to be almost as large as a rat. Covered with coarse, dark-coloured hairs, these ugly and repulsive creatures, in spite of their size, become almost invisible when lying in wait for their prey, which consists not only of insects, but even of such comparatively large creatures as lizards and birds.

Doubt has many times been cast upon their ability to catch birds, but the great traveller-naturalist Bates was able to verify the statements which have been made to this effect. When collecting in the Amazon region he came across two small birds entangled in the web of one of these giants. One was quite dead, the other lay under the body of the spider, smeared with saliva. He drove away the spider and released the poor victim, but it soon died. Some of the spiders in this region are described by this traveller as of immense size. 'One day,' he says, 'I saw the children belonging to an Indian family, who collected for me, with one of these

monsters secured by a cord round its waist, by which they were leading it about the house as they would a dog.' This story is the more remarkable because the bite of one of these spiders is known to be extremely painful. The hairs, too, of the creatures are an additional source of danger, for when handled they break off and stick into the skin, setting up a very troublesome irritation.

The spiders of this kind which live in India, when irritated or alarmed, raise themselves on their hind legs, and by scraping what appears to be the front pair of legs against the jaws, produce a strange sound like the dropping of shot upon a plate. The production of musical sounds is, however, by no means confined to these giants, and some day we shall have more to say on this subject.

Fortunately for us Nature keeps quite a large standing army of scavengers, whose duty it is to clear away dead bodies and all offensive matter that would otherwise render the air dangerous to health. Among the most conspicuous of these guardians of the public health are the burying beetles, or sexton beetles, as they are sometimes called.

When these little creatures find a dead body they at once begin to bury it. The operation takes a long while, and entails much labour. It is effected by burrowing beneath the body and removing the soil bit by bit, until the body gradually sinks down below the surface. But this work of burying is not undertaken merely for the sake of removing what might otherwise become a nuisance. These little sextons have an object in view, and that is the preparation of a nursery and larder, to use for their young. As soon as the body is completely buried, the female lays a number of eggs therein, and these in a few days hatch out into young beetles. At this time, however, they by no means resemble their parents; on the contrary, they appear at first in the shape of dull-coloured and very ugly grubs, having short legs and no wings. As soon as they leave the egg they begin to feed upon the dead body, which their careful parents buried for them, and after a time, having completed their growth as 'grubs,' that is to say, having completed their childhood stage, they fall into a state of torpor, and become encased in a kind of shell, undergoing a series of changes which at last result in their transformation into beetles.

The adult beetle is a very highly coloured insect, being black barred with yellow, and, furthermore, is provided with two pairs of wings. The front pair take no part in flight, but serve as shields for the hinder pair.

By way of contrast in the matter of nurseries, we may look at those of the wasps, many of which are perhaps among the most beautiful of their kind in nature. Take, for instance, that of a species common in France and Germany, though not found in our island. It is pensile, that is to say, hung by a stalk from the bough of a tree or other object. The history of the building of such a nest is most interesting, for it is the work of several generations of builders, though lasting but a single summer.

It is begun by a single wasp, the mother of a

future colony. Awakened from a long winter sleep by the warm rays of the sun in early spring, she commences her labour by gathering particles of decayed wood, and chewing them with a peculiar kind of juice, which forms a substance very like paper. With this the stalk which is to support the nursery is begun, then, widening this out, three or four tiny chambers or cells are made, and in each an egg is laid. These soon hatch out into tiny grubs, and then the work of this industrious parent is greatly increased, for she has to feed these hungry little creatures and add to the size of the cells in which they rest, or they would tumble out. At last they can eat no more, and falling into a deep sleep, are sealed up and left to themselves. Meanwhile, the work of building is still carried on by the busy parent. In a little while the young wasps awake from their sleep, and breaking through the sealed-up mouth of the chamber in which they were imprisoned, emerge full-grown wasps. Almost at once they are made to set to work to build more cells exactly like those in which they were hatched. In these more eggs are laid, and when these hatch out the helpless grubs are fed by their sisters.

In due time these also become wasps, and in turn carry on the work of building and feeding later generations of young ones, and so on till the end of the summer. Then a dreadful tragedy takes place. When the cold of autumn warns them that winter is at hand all the young that may be in the nursery are dragged out by their sisters, carried away, and dropped down to die! Why this should be we do not know. Perhaps the grown-up wasps know that they, too, are about to die, and so they kill those helpless ones before they become fully conscious, instead of leaving them to die of starvation, as they would certainly do after the death of their nurses. By the time winter comes, only one wasp is left, who is to be the mother of the colony of the next year. She creeps away to some warm sheltered spot, and sleeps away the winter months, to emerge in the spring and found a new colony.

The wasps die in the autumn because they have not learned to store honey for use in winter as the bees do. It is on this account that the bees build much larger nests, so that some of the cells or chambers can be used as food stores, whilst others serve as cots for the young. The wasps build cots only.

W. P. PYCRAFT, A.L.S., F.Z.S., ETC.

PERRY'S KITE.

IT was finished at last—the beautiful kite which I had occupied all Perry's leisure hours for the past week, and in the making of which both Father and Mother had given their ready help and advice. Even Dorothy—six-year-old Dorothy—had been pressed into the service, and been graciously allowed by Perry to make the humbler parts of the kite's tail. And now it was ready, and all the family accompanied the boy to the breezy field in front of the old Rectory, where the first ascent of the 'Meteor' was to be made.

'Up she goes! up! up!' shouted Perry gleefully, as he threw up the kite and then ran quickly down



A — Bird-eating Spiders.

B — Burying Beetles.

C — Mud Wasps : a Pensile Nest.



Perry's Kite.

the sloping field by the haystack, his little terrier in front of him barking noisily at the 'Meteor,' which perhaps he mistook for some strange bird.

'Look where you go, Perry!' shouted his father, as he looked on with a gratified smile at the successful 'Meteor,' his long coat and full-bottomed wig standing well out against the deep green of the

glebe meadow. 'You'll be in the pond in another minute,' and he raised a warning hand as he spoke.

'I will take care, sir,' said Perry, in the formal way in which children in the eighteenth century were taught to address their parents. 'Now, Dorothy,' he went on, 'I am going to be like that Franklin the Squire was telling Father about last night. He

flew a kite and brought down lightning from the clouds, and so will I! You look at me and the "Meteor," Dorothy, and see what happens.'

But far from looking at boastful Perry, poor little Dorothy ran to her mother, and, hiding her face in her dress, called out piteously, 'No, no, Perry! Do not let him, Mother! Do not let him pull down the lightning! I am so afraid!'

'Pooh! what is there to be afraid of?' said Perry importantly. 'Dr. Franklin was not afraid, and he is an American, so of course I am not afraid, for I am English.'

'Do not let him! do not let him!' screamed Dorothy, more terrified than ever.

'Hold your tongue, Perry, and do not frighten your little sister,' said his father; and Perry was silent at once, for obedience to authority was one of the good old customs of that day, and Perry, though treated with extreme indulgence by both Father and Mother, would no more have thought of disobeying an order than of flying to the moon.

Perhaps in his heart the boy was not sorry to be forbidden to make his proposed experiment in natural philosophy.

'I should not know what to do with the lightning if I did fetch it down,' he reflected as he ran along, paying out ever more and more string, till at last the kite seemed but a speck in the sky. 'But the Squire did tell Father yesterday that Franklin had made a wonderful discovery, and that "in years to come people would be employing lightning for all sorts of useful purposes." Those were his very words—I remember them quite well. But then,' went on the boy, 'every one says the Squire is a bit queer, and certainly to think of making lightning useful seems to me quite mad.'

Perry's string was now all paid out, and he stood still to watch his dear 'Meteor' up in the air—a white speck getting ever smaller against the blue autumnal sky; and all thoughts of Franklin and lightning were soon forgotten by the boy in admiration of his pretty toy.

But Perry was mistaken in his ideas, as we now know, for the Squire was not mad at all in prophesying of the great things that would in later years be done by means of the lightning, or electricity, as we now term it. We now, in this twentieth century, use electricity for so many things that we can hardly imagine how people lived in those days when there were no telegraphs, no electric railways, no electric light, and no electric motor-cars. These things, it is true, are all quite modern inventions, but electricity was known to our forefathers as a branch of science, though it was left to us to make practical use of that knowledge. As far back as 1600 an English physician had published a book on electricity and magnetism, and Sir Isaac Newton also added much to the knowledge of these sciences. Then came the American printer, Benjamin Franklin, who certainly was the first to bring down, with a kite, the electricity from the clouds. He also introduced the conducting-rod for preserving buildings from lightning; and so, step by step, the way was prepared for Edison, and all the marvels of the electricity of our most wondrous day.

SYDNEY CLARENDON.

THE SIBYL OF ST. PIERRE.

A Tale of Martinique.

CHAPTER I.



HERE was a shout of laughter from the end of the terrace where the pepper-trees grew, and a couple of blue and green macaws flew away screaming in a scandalised fashion at the noisy uproar from the wingless bipeds down below. Then Maurice Rowan, who had stayed behind in the schoolroom to grapple with an algebra problem, which had been bothering him for the last hour, sprang up from his desk and rushed out to see what all the fun was about.

Of the three steps leading from the schoolroom to the terrace, one was broken and propped up with a big fragment of rock, which gave it a wobbly movement every time it was stepped upon, whilst the other two were in a state of creaking weakness, which threatened collapse at every tread. But Maurice was well acquainted with them, and took the three at a bound in a fashion usual with Mr. Hamlin's boys.

'Derry has got it,' cried a shrill boyish voice; 'hold on tight, Derry, old fellow, and pull for all you are worth!'

Other ejaculations of a similar character broke from the group, which swayed and strained as if all were intent on assisting Derry to pull.

Then came a burst of jubilant hurrahs, just as Maurice reached the spot, and at the same moment he was hit full in the face by a huge bunch of bananas swinging at the end of a cord.

The blow was a staggering one, and coming as it did in such an unexpected fashion, sent him sprawling on the ground, knocking out a rather loose front tooth, and causing his nose to bleed profusely.

But he scrambled up laughing at his own disaster, joining in the chorus of hurrahing, and waving defiance to some one far below.

The some one was a brawny mulatto in a little coffin-shaped boat, piled high with green cocoanuts, bananas, and other fruit, which he was taking to market in St. Pierre.

Suddenly into the midst of the shouting boys stepped a young man, tall and severe of aspect, his stern appearance being increased by the blue glasses which he wore to shield his eyes from the sun.

'What are you doing?' he demanded quietly, yet with such an emphasis of command that every one of the six boys implicated in that particular bit of mischief covered before him. But Maurice, secure in conscious rectitude, alone stood at ease, attending to his damaged nose and mouth with a very grubby pocket-handkerchief, and wondering how it was that mere bananas could hit so hard.

Through the hush of silence, caused by the unexpected advent of the stern-faced junior master, the voice of the mulatto could plainly be heard, abusing his tormentors in a mixed dialect, comprising

English, French, and the peculiar patois beloved of the Martinique native, a language unwritten but expansive beyond all other tongues, and abounding in every form and style of invective.

'What are you doing?' the master asked again, his tone a little more insistent this time, whilst his eyes, gleaming coldly through the blue spectacles, seemed to compel a response from the unhappy culprits.

But before the guilty ones could frame any sort of excuse for their wrong-doing, Maurice, whose suspicions had been aroused by the peculiar heaviness of that bunch of bananas, cried excitedly, 'Please, sir, just look at what that artful creature Jacob has done—he has put bits of old iron and flint in those bananas, so that the bunch hit me hard enough to floor an ox. I call it a shame—why, I might have been killed!'

'You are but paying the penalty of your own actions,' returned the master coldly. 'This illegal grabbing of poor people's property has been going on too long, and it is quite time an example was made of some one, in order to put a stop to it.'

'But I hadn't anything to do with it,' exclaimed Maurice, in righteous indignation; adding, as an after-thought prompted by his conscience, 'Not this time, at least.'

'I have been standing in Mr. Hamlin's study watching you all the time,' said the junior master, with an air of finality.

'Then, sir, you must have seen me run past the study window at the first shout. I was working at my algebra until then,' Maurice said earnestly, as he turned his damaged face first towards the master and then with a quick glance back to the six culprits, who were already beginning to look easier in their minds at the prospect of a scapegoat who would bear the blame in their stead.

But if he expected his schoolfellows to confirm his statement, he was doomed to disappointment, for they all maintained a stolid silence, except Derry, the Dutch boy from Bottom in Saba, who twisted his knuckles into his eyes and emitted a snuffling noise, intended for crying, though no tears were visible.

'Did you finish the problem?' the master asked, with an intonation of disbelief which made Maurice wince.

'Yes, sir, but I came out in such a hurry that I left it on my desk. Will you see it now?'

'In a moment, after the bananas have been restored to the poor fellow from whom they were stolen,' returned the master; and then stepping forward to the low wall bounding the terrace, he leaned over and beckoned to Jacob the mulatto, calling to him to paddle in closer under the wall, so that his property might be restored to him.

But mindful of the stuffing which he had so artfully contrived to insert in those bananas, Jacob deemed discretion the better part of valour, and paddled away in the direction of the town quay as fast as he could go, through a very lively fear of the retribution which might be expected to follow.

Mr. Swayne, the junior master, looked distinctly vexed at this error of judgment on Jacob's part, and moved along the terrace towards the schoolroom with a heavy frown on his face.

He was followed by Maurice, the sniffing Derry, and the other five boys, who looked quite meekly subdued, as if such pranks as grabbing fruit from a market boat were a physical and moral impossibility with them.

Formerly they had obtained their fruit by more orthodox methods, tying their money in a bit of rag to the hook at the end of a cord, which was lowered to the boats passing below, the market people affixing the value in fruit to the hook, which was promptly drawn up and the purchases eaten openly upon the terrace.

But since the advent of Mr. Swayne as junior master in the Rev. Charles Hamlin's small private school, all this had been altered and the privilege of honest trading had been taken away. Mr. Swayne was an alarmist, and when one day the unlucky Derry took a header over the terrace wall, in an energetic but ill-advised effort to swing a big bunch of green cocoanuts in-board, and tumbled into the sea almost on to the back of a big shark, the junior master painted the dangers of this kind of angling so vividly to Mr. Hamlin, that the boys were at once forbidden to purchase any more fruit from the market boats.

Being forbidden to buy, they took to surreptitious grabbing, lowering the hook, and seizing anything they could manage to catch from the numerous boats, which passed close in under the rock wall to avoid the bigger shipping crowding the harbour.

This kind of one-sided dealing at once roused the anger of the unfortunate victims below; complaints were made by the market people to Mr. Hamlin, and in consequence the boys were threatened with serious penalties should the offence be repeated.

But the grabbing went on, until the market people, made wise by experience, took care to keep further from shore when passing Mr. Hamlin's abode. Only Jacob, the sly-faced mulatto, drew in as usual, having hit on a means by which he hoped the biters might be bit, by arranging a tempting-looking bunch of bananas so that they might be easily caught by the swinging hook, and drawn up to deal a hard blow, and sharp disappointment, to the luckless boy who swung them in-board.

Mr. Swayne entered the schoolroom, and walking to his own desk, said briefly, but without looking at Maurice, 'Bring me your slate.'

The boy turned and walked to his own particular corner, which was on the side of the room furthest from the window. But though he had left his slate lying on the desk, and his algebra open beside it, neither book nor slate was visible now, and he stared blankly round, unable to understand what had become of them.

'Please, sir, they are gone,' he faltered.

'Here is Maurice Rowan's slate; but there isn't any algebra on it,' piped the thin voice of Pinchy Pierrot, catching sight of the missing article lying in its proper place with a pile of others, cleaned and ready for use.

'Do you still persist in saying you were doing algebra on that slate?' asked Mr. Swayne.

But Maurice stood speechless.

(Continued at page 14.)



"Just as Maurice reached them he was hit in the face by a huge bunch of bananas."



The Chimney-sweep of former Days.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

True Tales of Events of the Year 1804.

I.—REB, THE CLIMBING BOY.



THE small hours before dawn are ever the coldest, and it was bitterly cold one January day in the year 1804.

Three o'clock had just boomed from the neighbouring church clock, when Master Oxton rose from his bed, and made a very hasty toilet.

Three o'clock seems the middle of the night to most folk, but Oxton's business was done, as a rule, whilst more fortunate people were asleep, for he was a chimney sweep, and, had there been light enough, you might have known this from the sign, which swung over his door:—

J. OXTON, SWEEP.

CHIMNEYS SWEEP IN THE BEST LONDON FASHION.

N.B.—Little boys for small flues.

So ran the sign, and the said 'little boy,' sleeping the merciful sleep of childhood, though his bed was a bag of soot, and his only covering another bag, an empty one, which he had huddled round his poor little form.

'Get up, Reb! Get up, you lazy rascal, and make haste about it. Get up! Do you hear me?'

Oxton shouted this down the cellar stairs in his big gruff voice, and Reb, hastily startled out of his sleep, jumped up, saying timidly, 'Yes, Master, I'm getting up,' and at once began shuffling into the coat and breeches which had served him for a pillow.

Poor little Reb! He was an orphan, as indeed were most climbing boys, few parents being willing to apprentice their boys to such a hard life. He had never known any home but the workhouse, where, being a thin, slightly-built child, he was early apprenticed to the 'climbing-boy' business. Reb began to sweep chimneys at seven years of age, and this was not considered too early in those days, when the hardships of child-workers received but scanty consideration from any one, for children of six, even five years of age were often thus employed. 'What else could be done,' would be asked, 'with the flues of coppers, and ovens only nine inches square? We must have small children for such work!'

A Society for introducing the jointed brush, or machine, as it was called, was started in 1803, but it was not popular with the trade, who one and all declared that 'the machines' would be the ruin of their business.

It is needless to say that no little boy ever wished to crawl up a dark chimney, and as a rule could only be forced up by blows and ill-treatment, and so it was only hard, brutal men who took to the sweeping trade; the cruelties they inflicted on their young apprentices would not make fit reading

for these pages, though they are all set forth in a Blue Book of that day.

But to return to Reb.

Oxton had breakfasted, and now shouted down the stairs, 'Come on—will you?'

'I'm coming, Master,' timidly answered the child, his pale blue eyes shining nervously out of his sooty face, as he came quickly up the stairs.

'Got the bag? Hurry on, then, and step out, or I'll make you,' said Oxton, and Reb, with his brushes in his hand and the bag for soot over his shoulder, followed his master along the snowy streets to a big house in a square a mile or more away.

Here Oxton rang loudly at the bell, and after a time thumped briskly at the back door, but it was a long time before the lazy footman could bring himself to leave his cosy bed.

Oxton was accustomed to these waits—sweeps had to expect them as part of the day's work—ten minutes at one house, half an hour at the next, and so on. He had a warm great-coat, and had had a good breakfast before leaving home, so he was able to bear with tolerable composure the icy wind and the sleet which was now falling heavily.

But Reb had no coat and no breakfast, and though he did his best and wrapped the bag closely round him, it did very little to keep him warm, and he was trembling all over with cold when the sleepy, half-dressed footman at last unbarred the door.

'Raw morning, Mr. Oxton,' he said, with a yawn. 'I dare say you will be glad of a drink of something warm before setting to work.'

'You're very good,' readily responded the sweep. 'Just let me get my youngster here up the chimney, and he can be doing the work whilst we are enjoying ourselves.'

'That's the style,' agreed the footman; then looking critically at Reb, he said: 'I hope that boy of yours won't give us the work your last one did. Do you remember how he stuck in the chimney and wouldn't move, and we had to get a man to cut a hole in the bricks to get him out, more dead than alive?'

'Ah, yes! he was an obstinate young villain,' said Oxton. 'He didn't choose to get up, that's where it was. This one knows better. He knows I would soon smoke him out with lighted straw if he were to stick in any chimney. I am not going to be served that way twice, and that I tell you,' he said, shaking his fist at Reb. 'Now, then, off with your coat and boots and up you go.'

They were by this time in the dining-room, where the furniture was all covered up with sheets in readiness for their visit. The fire-place was a large one, and for some distance the chimney was easy enough to climb, and Reb began to hope he might get to the top without much difficulty. But now he came to the bend. The chimney suddenly narrowed, and small as he was, Reb could make way but very, very slowly. His chief hold on the sides of the chimney was by his knees and elbows, and soon, with constant grazing against the rough bricks, skin was knocked off, and the blood, flowed from both elbows and knees.

'I can't get up any further!' he at last called down the chimney.

But the gruff voice of the sweep called back, 'If I don't see you and your brush up at the top of the chimney in the next few minutes, I'll send some lighted straw up and roast you out!'

Terrified by this threat, the poor child made every effort in his power, and at last, faint and exhausted, he came out at the top of the chimney, and feebly raised his brush above his head to show his task was done.

The next minute the rotten chimney-top gave way, and with a shriek of terror the boy fell on to the roof, rolling quickly down the sloping surface till at last he fell with a thump some twenty feet or more on to the flat roof of an outhouse, and from thence to the ground.

* * * * *

Reb's fall brought him the first good fortune of his young life. The owner of the house, hearing of the accident, had the child nursed and cared for in his own house, and Reb's chimney-sweeping days were over for ever!

The accident too, bad as it was (for both of Reb's legs were broken, and he was crippled for life), brought help to other boys as miserable as himself, for it was felt that such a state of things was a disgrace to a civilised land.

A Mr. Tuke invented a new brush for chimneys, and by degrees all sweeps were induced to use it. The phrase 'climbing boy' is now unknown, at any rate in the sweep's business; nowadays the words mean a happy country boy who climbs green trees, and knows nothing of the terror of dark chimneys and narrow flues. C. CLARENDON.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

1. — ARITHMOGRAPH.

An English Author.

A WORD of nine letters, the name of a well-known English author.

- 1.—4, 3, 5, 6. An article of food.
- 2.—2, 8, 4, 5. A hard-worked animal.
- 3.—4, 7, 9. A sound of distress.
- 4.—5, 3, 1, 6. A woman's name.
- 5.—9, 8, 4, 2, 1. A small sailing vessel.
- 6.—1, 6, 8, 4, 2. To instruct.
- 7.—2, 8, 9. Dried grass.
- 8.—3, 4, 2, 6. To be in pain.

C. J. B.

2.—BURIED TOWNS.

1. The corridor express brought aunt on without a single stop.
2. Tom has brought the biggest rat for Dan's ferrets.
3. You can take the tram-car lower down the street.
4. Stop! rest on your way, and review your backward course.
5. Do you believe sham fights are good practice for volunteers?
6. 'Have at ye, O villains!' cried the red knight.
7. Shall we wait on the green, or enter the castle?
8. The Boers' guns were concealed in burghers' houses.

9. We were in time, through papa rising at dawn to wake us.

10. Soot, lime, salt, ashes, guano, and other substances were laid upon the land. C. J. B.

3.—GEOGRAPHICAL CHARADE.

My first, when Autumn crowns the year,
Sheds joy and plenty far and near;
To those in need 'tis more than gold,
And yet 'tis often cheaply sold:
It gives due strength to man and horse;
For though 'tis small 'tis full of force.

My second is a trusty guard
Where thieves are kept in watch and ward;
And while it holds the prisoner bound,
It makes the good man safe and sound;
'Tis high and low; 'tis thick and thin;
It shuts things out, and keeps them in.

My whole's a shire of hill and moor,
Of rocky cliff and sandy shore;
'Tis rich in copper, lead, and tin,
And zinc and silver are therein;
'Tis part of England's broad expanse,
And not so very far from France. C. J. B.

[Answers at page 26.]

ON MANY WATERS.

I.—CATAMARANS.

A HUNGRY body has always been very powerful in urging men to exertion, invention, and enterprise. In hot countries the temptation to lie basking in the sun like tortoises or turtles is strong, but even stronger is the commonplace desire for something to eat. In conditions of life when nothing could be bought, and no money existed wherewith to buy it, men's faculties were aroused by the necessity of supplying food for themselves, their wives and children.

Often surrounded by dense forests or jungles where each step meant labour in path-cutting, with unhandy tools, and the constant fear that the worker instead of finding the food he sought might himself furnish a dinner for some hungry animal, it was not surprising that men cast about for some easier method of storing the family larder. Water was the one natural highway of the world, whether stream, river, lake, or ocean, and Necessity, the stern mother of Invention, led men to think of the buoyant qualities of wood, bark, and skin. Once afloat in some such combination, it was easy to go with the stream, and the need of getting home again awoke the instinct of fighting the current with oars or paddles. Next, fatigue, or possibly laziness, gave the idea of compelling the wind to take its share of work, and so a sail of bark or matting, with a mast to hold it up, was evolved.

In this primitive vessel savage men traversed the world's great highway, and one of its simplest forms still survives in the Catamaran of Madras, on the east or Coromandel coast of Hindustan. It is simply three logs of wood lashed together, the centre one being the longer. On this the native kneels or squats when working his paddle, and whilst scientific



Madras Catamaran.

Brazilian Catamaran.



Demoiselle Cranes and Cormorants.

boats built by trained artisans are easily upset in the heavy surf which fringes the coast, these frail little rafts skim over it securely. Occasionally, however, if the surf runs very high, and the breakers are more than usually dangerous, even the catamaran is overwhelmed, and the native, an expert swimmer, dives off it and saves himself, leaving his easily-

made craft to its fate. Catamarans are used in ordinary weather not only for fishing and similar purposes, but also for carrying messages through the surf to ships which cannot venture within the breakers.

A larger form of catamaran, known as a Balza, is greatly used by South Americans, and is composed

of five, seven, or nine logs with cross-boards lashed to them by withies or ropes. They are usually made of balza wood, which is springy in texture and very light. For ocean travelling these rafts are of considerable size, often reaching sixty feet in length and twenty-four in breadth, and on them whole families travel with all their household goods. They ride on the surface of the water, and waves seldom break over them, so that property carried runs no risk of being injured.

Smaller balzas go up and down the great South American rivers, and many of them are light enough to be easily carried over rapids and shallow places. The sails are usually three-cornered, though on the larger balzas square sails find most favour.

The Brazilians also use a form of catamaran called a Gonguada, which is made with two or three platforms of wood fastened to bags of skin filled with air. The great air cushions float readily, and with a mast and sail the useful little vessel is complete; the steering is done simply by one long oar.

HELENA HEATH.

CRANES AND CORMORANTS.

THE Demoiselle or Numidian Crane is most abundant in Africa, though occasionally found in Asia and Eastern Europe. Its name arose from the slow and graceful nature of its usual movements, 'demoiselle' being an old French word for a young girl. But this bird has occasional and curious fits of friskiness, when it lowers its head, flaps its wings, or dances upon the tips of its toes. Again, like other cranes, one of them will stand quite still a long time, one leg drawn up and hidden in the plumage. The height of the Demoiselle is about three feet six inches. Its plumage is bluish grey, the head being notable for its hanging white feathers. More rare is the Crested Demoiselle, which has a golden crest and red cheeks. Most of the cranes can produce a sort of trumpeting noise.

To the cormorant people generally give a bad character; it is supposed to be a greedy bird, though really perhaps not more ravenous than most of its relatives, which are also eaters of fish. Birds that live upon fish can eat a great deal, for fish is light of digestion; sometimes, too, they have to fast, when the weather is bad. The cormorant is especially fond of eels, and when it comes upon a number, it swallows one after another rapidly. It can swim and dive remarkably well, and when it desires to rest it is fond of sitting upon a projecting ridge of rock.

Though common about the British coasts, the bird occurs also in many other countries. By the Chinese it is tamed, and taught to fish for its master's benefit. In Turkey, along the shores of the Bosphorus, cormorants are to be seen in thousands.

While young, this bird is nearly black and covered with woolly down. Its nest is large, made of sticks, seaweed, and grass, but the eggs are smallish for the size of the cormorant; they are a bluish green, and from four to six in number. Many of the nests are placed together, the parent birds being friendly.

J. R. S. C.

THE SIBYL OF ST. PIERRE.

(Continued from page 7.)

CHAPTER II.



LEAVING the Rue Victor Hugo, and threading their way through a series of steep narrow streets, down which the mountain water rushed with a merry splashing gurgle, Maurice Rowan and a young fellow a few years his senior took the road out of town towards Glen Rosa, about an hour before sunset that same evening.

They were mounted on mountain ponies, so small that the elder boy's feet dangled within a few inches of the ground, but so strong and capable that they kept up a good trot over the hilly road until they reached that part of the way where the little river from Morne Rouge came rushing down over the road, and when this was forded the two boys dismounted to walk up the steep rise beyond, so as to give their small steeds a breathing-time.

Maurice was dour and silent, with a look of acute depression which could not go long unnoticed by his companion.

'What is the matter, Maurice?' he asked, presently, breaking the silence which had lasted ever since they left the town.

'I'm in an awful muddle, and the trouble is I can't see my way through it anyhow,' responded Maurice, in a tragic tone, and then he plunged into the story of the morning's grabbing, its consequences to himself, with the subsequent disappearance of the algebra problem from his slate.

'Some one came in after you rushed out, took up your slate by mistake, cleaned it, and then was ashamed to say so,' said the elder boy, who was Andrew Mackern, the orphan cousin of Maurice, and his confidential adviser in most things.

'Not possible; we were all on the terrace except Walsh, Stebbings, and Cranford, the three seniors, who had gone to the Jardin des Plantes with Mr. Hamlin for their botanical lesson—so there was no one else to do it, you see. The worst of it is, Mr. Swayne will not believe that I was doing algebra at all, but sticks to it that I was on the terrace all the time, and it is horribly degrading to be thought a liar,' said Maurice, wincing again, and flushing a deep crimson of painful humiliation.

'Your father will not think you one,' retorted Andrew, quickly.

'Bless his heart, no! Dad always does believe us, and I can tell you the thought of it has often kept me from fibbing when I have been driven into a tight corner, for I would not lose his respect for any consideration,' the boy said, with a sudden light in his eyes.

'Then there isn't anything to worry about, that I can see, for the other will come right in time,' Andrew answered, equably. He had left school himself, and occupied a stool in a merchant's office at St. Pierre, so that schoolboy troubles seemed to him things of very small moment indeed.

Maurice shook his head with a doleful air. 'It isn't so easily settled as all that, for at present it is my word against Mr. Swayne's, and it is only natural that Mr. Hamlin should believe him first. The penalty for grabbing is the loss of a week's marks, and if I have to lose that it is all up with my chance of the scholarship, for I know Stebbings is as near to me as he can be.'

'Surely there must be some way of proving it. What about the other boys? Didn't they see that you were not there until the last moment?' demanded Andrew, with a frown, for any trouble which threatened the scholarship would be a disaster indeed. Maurice had set his heart on being a doctor, and the Edinburgh scholarship, if he gained it, was to be the first step on his way to a medical career.

'They all stick to it, except Derry and Pinchy Pierrot, that they had not noticed whether I was there or not. But Derry says he is sure I was not, or I should not have let him swing the hook; only as he did not look round he can't be quite certain, and no one will believe what Pinchy Pierrot says, even on those rare occasions when he does tell the truth and stick to it.'

'But the algebra—if you have done it once you can surely do it again, and that ought to be convincing,' said Andrew, coming to a standstill on the top of the rise before mounting his pony to ride down the long hill to Glen Rosa.

The gloom gathered again on the face of Maurice. 'That is just where the whole matter turns, according to Mr. Swayne, for though I did the problem right on my slate, and made it come out clean, I can't do it now, though I have sat over it the whole afternoon. I don't seem to have the slightest idea how I did it before.'

Andrew glanced at him sharply, not in the way of suspecting his good faith, however, for the family at Glen Rosa believed in each other's honesty, and always lived up to their belief. He was only wondering whether his cousin might be sickening for some fever to induce such a curious loss of memory.

But Maurice, despite his depression, looked the picture of health, so plainly some other reason must be found for his unaccountable density.

'I shouldn't bother about it any more to-night; most likely you will see all as clear as daylight when morning comes,' Andrew answered, cheerily, preparing to fling his leg over the back of his stout little pony.

'Hullo! what's that?' exclaimed Maurice, as there came a rustling, plunging noise in the steep wooded bank rising abruptly from the road on their left.

As if in answer to his exclamation, there came a shrill shout of 'Hi! hi! hi!' and then, slipping and plunging, a boy half scrambled, half fell, through the

underbush and maidenhair ferns, alighting on all fours in the road just under the nose of Andrew's pony, which shied violently, and would have flung him and bolted but for his tight grip on the rein.

'Hullo, you Gusty, what are you up to now?' he shouted; exclaiming, 'Good gracious, what an ugly beast!' as he discovered what it was which had so upset the nerves of his pony.

The boy, who looked about fifteen, was a coal-black negro; he was replacing on his back a huge iguana, fully three feet long, which he carried by its tail. He had tied the hideous creature's legs over its back so that it could not scratch, and its expressionless triangular head hung helplessly round under his arm.

'Hi, hi! ain't he just a beauty then, Massa Andrew?' chuckled the black boy, showing all his teeth in a wide-reaching grin as he hitched the iguana higher up on his back.

'It's frightfully ugly, you mean,' broke in Maurice, whose pony had been dancing on all fours, after the fashion of Andrew's. 'But wherever did you contrive to get such a big one, Gusty? I haven't seen any more than half as big as that in the woods about the plantations.'

'Hi! hi! hi! Gusty got up dis mornin' before de sun, and tramped up through de pass on de way to de Pitons, den he tracked off down a few miles more to de Demon's Mouth, and cotched de beauty down dere,' replied the boy, fondling the big diamond-shaped patches on the iguana's skin as if that kind of creature was specially dear to him.

'Whew! you have had walking enough. But what are you going to do with the thing now you have got it?' asked Maurice, giving himself a little shake of disgust as the iguana twisted its head round to leer at him with cold stare.

'Sell him to de butcher to be sure, for to be made into chicken pies for carnival week,' the boy answered with a chuckle; then, assuming a confidential air, and sidling close up to the side of Maurice, he said, in a low tone, full of meaning, 'I am found de place of it at last, Massa Maurice.'

'What place?' asked Maurice, preparing to cut the interview short, for Andrew had already ridden on, and he knew by experience that Gusty would talk all night if only he could find a listener.

'Dat place in de mountain where de hot water comes up in de floor ob a cave, an' where, by puttin' your ear to a crack in de wall, you can be hearin' de black sperrits jabberin' to de bad darkies dey hab caught,' replied Gusty in a mysterious way, and screwing up his face until he was as ugly as the iguana.

'Do you mean the cave that Mother Maddy is always talking about?' asked Maurice, pulling up his pony with a jerk, for the information was startling enough if true, only he would need the evidence of his own eyes before placing entire confidence in the statement.

'De very same, Massa Maurice; Gusty take you to see it when de carnival time is over,' said the boy in almost a whisper.



"A boy half scrambled, half fell through the underbush, just under the nose of Andrew's pony."

"Oh, I can't wait so long, and you won't want to be at the carnival all the time! If I get up at sunrise the day after to-morrow, will you be waiting at the top of the glen?" Maurice asked eagerly, for the spirit of adventure was strong in him, and this exploit would be of an unusually daring character.

"What am you goin' to pay?" demanded Gusty, who was always careful to stipulate about payment beforehand.

"Oh, I'll give you my two-bladed knife," replied Maurice, and then, jerking the reins, he was off like the wind down the long hill to Glen Rosa.

(Continued at page 22.)



The Eddystone Lighthouse.

DANGER SIGNALS.

I.—THE EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

NINE and a half miles south of the Rame Head at Plymouth Harbour lies a reef of rocks little more than six hundred feet from end to end. High tide and low, storm and calm, the sea moans round and over them unceasingly. On the broad expanse of the English Channel they are no more than a dust-speck, yet many and many a ship, that has sailed the trackless seas unharmed, has been wrecked on the Eddystone rocks. Such tales of sorrow had so often to be told in connection with them that, as long ago as the days of King William III., it was determined that the sea should no longer have its own way; and a gentleman named Winstanley volunteered to erect a lighthouse there.

Surely when he went to examine the place he must have fancied the waves were laughing at him, for they rushed up the sloping rocks with boisterous glee, leaping thirty or forty feet above every obstacle which opposed their progress. Only a very small portion of the rock remained visible at high tide, and this was deluged by every heavy sea.

But Mr. Winstanley was a clever man, and was not to be thwarted by such noisy threats. People who visited his house in Essex were filled with astonishment directly they entered the door, so strange were the things he had to show. Crossing one of the rooms, visitors were in the habit of nearly falling over a slipper which had been left lying on the floor. When, in their haste, they ventured to kick it on one side, a tall figure would instantly rise from the spot on which it had lain and glare at them in anger. Terrified at this mechanical apparition, the poor guests would sink into a chair placed ready to receive them, when they were immediately embraced by a pair of powerful arms which refused to release them until the laughing host had 'turned the handle.' Presently, as though he had not sufficiently 'entertained' his visitor, Mr. Winstanley would lead the way to the garden. Here, in a beautiful shady bower the breathless guest would settle himself to gather his scattered wits, when, lo! the seat and the floor sank rapidly away, and before he could say a word he was floating calmly in a barge upon the garden lake.

A man who could contrive all this was hardly likely to be daunted by the undisciplined sea. So he set to work, and in due course the Winstanley lighthouse stood upon the Eddystone rocks. But it was far more difficult to construct than his mechanical playthings in his Essex home had been.

It stood for four years; but one November morning in 1703, after the stormiest night that had ever raged in England, the people of Plymouth looked out across the grey water and saw that the lighthouse had totally vanished. Six people had perished in its fall, among them being Mr. Winstanley himself, who had sailed on the previous day to superintend some repairs, and had expressed a wish to see how his erection would behave in stormy weather.

Scarcely had the waves closed over the *débris* when a terrible disaster took place. A large East India-man called the *Winchelsea*, sailing up the Channel, went to pieces on the Eddystones, and many who had watched for their home-coming friends watched in vain. Such an event as this was only an additional proof of the great value of a lighthouse, and efforts were soon made to rebuild one.

But the sea roared on in triumph for some years before the engineer Rudyerd was able to complete a wooden building. He was beset by many difficulties, and on one occasion suddenly lost all his men in one day. It was at the time of war with France, and a number of French privateers, bearing down on the Eddystones, made prisoners of the Englishmen, and carried them to the Continent. The circumstance reached the knowledge of Louis XIV., and, instead of receiving his applause for what they had had done, the privateers were commanded to immediately release their captives and submit themselves to confinement. 'I am not fighting the nations of the earth,' said the King, 'and the noble work upon which these men were employed is for the benefit of all humanity.'

The lighthouse-builders returned to their storm-swept rocks, with presents from the French King to show that his enmity did not extend to the labours of the humane.

So the wooden tower was finished, and held aloft a star of guidance to the passing ships for nearly fifty years. Then on December 4th, 1755, a fire broke out and it was totally destroyed. Thus did tempest and fire war against all efforts to burn a light at the Eddystone reef. But on April 5th, 1756, a boat was rowed out from Plymouth harbour and, after a rare buffeting by the waves, its occupants succeeded in making a landing. The principal member of this party was Mr. John Smeaton. The tyrannical sea would only allow him to remain on the rocks for two hours and a quarter; but in that time he mapped out a place for a new tower, and we might almost say that the Eddystones were conquered from that moment. Just in time to escape the high tide he returned to Plymouth and then to London, where arrangements were completed. This time the lighthouse was to be a stone tower, built firmly into the rock, and the quarries at Portland were soon busy sending material to Mr. Smeaton's yard at Plymouth, whence it was shipped in sailing boats to the scene of action.

Only a very few hours in each day could be used, for the armies of waves broke unceasingly. Even at low tide, unless the weather was very calm, the men were deluged. But Smeaton awaited his opportunities; he took full advantage of them when they came, and the strong round tower slowly rose.

Starting from the rocks with sloping walls, it formed a smooth object for the angry sea to dash against; and it is matter for wonder that the dangerous work was completed without the loss of a single life, or even a mishap. The sea had met its match at last. It brought in vain its wildest forces from the broad Atlantic; with thundering roar the billows leapt over the vane at the very summit of

the tower, and obscured in a thick veil of water the warning light of the lantern. When the sea was in such a humour as this, it was little use for the keepers to take the warning of Mr. Smeaton's clock, which sounded a gong every half-hour to tell them to 'snuff the candle-wicks.'

Alas! so often was the sea in this humour, that when the great engineer had been dead for eighty-six years, and his lighthouse had been standing for one hundred and twenty, it was found necessary to take it down. The ceaseless onslaught had jarred the joints in the stones, and undermined the very rock itself on which the tower stood. So one hundred and twenty feet away a new tower was begun, a tower nearly twice the height of the old one. Sir James Douglass was the engineer, and right well has he done his work. The part of the reef on which it stands is beneath the level of low tide, yet the rock was chiselled away a foot deep, and the granite blocks built into it. Instead of curving the walls inward at once, as Smeaton had done, he built them perpendicular for forty-four feet. Thus the waves are broken against an upright barrier, and are greatly weakened before they reach the lighthouse itself. Each stone is dovetailed into its neighbours, thus making the tower practically one piece. There are two thousand one hundred and seventy-one of these stones, and they weigh four thousand six hundred and sixty-eight tons. So there is little wonder that the sea falls back in a disheartened manner, however fierce may be its attack.

Nine rooms, one above another, are passed through before the lantern is reached. Some are for storing oil in, some for living in, and the top one of all, just underneath the light, is called the 'serving-room.' The light itself throws out its changing beams on the dark night, one hundred and seventy-three feet above the water, and can be seen for a great distance at sea. Only the lightest spray can climb so high, and if a dense fog hangs its curtain in front of the light, two enormous bells, weighing two tons each, toll their loud warning.

The foundation-stone of this noble building was laid by the Duke of Edinburgh (as Master of the Trinity House) on August 19th, 1879, and the lights first flashed over the English Channel on the night of February 3rd, 1882. Truly we may be justified in thinking that the Eddystones have been conquered at last.

JOHN LEA.

AN ABSENT-MINDED SCHOOLBOY.

COLERIDGE the poet was, as a boy, extremely precocious, and so absorbed in his studies that he constantly imagined himself to be one of the heroes of his Latin and Greek school-books.

One day he was going down a London street when one of these day-dreams was on him, and he imagined himself to be Leander swimming across the Hellespont. As the boy thrust his hands before him to imitate the act of swimming, one hand came in contact with a gentleman's pocket. The gentleman seized the lad's hand, and, turning round, stared at him with some anger. 'What, so young and so wicked?' he said sorrowfully, looking full at the lad.

Poor little Coleridge, extremely frightened of being supposed to be guilty of such a crime, eagerly sobbed out that he had no thought of pocket-picking, but was only acting Leander swimming across the Hellespont!

This answer from the little bare-headed Bluecoat boy so surprised the gentleman that he questioned him further, and finding, from the simplicity and intelligence of his answers, that he had given a truthful explanation of his strange actions, the gentleman became greatly interested in him, and gave him a present which Coleridge gratefully remembered to the end of his life. The present was a subscription to a library in King Street, Cheapside. Books were very scarce in those days, and the boy could have had no more welcome gift.

'I read through the whole catalogue,' says Coleridge, 'running all risks in skulking out to get the two volumes which I was entitled to have daily. My whole desire was to crumple myself up in a sunny corner and read, read, read.' X.

DANCING DERVISHES.

'DERVISH' is a Persian word signifying 'poor.' There are two sorts of Dervishes, the Dancing Dervishes and the Howling Dervishes, but the former are held in the greater estimation. Both classes live together in large monasteries all over the East. They observe strict forms, and perform many outward acts of piety, so that they are considered very holy, and are even able to persuade the simple peasants that they have the power of working miracles.

A certain number leave their monasteries every year, and travel far and wide on begging expeditions for the good of the community, and everywhere they find people eager to bestow alms upon them.

The Dervish in our illustration is on such an expedition. He belongs to the caste of Dancing Dervishes, and he travels with a lay brother and a little slave, who furnish the rude music which seems a necessity to his dancing.

There is nothing particularly interesting or even graceful in the Dervish's performance; the only wonderful thing about it is the immense time he can continue twirling round on the same spot, his orange-coloured robe spinning through the air like some great top. It makes an ordinary spectator feel giddy even to watch him for more than a few minutes; but the Dervish will keep on, with fixed eyes and a perfectly expressionless face, for over an hour, and the longer he can keep up the dance, the more holy is he considered by the awe-struck peasants who stand by.

Of course this perfection of monotonous motion is only gained by constant practice, and in his own monastery our Dervish has every day to perform such dances, in a round room built specially for this purpose. Here, too, every Wednesday and Thursday, there is a special service, when the Dervishes all gravely dance round the Sheik, who sits in the centre of the room, turning on themselves ever quicker and quicker as they move round, whilst the musicians with quaint



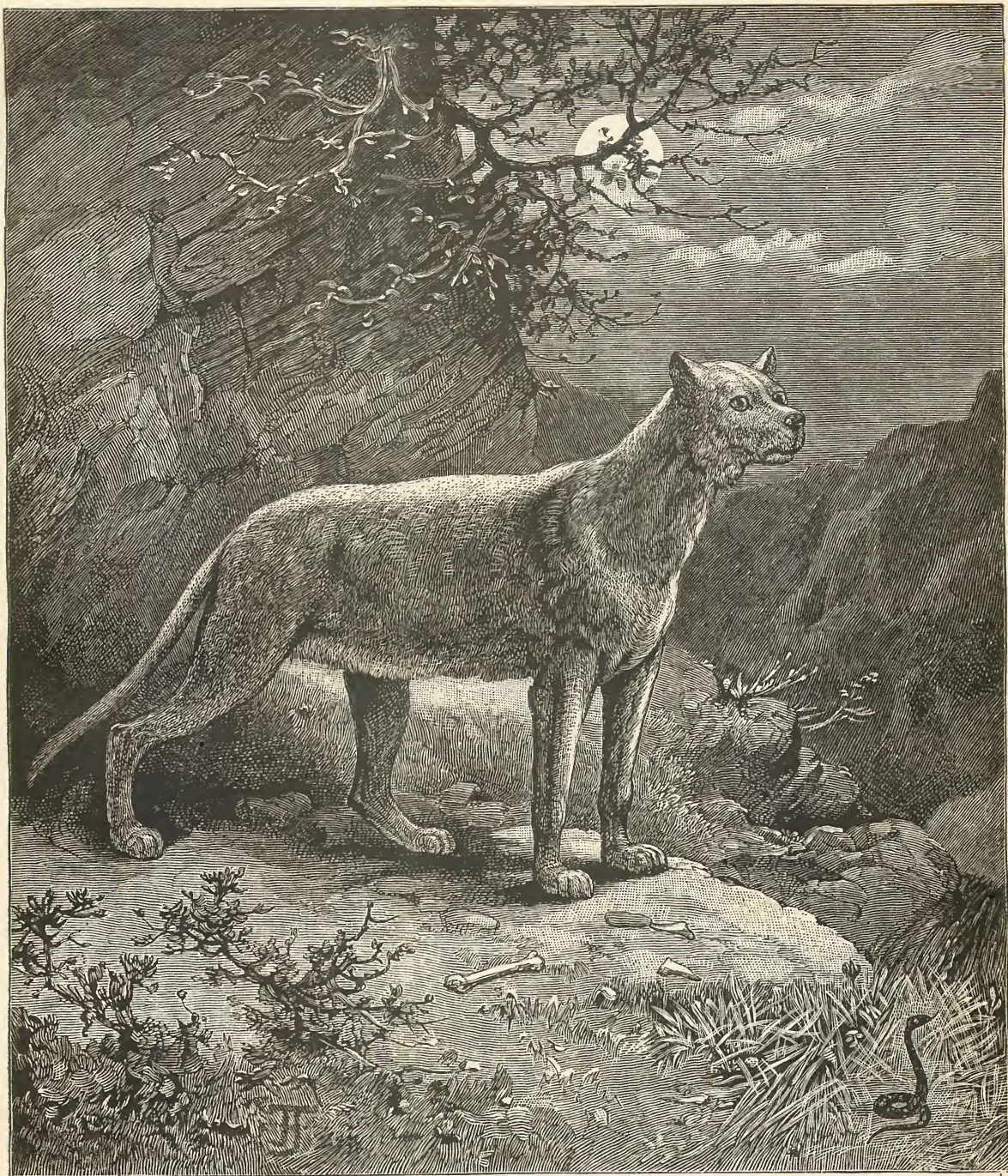
A Dancing Dervish.

instruments accompany them from an overhead gallery.

This continues for hours, and though from time to time a Dervish will drop and fall exhausted on the floor, yet he soon recovers himself and again joins the circle, till all are worn out, and then a sermon from the Sheik finishes the ceremony.

The Howling Dervishes also have similar dancing, but in addition they loudly howl out the name of 'Allah! Allah!' and twist their faces and their whole bodies in fantastic shapes. In olden days they used also in their dancing frenzies to cut and torture their bodies with apparent delight.

S. CLARENDON.



The White Cheetah.

THE CHEETAH.

SPORTSMEN find plenty to occupy them while they are wandering amongst the hills or dales of Afghanistan. It is a very mountainous country, with much climbing to be done, and many dangers to be encountered from wild beasts. Hyænas, jackals,

and wolves are plentiful, and there are some tigers and leopards; lions are small and rare, but upon some lofty hills bears have their dens. These prey upon deer and goats.

The White Cheetah, one of the leopard tribe, has some resemblance to the dog family, as have the other cheetahs. Their claws touch the ground in

walking, and they are more elevated on the legs than leopards or cats. In disposition, too, they are gentle, being without that ferocity so marked in tigers, jaguars, and their relations. This species of cheetah has a smallish head, and the colour of its fur is a dull grey, with a few irregular patches of dark brown. From the back of the head to the shoulders there is a sort of very short crest of stiff hairs.

In the legs of a cheetah there is not the strength so remarkable in the lithe limbs of the true leopards, and it is unable to ascend trees, as leopards can do easily. Still, it is an active animal, managing to obtain its food partly by nimbleness and partly by cunning. Antelopes and deer that are feeding on the slopes or along the plains are pursued by the cheetah; but if it were to attempt an open chase of one of them, before much ground had been travelled over it would be quite out of the running, and the swift deer safe from peril. The cheetah's plan is to lurk about the neighbourhood of a herd of deer watching their movements, till there appears to be a chance of seizing one that a little distance separates from its companions. Or, again, the animal may choose a party of two or three. Crouching low, it moves along amidst the bushes or herbage, not showing itself till it can make the fatal spring upon its prey.

It is not difficult to tame one of these animals, especially if taken young, and in Asia a cheetah may be seen in a house or garden, apparently as much at home as a domestic cat. It will allow its sides and head to be patted or stroked, while it gives low purrs of satisfaction. In Africa, however, the cheetah has always been treated like a wild animal.

One use made of the cheetah by the Asiatics is in hunting game. After it is hooded, the trained cheetah is put into a light car, which is then driven to the spot where some game is to be seen. Having brought the animal near, the keepers remove its hood, and encourage it by their gestures to seize the deer which they wish to have.

J. R. S. C.

A LESSON IN CIVILITY.

A FRIEND of Dean Swift one day sent him a turbot as a present by a servant lad, who had frequently been on similar errands, but had never received anything from the Dean. He opened the study door, and, putting the fish on the floor, cried out, 'My master has sent you a turbot!'

'My boy,' said the Dean, 'is that the way you deliver a message? Let me teach you better manners. Sit down in my chair. We will change places, and I will show you how to behave in future.'

The boy sat down, and the Dean, going out, came to the door, and, making a bow, said, 'Sir, my master sends his kind compliments, and hopes you are well, and begs your acceptance of a small present.'

'Indeed,' replied the boy. 'Return him my best thanks, and there is a shilling for yourself.'

The Dean, thus caught in his own trap, laughed heartily, and gave the boy half a crown for his ready wit.

THE SIBYL OF ST. PIERRE.

(Continued from page 16.)

CHAPTER III.



LEN ROSA had a French name once, signifying the valley of the roses, but Maurice Rowan's father was a Scotsman, and when he bought the plantation he bought the right to change its name to one savouring of the land of his birth.

There was a big houseful of young folk at Glen Rosa. Alice and Mabel were older than Maurice, who was fourteen, and after him came Duncan, the

blind brother; Kitty, a frolicsome little maiden of eight years; and Roddy, a small boy of six, who posed as the baby of the family as regarded privileges and petting, but hotly repudiated the title from all other points of view.

In actual years, Andrew Mackern fitted into the Rowan family between Alice and Mabel, but so far as wisdom and experience went, he was a good ten years ahead of them, earning his own living, and only coming upon his uncle's family for the love and comradeship otherwise denied to his lonely orphan state.

It was well that he was able to fend for himself, for Mr. Rowan's finances were not in proportion to his family, and the harassed planter was often tempted to wish that his two elder girls had been sons, in order that he might have turned them out in the fields to work. Not that they were idle, even though their sex was against them in the matter of usefulness, at least in their father's eyes. Alice was her mother's very capable lieutenant in household matters, whilst Mabel, just turned sixteen, taught her young brothers and Kitty, sighing in secret for the college course, which at present looked hardly more obtainable than the moon itself.

The homestead stood with its back to the hills at the upper end of a valley, which grew so narrow at that point that it was little more than a gorge between the towering green heights. It was the last bit of civilisation in that direction, and after it came dense forest, clothing the mountainous peaks, a tortuous network of passes and clefts in the towering rocks, and then the Atlantic Ocean; but that last was so far from Glen Rosa, and the road to be traversed so exceedingly rough, that no one from the plantation had ever reached the coast on that side of the island, saving Gusty, who was a restless spirit and given to wandering.

When Andrew and Maurice reached the straggling timber-house, covered with roses and standing in green lawns, they found every one in a great state of commotion, for the English mail had reached the plantation about an hour before, bringing tidings which were as amazing as they were unexpected.

A long-pending lawsuit had been settled suddenly in favour of Mr. Rowan's family, and the settlement would necessitate his going to England, or rather to Scotland, without delay.

Naturally he wanted to take his wife with him, and as the decision of the courts had made a practically rich man of him, there was really no reason why Mrs. Rowan should be left behind.

Then Mabel pleaded to be allowed to accompany them, in order to pursue her studies with a view to the college course which was now happily within the range of possibilities; and Father and Mother, with a wistful tenderness in their lowered voices, spoke of taking blind Duncan too, in order to see if the great Edinburgh doctors could give the poor laddie back his sight again.

Into this whirl of excitement and confusion of many hasty plans and arrangements came the two from the town, and Maurice forgot all about his trouble over the grabbing and its consequences until a worried word from his father recalled the cloud under which he rested.

'If I only had some one to leave in charge of the plantations, I could get away so much more easily. But I could not ask M. Duval to spare Andrew, and if I did the lad knows nothing of ginger, or of sugar either.'

'Father, let me stay away from school and oversee the hands whilst you are away. I know how ginger should be harvested, if Andrew doesn't, and I'll look after the cane as sharply as you would yourself,' Maurice said, eagerly.

'It is what I naturally should have done, but I don't want to spoil your chance of the scholarship, my boy, and another month decides it, you know,' replied Mr. Rowan, with that kindly smile of encouragement which he always had for his children, however harassed he might be.

'I am afraid I have lost the chance already, Father. No, it wasn't my own fault, or at least I don't think so; though of course if I had stayed in the schoolroom, and not run out when the boys began hurrahing, I should have known how that algebra got cleaned off my slate,' he said, and then plunged into the story of his trouble at school, which had caused him such acute depression during his homeward ride.

Mr. Rowan listened to the recital, with the same quiet attention that Andrew had bestowed upon it, and when it was ended, he said gravely, 'I am afraid you will have to sit down under the suspicion for a while, Maurice, and suffer the consequences, seeing that you cannot remember how to do that problem.'

'But you believe that I did do it, Father?'' Maurice asked, anxiously, for to have his father suspect his good faith would have been a trouble far harder to bear than anything which had come before.

'Certainly, my boy. Have you ever known me doubt your word since you have been able to know right from wrong? Of course the case looks black against you from an outsider's point of view, though I dare say you are not the first boy who has worked a problem, and then been unable to repeat the process. But I will call and see Mr. Hamlin

when I am in St. Pierre to-morrow, and explain to him why—seeing you have lost your chance of the scholarship—I want to keep you at home for the next three months.'

'Will you go into St. Pierre to-morrow—it is carnival, you know?' Andrew reminded him in a quiet tone, for all business was at a standstill during the festival of Mardi Gras, and every one who could manage it, took care to give the town as wide a berth as possible until the rioting was over.

'I am afraid I must. Seeing that this business of the lawsuit has to be attended to without delay, we ought to sail for Scotland as soon as we can get a passage, and there are a good many things to be settled and seen to before we leave.'

Andrew nodded in sympathetic comprehension of the difficulties of the situation; and then he went off in search of his aunt, in order to offer his assistance in any capacity in which help was needed, from cooking the supper to packing the clothes which would be wanted on the voyage.

The next morning was still young, and the dew undried from the grass, when hot, dusty, and tired, a short, stout boy came at a dog-trot down the long slope of the road from St. Pierre, and climbed with a slower step the steep bit of hill leading to Mr. Rowan's house at Glen Rosa.

This was Derrick Van Laun, the Dutch boy from Saba, familiarly known as Derry by his school-fellows, a good-natured boy, with a propensity for being included in every scrape that was going, but as staunch and unwavering in his friendships as the steadiest boy that ever took sides or stood up for a principle.

He was the only boy left at school for carnival week, Saba being too remote for frequent comings and goings, the island lying out of the track of the steamers, and Bottom (where his home was) being difficult of access even when the island was gained, for, in curious contradiction to its name, it lay up in the hills eight hundred feet above the sea.

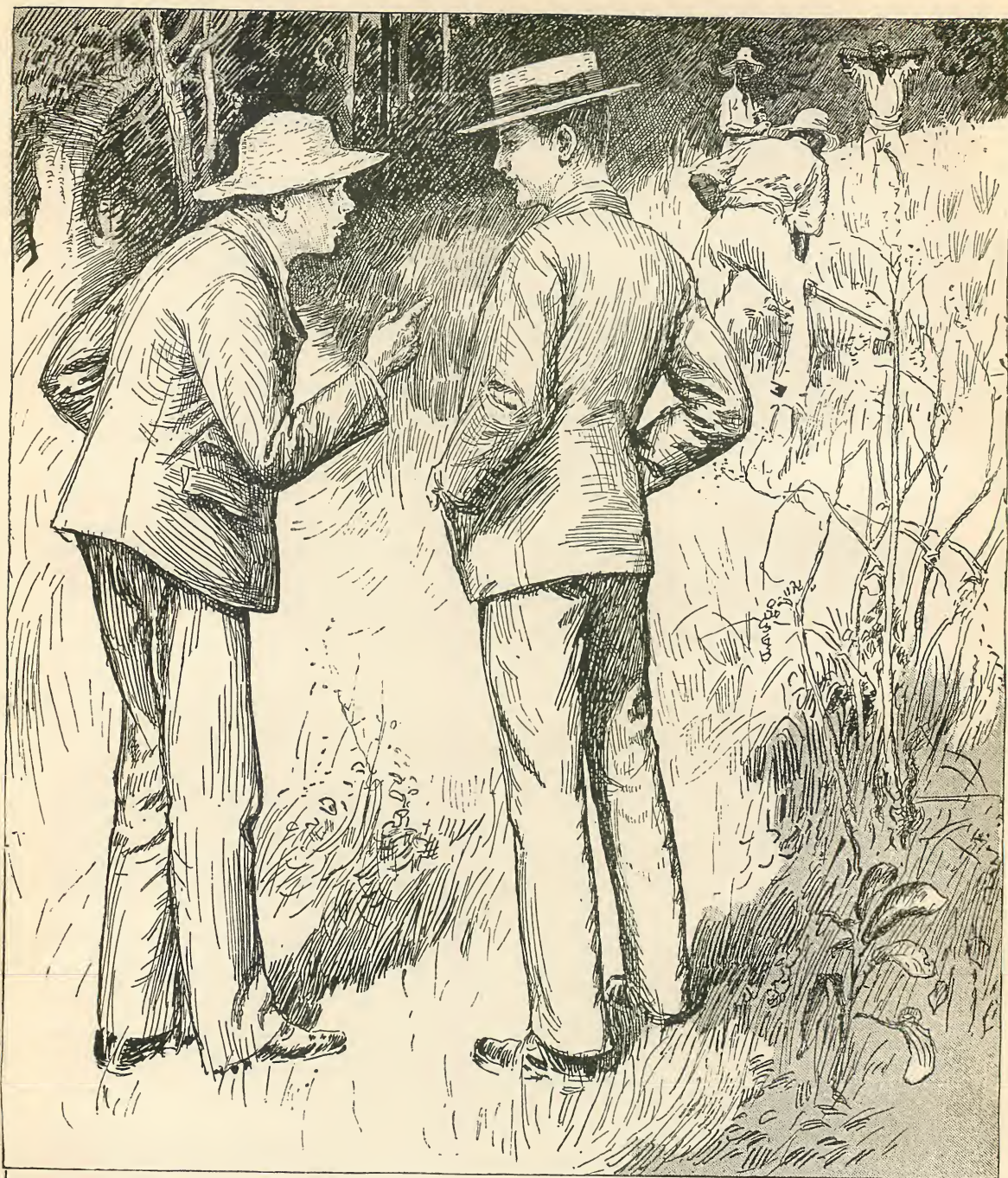
Mr. Hamlin had sent a note to Glen Rosa by Derry, that fine spring morning, who was only too glad of the errand, being not without hope that Mrs. Rowan would invite him to stay over carnival at the plantation.

This was precisely what she did do, and as Mr. Rowan was going into the town later in the day, he could answer the letter in person, at the same time explaining Derry's whereabouts to his temporary guardians at St. Pierre.

It was five miles from the town to Glen Rosa, and Derry was tired, especially as he had run a good deal of the way. But a very short rest sufficed to set him on his feet again, and then he started off in search of Maurice, who was away in the ginger plantations, which were Mr. Rowan's latest departure in agriculture.

Kitty and Roddy undertook to be his guides, but as they grew tired after the first half-mile, and sat down to discuss a squashed mango under the shade of a lofty bamboo, Derry left them to a placid enjoyment of the fruit and went on by himself.

Maurice was busy directing the endeavours of



"'I say, Maurice,' said Derry, 'I am on the track of the fellow who cleaned your slate.'"

some half-dozen dusky natives, who had been tempted by a higher wage to work during carnival time; they would probably desert in a body later on, meanwhile he was getting as much work out of them as possible.

He greeted Derry with a shout, but the Dutch boy had not come so far through the heat in order to

waste his breath in view-halloos, and waiting until he was within easy speaking distance of his friend, he announced without any preface, 'I say, Maurice, I am on the track of the fellow who cleaned your slate, and I will run him down as sure as I am a Dutchman!'

(Continued at page 30.)



The Fisher-cat.

THE FISHER-CAT.

IT is often said that 'Cats all dread water,' but this, like other sweeping assertions, is by no means fact. Cats are certainly very shy about wetting their feet needlessly, but when they see a chance of catching a fish they forget their dislike of water, and become very clever poachers.

Nature Notes gives an account of a fine silver-grey and black cat which constantly spends the long hours of a bright summer's day in angling for fish in the Thames, and very rarely does he have a blank day.

This cat goes down to the boat-house, and sits patiently on the edge of the landing-stage waiting for the tide to go down, as he knows by experience that the ebbing water will leave nice little shallow pools by the side of the landing-stage. Foolish little dace and roach get left behind in these pools, and whilst they are thinking of swimming back into deeper water, Puss has leant over the water and stretched out a claw well provided with sharp hooks. It is all up now with the poor little fish! They are swiftly drawn out of the water, and the next minute Puss is crunching their bones. S. C.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

4.—GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

THE initials give the name of a great and rich city, containing many lofty and elegant buildings.

1. A river in Russia, which is usually frozen from November to April.
2. A fashionable watering-place in Sussex, between Brighton and Hastings.
3. An abbey which is the seat of the Dukes of Portland.
4. A town in Norfolk, noted for its fishery.
5. A group of Scottish islands, many of which are uninhabited.
6. A beautiful German river, the banks of which are covered with vineyards.
7. The town in the Soudan at which General Gordon lost his life.

C. J. B.

5.—METAGRAMS.

CHANGE the first letter of each word.

- (A.)—Dainty, exact, agreeable.
A small grain.
Evil playthings.
Domestic plagues.
- (B.)—A river in Scotland.
In a short time.
A gift, a privilege.
- (C.)—Sport.
A great light.
A dark colour; to press for payment; a mound.
A barbarian.
A large cask; a measure for wine.

C. J. B.

6.—ARITHMOGRAPH.

An English Author.

A WORD of eight letters; the name of a noted statesman and writer of fiction.

- 1.—3, 5, 8, 1. Spoken.
- 2.—4, 2, 3, 6. To get up.
- 3.—7, 2, 6. A false statement.
- 4.—3, 2, 1, 6. A margin, or edge.
- 5.—4, 5, 8, 7. Part of a fence.
- 6.—8, 1, 5. A woman's name; a mountain in Asia Minor.
- 7.—7, 5, 4, 1. A substance used in cookery.
- 8.—7, 8, 1. A cover.

[Answers at page 42.]

ANSWERS.

1.—Thackeray.

- | | | |
|----------|-----------|----------|
| 1. Cake. | 4. Kate. | 7. Hay. |
| 2. Hack. | 5. Yacht. | 8. Ache. |
| 3. Cry. | 6. Teach. | |

- | | | |
|----------------|--------------|---------------|
| 2.—1. Taunton. | 4. Preston. | 8. Edinburgh. |
| 2. Stratford. | 5. Evesham. | 9. Paris. |
| 3. Carlow. | 6. Yeovil. | 10. Saltash. |
| | 7. Greenore. | |

3.—Cornwall.

'WITHOUT FEAR AND WITHOUT REPROACH.'

Tales of the famous Knight, Bayard.

I.—BAYARD'S NICKNAMES.



PIERRE TERRAIL, Seigneur de Bayard, the knight without fear and without reproach, was born at the Castle of Bayard, in the district of France known as Dauphiné, about the year 1473. He was of an old and honourable family, which had long been accustomed to distinguish itself in the warlike life and chivalry of those

days. His great-great-grandfather had died fighting against the English at Poitiers, and his great-grandfather fell at the battle of Cressy (or as some say, at Agincourt), so that it was natural for the peerless knight, as Bayard was afterwards called, to take up arms as his profession. But not only did he become a brave knight; his name became famous above any of his times, and he won greater renown for himself than any of his ancestors had done; and this he did because of two features in his life and deeds which stood out more than any others—his honourable character, and his wonderful fearlessness and skill in the fight.

Very early in his life Bayard showed of what stuff he was made, and learnt the lesson which has

made his name a proverb for all that is good and noble in chivalry. His father, Aymond Terrail, had for some years been obliged to remain at home in his castle of Bayard, by reason of an old wound which prevented his taking the field as a knight again; and at length he felt that his end was near. He sent for his four sons, to ask them what professions they would adopt each after his death. The eldest answered quietly that as he was his father's heir, he would live at home so long as his father lived, and after his death would continue there in peace and honour, managing the estate as a man of noble birth should. The other two younger brothers—for Pierre, the peerless knight, was the second in age—both desired to go into the Church; which they afterwards did, and led good and worthy lives. But Pierre, when he was asked, answered his father, 'I will be of the same estate and profession as you, my father, and as my noble ancestors. I choose arms as my profession, and I will win my spurs as a knight.'

His father was overjoyed at the choice, for he felt sure that Pierre would add honour and fame to the family name, and would act in a manner worthy of his brave ancestors. But in those days it was necessary for a youth who wished to become a knight to be attached to some noble household or great prince, to serve as a page, and so learn the duties and conduct of knighthood. From a page he would become 'gentleman-at-arms,' and then perhaps a squire, and finally he would be knighted by some great noble who had already himself gone through the same stages, and had taken his rank among the famous knights of the day. The more honourable the family to which the page belonged, the greater would be his chances of winning distinction; for the noble families of France kept large bodies of retainers under them, and were continually engaged in active service, so that their pages would both get experience in arms and learn the gentler duties of their post, such as how to wait upon their lords at meals, how to arm them, how to behave at tournaments, and the like.

Aymond Terrail therefore wished to put Pierre under the charge of some great noble; but he himself could not leave his house, and so he sent for his brother-in-law, Laurent Alleman, Bishop of Grenoble, to come and give his advice. The good Bishop came, and saw how courteously and modestly Bayard waited upon him at the banquet which at his coming was held in his honour; and he agreed that Pierre would without doubt do worthily as a knight. He advised that the boy should be given as page to the Duke of Savoy, who was always friendly to their house; and when the father assented to this, the Bishop sent to Grenoble for a splendid outfit for Pierre, meaning to go himself and take him to the Duke of Savoy at Chambéry.

The outfit came, and with it the day for departure. Bayard was only a boy of thirteen or so when he bade good-bye to his parents, to go out to win fame in the world of chivalry. But young as he was he could yet understand the last words his mother spoke to him. 'My son,' she said, 'I command you to do three things all your life: first of all, to pray to God night and morning, and serve

Him above all others; secondly, to be mild and courteous to all, casting away from you every kind of pride; to be temperate, loyal, and merciful, to succour the poor and helpless, and comfort widows and orphans; to avoid all envy, lying, and hatred; and lastly, to be bountiful and charitable to others out of the goods that God sees fit to bestow upon you.'

Thus Bayard set out from his home. Never in all his life did he forget his mother's words, or disobey them in any way; and thus it was that he was soon able to win for himself the glorious name of 'the knight without fear and without reproach' (*le chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*). But he had another nickname which he soon came by, owing to the prowess and skill for which he was so famous.

In due course the Bishop and his nephew reached Chambéry, where the Duke of Savoy then was; and when Bayard had shown how he bore himself on horseback (though he had scarcely been on a horse before), the Duke gladly took him as his page, saying to the Bishop, 'I am happy to be given such a present, for I know that if he acts in a manner worthy of his ancestors I shall have reason to thank you heartily for the gift.'

So Bayard became a page in the Duke of Savoy's household, and very soon became skilled in knightly exercises, in dancing, in horsemanship, and in feats of arms.

About six months after this, the Duke went to Lyons, where the King of France, Charles VIII., was then staying. When the King heard of his coming, he sent out the Count de Ligny to welcome him, with a company of men-at-arms and attendants. The two nobles met, and proceeded into Lyons together. As they went, the Count chanced to see the young Bayard on a horse which was prancing in a spirited fashion, and admiring his splendid horsemanship, he spoke to the Duke about it.

'Piquez! piquez, Bayard! (Spur! spur!)' cried the Duke to Bayard; and Bayard at once made his horse gallop and curvet so gracefully and skilfully that all the spectators were struck with admiration.

'Show him to the King,' said the Count, 'he will desire the boy for his own page.' And when he himself reached the King, he told him that the Duke of Savoy had a wonderful page who was the best horseman in France.

The next day the King went to Ainay, near Lyons. The Duke, hearing of it, ordered Bayard to be in readiness, with his horse well groomed, to meet the King in the meadows near Ainay. Hardly had the King arrived and landed from the boat (for he had travelled thither by the river which flows past those meadows), than he saw Bayard riding a finely caparisoned horse in front of the pavilion which had been prepared for the King's reception. The young page spurred his horse up and down, wheeled, curvetted, trotted—did every imaginable feat of horsemanship, in fact; and finally galloped at full speed straight towards the King's pavilion, pulling up short within a few yards of it.

'Piquez! piquez! Spur him on again!' cried Charles in delight; and all the spectators echoed the words, 'Piquez! Spur him!'

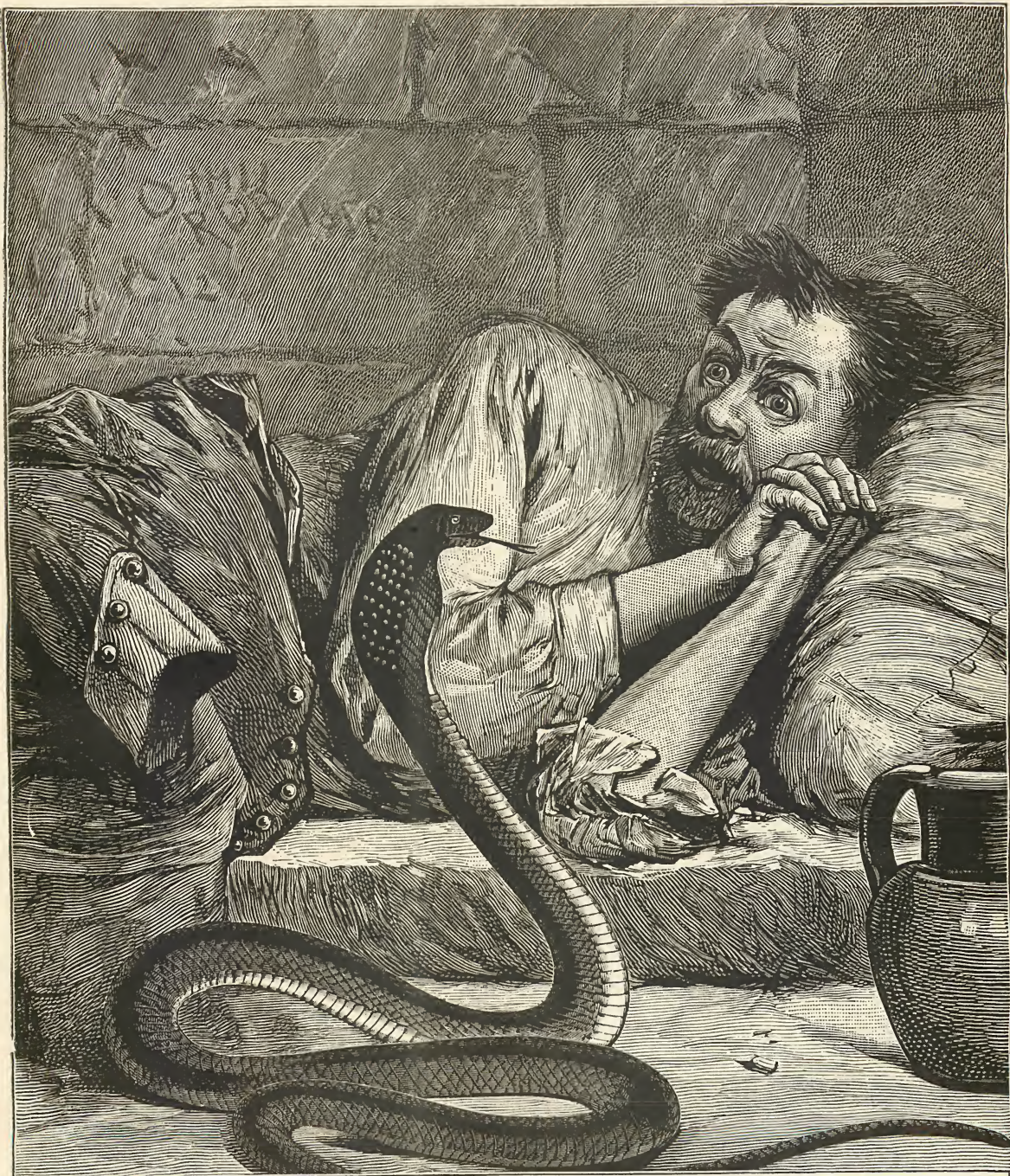


Bayard, the Knight without Fear and without Reproach.

The name stuck, and for many years afterwards he was called Piquet. But more than that, the King was so pleased that he took him into his service then and there, and Bayard became a royal page. He did not, however, have a post near the King himself assigned to him; for Charles, thinking to give him greater freedom and opportunity, put

him under the charge of the Count de Ligny, who was a bold and skilful leader and well suited to train a young knight in the arts of war.

Thus Bayard won his two nicknames; and you will read in these stories how he lived up to both of them—Piquet, the skilful horseman, and 'the knight without fear and without reproach.'



THE SOLDIER AND THE SERPENT.

A SOLDIER belonging to a Scottish regiment stationed at Madras was on one occasion sentenced to eight days' solitary confinement for some serious offence. Lying on his scantily furnished bed one night during his term of imprisonment, he thought he heard a rustling in his cell. At this moment he recollected that he had

neglected to stop up an air-hole in the wall nearly on a level with the ground. A strong suspicion of what had happened entered his mind, but he knew that it was in all likelihood too late to do any good, even supposing that in the darkness he could find the hole and get it closed. He therefore lay still, and in a minute or two heard another rustle close

beside him, which was followed by the cold touch of a snake upon his bare foot. Any ordinary man would in such a situation have started up and bawled for help. The prisoner did neither. He lay perfectly quiet and motionless, knowing that his cries would most likely not be heard by the distant guard. Had his bedclothes been more plentiful, he might have tried to protect himself by wrapping them closely round him. But having disposed of his blanket as a bribe to obtain some drink, he had no protection from the venomous reptile. Knowing, however, that the least motion or touch will provoke snakes to bite, he remained as still as a stone.

Meanwhile his horrible bedfellow, which he soon felt to be of great size, crept over his feet, legs, and body, and, lastly, over his face. Nothing but the most astonishing firmness of nerve, and the consciousness that the moving of a muscle would have been almost instant death, could have enabled the poor fellow to undergo this dreadful ordeal. For a whole hour the reptile crawled backwards and forwards over his body and face, till at length it took up a position close to him on the floor. The soldier did not dare to stir a limb in the dark, lest he should disturb his dangerous companion. At daybreak he looked cautiously about him, rose noiselessly, and moved to the corner of his cell, where he saw a large stone lying. Seizing it, he looked for the intruder, but at first could see nothing of his enemy; at length, however, he became assured that it was under his pillow. Approaching the bed, he pressed his knee firmly on the pillow, but allowed the snake to get out its head, which he then battered to pieces with the stone.

When the breakfast-hour came, the prisoner, who thought nothing of the matter now that it was over, took the opportunity of the door being opened to throw the snake out of the cell. The officer on duty, seeing the dead reptile, went into the cell to ask how it had come there. The prisoner having related the circumstances, the officer asked him how he could keep so quiet, seeing that if he had been bitten it would have been certain death. 'I knew that,' said he; 'but I had heard that no snake would touch any one unless it were touched first, so I just let it crawl as it liked.'

When the story was told, and the snake shown to the commanding officer, he was so much pleased with the courage and coolness of the prisoner that he granted him a remission of his sentence.

H. B. S.

AMBROSE ROOKWOOD.

SOME repairs were lately going on at the Tower of London, when a piece of deal framing was removed from a window in the St. Martin's Tower. Behind this was found the name of Ambrose Rookwood, a wealthy young Suffolk squire, who was one of the conspirators in the Gunpowder Plot. The name was beautifully carved—the surname being in two words joined with a hyphen, to show its derivation.

When Rookwood had word brought him of the seizure of Guy Fawkes, and the consequent failure of the Gunpowder Plot, he lost no time in leaving

London, and rode at full speed to his country house, Coldham Hall, in Suffolk, a mansion still in existence.

Rookwood rode thirty miles on a single horse, and by means of a relay of animals, covered the whole distance of eighty-one miles in seven hours—which, considering the state of the roads in those days, was a truly wonderful feat.

Flight, however, did not save him. The unfortunate young man was captured and found guilty of high treason, and was hanged, drawn, and quartered in January, 1606, in Old Palace Yard, Westminster, close to the spot where now stands the statue of Richard Cœur de Lion. S. C.

THE SIBYL OF ST. PIERRE.

(Continued from page 24.)

CHAPTER IV.



HOW did you find out?' asked Maurice, in reply to Derry's statement concerning the culprit, so soon as his active duties as overseer admitted of any space for conversation.

'Pinchy Pierrot got it out of that little darkey Jacques, "that Massa Stebbings cum 'im way 'omes afore ole massa, an' went inter de schoolroom, an' bang dem slates about." There, I've given it you in the darkey's own words; don't you think it is a good clue?'

'Not a very reliable one, I fear,' replied Maurice, with a shake of his head. 'Pinchy Pierrot has no very great reputation for talking on the square, and Jacques only tells the truth by accident, or when his imagination fails him. Have you asked Stebbings anything about it?'

'Should I dare to approach the high and mighty Mr. Stebbings with such a question? Why, he would give me one glance of withering scorn, and then hoist me over the terrace wall. I fell on to a shark's back last time, you know; this time I might topple into its open mouth,' and Derry struck a tragic attitude, shivering violently in real or pretended horror.

'And I shouldn't dare to ask him, either, not because of any risk of drowning or being eaten alive by sharks, but just because he is the one fellow who is likely to profit by my disgrace,' Maurice said, with a dogged air, and then he turned to his darkies again, who were walking abreast through the ranks of ripening ginger plants, cutting out with their hoes the weeds which sprang in choking confusion about the taller, stronger plants of the paying crop.

'Hullo, who is this?' asked Derry, with a sudden grip on the arm of Maurice, as a weird figure stepped from the adjoining forest, and commenced a slow progress through that part of the plantation from which the weeds had been cleared.

'Why, it's Madiana, Mother Maddy, the sibyl, you

know. I expect she is going to carnival, though however she will manage to tramp all the way to St. Pierre on those two feet of hers, is more than I can imagine. They say she is a hundred years old,' Maurice added, as he gazed after the bowed figure making its way with slow steps through the bristling rows of ginger plants.

Mother Maddy had once been very tall, and she might even at some remote period have been very beautiful also; but her figure was bent almost double now, and every semblance of beauty had departed from her face, which was wrinkled and seamed with the hard work and sorrows of a century. Her hair, which was still abundant, fell ragged and unkempt about her shoulders, its colour having changed from a jet black to a dirty white, whilst her dark eyes gleamed with a fierce glow from under bushy white eyebrows. She was dressed in a strange medley of colours, her flapping many-tinted garments being drawn in at the waist with a girdle of snake-skin, which itself was a fearsome-looking object; the head had been left on, two glittering beads filled the eye-sockets, and from its open mouth protruded a forked tongue, as natural as life, though it was nothing but the dame's toothpick, which she kept stuffed in that place in order to have it handy.

'What a terrible-looking old creature,' whispered Derry, who made no pretension to bravery, and who became simply a craven at the mention of anything supernatural or weird.

'You should see her when she is in a rage, then you might say she was terrible. I don't mind admitting I'm afraid of her myself then, though she seems harmless enough in an ordinary way. Ah, there she goes; I thought she would have a tumble if she tried to get through there!' exclaimed Maurice, as the old woman caught her foot in some trailing grasses, and fell headlong.

In a moment he was off to her assistance, while Derry followed at a respectful distance, not caring for too close an acquaintance with a person possessing Mother Maddy's reputation.

'Hullo, Mother Maddy, did you come a cropper?' exclaimed Maurice, as he exerted his vigorous young strength to get the old woman on her feet again.

'Hi, hi, hi!' cackled the crone, in a burst of shrill strident laughter, which made Derry's flesh creep. 'It is kind you are, young master, to send the old woman on her way once more. If you only knew it, your hand has helped many besides old Mother Maddy to-day, for I go to warn the town, and if I fail to reach it, how will the people know of the ruin that may come upon them?' she said, in a mincing tone, and with a strong French accent, although she used the language of an educated woman.

'You mean you are going to carnival, and would lose the fun if you did not get there?' responded Maurice, in a teasing tone, for, having got the sibyl safely on to her feet again, it seemed only fair that he should secure some small amount of amusement out of her.

'Is it fun to tell happy, sporting people of a doom that hovers near them—to prophesy speedy death, which is daily creeping nearer, to those who will meet my words with laughter?' she shrieked, her voice rising in such a shrill staccato that at the

sound, Derry turned and fled in a state of abject terror.

But Maurice stood his ground, though even his usually stolid face wore a scared expression, for the old woman did look rather alarming with that wild light in her eyes, and her gnarled bony fist held high and clenched, as if ready to strike.

'Now, don't put yourself in such a state of excitement, or maybe you'll tumble down again, and there won't be any one handy to help you get up. Shall I cut you a thick bamboo, to help you along?' Maurice said, in soothing tones, taking out the two-bladed knife already promised to Gusty, and proceeding to cut the old woman a staff, for she had nothing saving a thin stick of polished magnolia-wood with which to support her tottering steps to the town.

She thanked him in a softer tone, then passed on her way, laughing to herself in that same strident cackle, 'Hi, hi, hi!' which made Derry put his fingers in his ears when he heard it, whilst he shivered from head to foot.

Maurice hurried back to his darkies, just as soon as he had seen the sibyl on her way again; only to find that they had taken advantage of his absence to decamp in a body, and were doubtless by this time hurrying along the forest paths *en route* for the carnival.

'Did ever you see such a nuisance?' cried he, in petulant vexation to the shivering Derry. 'Father told me I could have a whole day to-morrow to do what I liked in, if only I could get the weeds down in this patch of ginger to-day, and now I shall lose all that pleasure, just because I was silly enough to go and set that old woman on her feet.'

'Perhaps the hands would have bolted anyhow, for it is next to impossible to get a nigger to work in carnival time,' Derry rejoined, with intent to console, then struck with a sudden bright idea, he exclaimed, 'I say, let us finish hoeing it ourselves; it isn't a very big patch, and I am sure we can manage to get it done if we stick to it!'

'It is awfully hot, and we shall be as tired as dogs,' grumbled Maurice, who much preferred making other people work to doing it himself.

'Never mind, let us do as much as we can, anyhow, and we can rest when we are quite done up,' said the Dutch boy cheerily, as he picked up a hoe dropped by a fugitive worker.

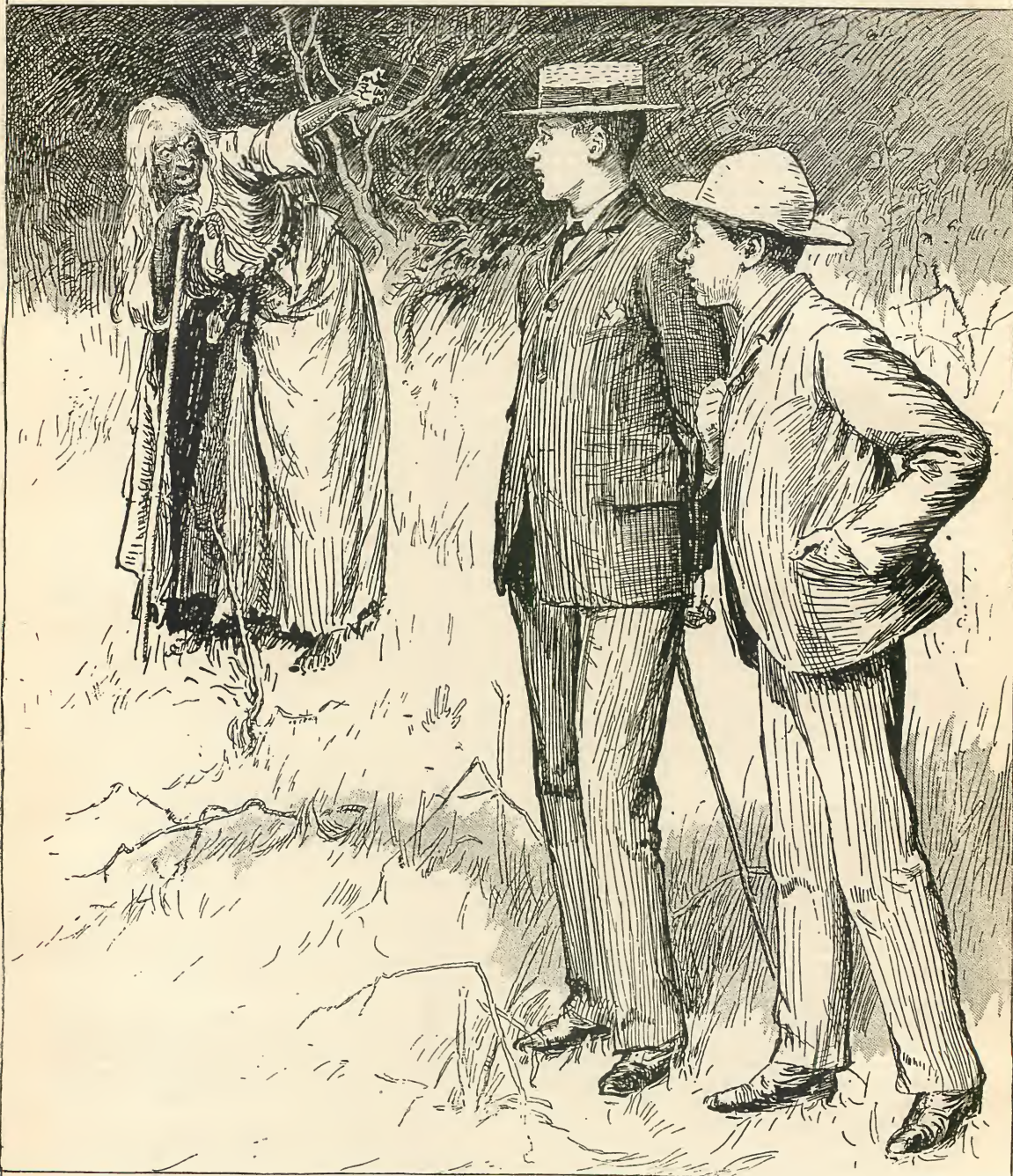
Maurice looked round for another, and finding it, went to work in grim silence at first, but relaxed into talk again when he found himself in a better temper.

'Mother Maddy has gone to the town to warn the people of a terrible disaster that is coming,' he said presently, as they paused to wipe their heated faces.

'But how can she tell when disaster is coming?' asked Derry, reflecting thankfully that it was not the hurricane season.

'I don't know, but people say she foretold the earthquake in 1839, when five hundred people were killed at Port Royal, so perhaps it is something more than guess-work, though it isn't easy to say how it is done,' replied Maurice, and then they bent to their hoeing once more.

(Continued at page 38.)



“‘I go to warn the town.’”



“His Majesty walked behind him with his hat under his arm.”

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES.

KING CHARLES II. once paid a visit to the famous schoolmaster, Doctor Busby. The doctor strutted through the school with his hat upon his head, while his Majesty walked behind him with his hat under his arm. But when he was taking his leave at the door, the Doctor, with great humility, thus addressed the King: 'I hope your Majesty will excuse my want of respect hitherto, but if my boys were to imagine there was a greater man in the kingdom than myself, I should never be able to rule them.'

H. B. S.

THE ART OF NEST-BUILDING.

HOW do our wild birds, large and small, manage to learn the right way to build their nests? We must own the question is rather puzzling to answer. When they have made nests over and over again for several years, we can quite see that they become skilful. But the difficulty is, so it seems to us, when a loving couple start upon the important work of nest-building their first season, and have to think where the nest is to be placed, of what materials it is to be made, and how these are to be put together. There certainly are no classes held by the old birds for the instruction of the young birds in these important subjects! Nor can we suppose that any of them, while they are nestlings, take any notice of the nest in which they have been brought up, and so remember what should be done when they have to follow their parents' example. All we can say is, that knowledge and skill come providentially to birds when they need it; they are guided by what we call instinct, when the time comes for their first attempts. Still, like larger and wiser two-legged beings, birds learn through practice, and improve in the art of nest-building after their first year.

What an immense variety of nests we find, even in these islands, not to mention other countries! What a contrast between the big nest of the swan, formed of water-weeds, which is often some feet across, and the little compact ball of hay, leaves, or moss, in which the little wren brings up her brood! Usually each species of bird forms its nest after the same pattern, or nearly, and chooses the same sort of place for it, though some are changeable, putting their nests in odd nooks now and then. A bird has been known to have a nest under a railway-sleeper, in a garden 'guy,' even in a letter-box. There are nests which are fairly in view, and some that are carefully hidden; most birds seem cautious, and afraid lest their eggs or young should be meddled with.

Walking one day in a beautiful Kent wood, I heard nightingales singing around me in all directions, for they are tuneless in daylight at times. Vainly did I search for a nest, though there must have been several of them close by; no doubt they were concealed in clumps of thick grass. Their nests are always very hard to find. On the other hand, some birds of hot countries, such as the humming-birds and bower-birds, make their nests pretty and conspicuous, by putting into them bright-coloured lichens, flowers, and fruits.

Our hedges are decidedly popular with a large number of the singing birds; they are handy for them to leave and return to while seeking food, and they frequently give a good shelter from wind and rain. Blackbirds and thrushes build in hedges more than anywhere else; the thrush's is of moss, grass, and twigs, lined with mud or wood-dust; the blackbird's is rougher—it has a liking for bits of wool, and chooses a rather lower position than the thrush loves. The bullfinch, too—now, alas! rare in most counties—will build high up in a hedge its nest of little twigs, with a moss or hair lining. A yellow-hammer likes to have its nest on the ground under a hedge; it is mostly formed of grass and twigs, very smooth inside. It is a bird so noticeable by its yellow cap and loud call-note, that it cannot slip in and out of the bushes without being seen.

The hedge-sparrow, of course, loves hedges, and its glossy blue eggs are well known to the young collector. Our friend the robin chooses various places for its nest: the favourite spot is a bank under a hedgerow, where it is well screened by herbage. Holes of various sizes which occur in trees have great attractions to some birds, such as the wryneck, the tits, and several of the woodpeckers.

There is no doubt that birds learn much about nest-building as time goes on, and especially do they seem sharp in noticing what will save them trouble. What we call the common or house sparrow doubtless used to build mostly in bushes and trees, but when houses were numerous, they took to the roofs, finding they could make nests there loosely and easily. The same thing might be said of the chimney-swallow, which may at first have placed its nest in hollow trees, or amongst cliffs. So too the jackdaw, which is now partial to steeples and turrets.

J. R. S. C.

DANGER SIGNALS.

II.—THE BELL-ROCK LIGHTHOUSE.



HO has not heard of Sir Ralph the Rover? Who has not been struck with horror at his crime, in reading how that wicked pirate was one blithe spring day becalmed in the North Sea some twenty-five miles east of the city of Dundee, and having nothing particular to do, began to turn his thoughts to deeds of mischief. Whistling a merry tune, he strolled up and down his deck, till, mingling with his cheerful piping, he heard the soft tolling of a distant bell. Sir Ralph the Rover paused, and leaning over the taffrail gazed across the sparkling waters. The tolling rose and sank like the smooth billows that lapped so sleepily against the vessel's side, and only too well did the Rover know whence the sweet sounds came. Far, far away his eyes rested on a lonely rock round which the water fretted in a ring of snowy foam.

Over this reef the Abbot of Aberbrothok had fastened a bell-buoy, which the 'surges swung' till 'over the waves its warning rung,' and many a storm-tossed sailor knew, when he heard the sound, where danger lay. But Sir Ralph the Rover made up his wicked mind to silence for ever that friendly peal, and commanding his men to lower the boat, he caused himself to be rowed to the distant rock. Louder and louder grew the tolling of the bell as the boat approached, but Sir Ralph's conscience heard no appeal in the chime, and ere many more minutes had passed, the bell, severed from its moorings, sank 'with a gurgling sound' into the silent deep, and the voice of the Inchcape Rock was dumb. But the evil-doer got his reward, though he saw no cloud of the coming storm that day. Some months later, when returning from a marauding voyage, he was overtaken by a heavy mist off the Scottish coast. How he longed that he might hear the 'warning bell'! But the warning bell was mute, and his doomed vessel drifted on and on till she struck 'with a shivering shock' the very reef from which he had so wickedly removed the token of the Abbot's charity.

'Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
He cursed himself in his despair;
The waves rushed in on every side,
And the ship sank down beneath the tide.'

Such was one of the wrecks on the Inchcape Rock. But, alas! there have been very many more for which the world felt greater sympathy. How many years ago it is since Sir Ralph the Rover followed the Abbot's bell into the ocean depths, I cannot say, but it is just one hundred and three years since a tremendous storm roared down from the north-east on a December night, and strewed the Scottish coast round the Firth of Tay with the wreckage of seventy vessels. Among them was a stately man-of-war named the *York*, carrying seventy-four guns. Not a soul survived to tell the story of her fate, but there was little room to doubt that she had gone down on the Bell Rock. The cries of the drowned seemed to echo far and wide, and people said a lighthouse must be put upon the Bell Rock. It is not safe for any ship to try to enter the Tay without some warning sign upon this dangerous reef.

When people are truly determined to do a thing, it is nearly certain to be done, and when the work can be put into the hands of such a man as Mr. Robert Stephenson, it is making assurance doubly sure. In 1806 Mr. Stephenson surveyed the rock on which the tower was to be built, and found that during the summer season it would be possible to work for five hours a day. The rest of the time the rock would have to be left to the tide. The difficulties were very similar to those which attended the building of the Eddystone, and many were the perilous adventures of Mr. Stephenson and his helpers.

At a short distance from the scene of operations a vessel called the *Smeaton* was moored, and one windy day, when the boat which conveyed the men from this ship to the rock had landed her passengers, it was thought advisable to row back to the *Smeaton*

to see that the mooring ropes were safe. Scarcely had the men clambered on deck when the moorings gave way, and the ship drifted before the freshening wind, dragging the row-boat after her. In a very short time they were fully three miles away. There were thirty-two men left on the rock, but fortunately, with the exception of Mr. Stephenson and the landing-master, no one was aware of what had taken place. The hours available for work were very few, so all attention was devoted to the labour in hand. The forge fire crackled and smoked, and the chisel and hammer tinkled away industriously enough, and earnestly did Mr. Stephenson hope that they would continue to do so until those on board the *Smeaton* succeeded in raising a sail to bring her back. His heart was heavy with anxiety as he watched the tossing ship. Two boats only had been left behind, and these, in the calmest weather, were capable of carrying no more than twenty-four passengers. The landing-master was well aware of this, and held himself aloof, dreading the consequences if the men should awaken to their danger and blame him for allowing the third boat to return to the *Smeaton*.

The great sea rolled round them, and the tide turned. Little by little it began to rise up the rocks. But the *Smeaton* was as far away as ever. In the next few minutes the secret would be known, and what the action of these thirty men, driven to despair, would be, Mr. Stephenson almost feared to imagine. A mist fell over the sea—the evening was closing in—and now the waves, crashing up the rocks, made it impossible to keep the forge alight. Down went the tools, and a party of the workers climbed to the higher parts of the reef. Then they walked to the place where the three boats should have been; there were only two. Dumb with amazement they turned towards the master. No man spoke a word, but none could fail to read the horror of their position. *At high tide the waves rolled twelve feet deep over the Bell Rock, and the water was rising every moment.* Mr. Stephenson had thought out a plan by which he hoped they might all be saved, and as the mute crowd stood around him, he essayed to speak, but the anxiety he felt had parched his tongue. He stooped for a moment to dash some water into his mouth from a rock pool, and as he did so a cry fell on his ears of 'A boat! a boat!' Then through the mist he saw the wherry of the Tay pilot. He had come out with the mail, and seeing men still on the rock and no sign of the *Smeaton*, thought perhaps something untoward had occurred. Though relieved, their trials were by no means over, and it was midnight before they were all safely on board the lightship again.

This incident so intimidated the men that only eight could be found the next day willing to carry on the dangerous work; but when these returned in the evening, their comrades were so ashamed of having held back, that no more unwillingness was shown.

At the end of two years a block of masonry seventeen feet high rose from the Bell Rock. After this the work progressed more rapidly, and on February 1st, 1811, the light, alternate red and white, first shone from the lantern, one hundred feet



The Bell-rock Lighthouse.

above the rock on which it stands—a noble monument to industry and courage.

And since that 'ruddy gem of changeful light' (as Sir Walter Scott called it) first gleamed, no wreck has ever occurred upon the Inchcape Rock. On the stormiest night no mariner looks in vain for its guiding beams; nor on the mistiest day does

he listen in vain for the 'warning bell' which is sounded every half-minute from its windy summit.

All this was done at a cost of 61,330*l.*, surely enough gold to spread a glitter of glory over the whole of this Inchcape Rock, and efface for ever the stain of uncharitableness left upon it long years ago by Sir Ralph the Rover.

JOHN LEA.



The Shepherd's Riches.

THE SHEPHERD'S RICHES.

THE Shah Abbas I. of Persia was one day hunting when he came upon a young shepherd playing on a flute. He asked some question as to his way, and was so struck by the prudence and modesty of the lad's answers, that he eventually took

him into his service, and ordered that he should be well educated. When the shepherd, who now received the name of Mahamed Ali Beg, came of age, the Shah appointed him to a post of honour about his person, and gradually advanced him to the highest rank, finding him to be both able and trustworthy.

When, however, Abbas died, Mahamed, whose prosperity had excited jealousy and enmity, found himself in disfavour with the new Shah, Sebah Sefi; and his enemies at length proved so powerful that they prevailed upon the Shah to search Mahamed's house and possessions, which they asserted were far grander than was befitting in a subject; Mahamed, they said, made money out of his power, and was only waiting till he was wealthy enough, to set up against the monarch himself.

The Shah took their advice. He went to the palace which had been given to Mahamed by Shah Abbas and examined it all over. Everywhere he found no signs of great wealth; all the furniture and hangings were of the plainest kind, and it was clear that Mahamed lived abstemiously and modestly.

But as the Shah was about to leave the house, one of his courtiers whispered to him that he had just caught sight of a door, strongly barred and padlocked, which they had not yet opened. The monarch at once ordered this door to be opened, and bade Mahamed show him the contents of the room to which it led. What was his surprise, however, to find nothing inside but an old ragged country dress, a staff, and a flute!

'Here, sire, are all my possessions,' said Mahamed, as the Shah and his courtiers stood dumbfounded at the strange sight. 'All else that I have is yours. That mean garment which you see there, and that staff and flute, are all that I brought to the court of your father, Shah Abbas. If it is your will, I will go now and leave your service, taking these poor belongings, which alone of what you have seen are mine.'

Sebah Sefi was so ashamed of his own suspicions, and so assured of the honesty and integrity of the former shepherd, that he raised him to a high place in his favour, and never more doubted his loyalty.

J. H.

A ROYAL PICK-A-BACK.

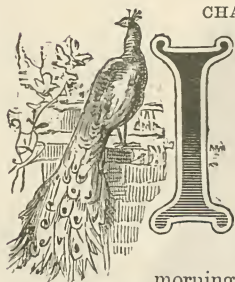
A PRETTY story is told about the present Prince and Princess of Wales. As they were walking in the country near Sandringham, they came across a woe-begone little boy sitting at the roadside, crying bitterly. The little chap, on being questioned by the Duchess (as the Princess then was), sobbed that he had lost himself. Further inquiry showed that the youngster lived in a village about a mile distant, and the Duke and Duchess determined to see him home. But as the child was evidently tired out, the Duke stooped down and told him to clamber on to his shoulders, a feat which he did with the Duchess's help, encircling the Duke's neck with his chubby arms and spreading his small legs across the Royal back.

In this fashion he was carried across the meadows and down the lanes till the village was reached, to the delight of the mother and her neighbours. Before leaving the visitors got a promise from the woman that the hero of this Royal pick-a-back should not have the 'spanking' he possibly deserved.

THE SIBYL OF ST. PIERRE.

(Continued from page 31.)

CHAPTER V.



It did not take much persuasion to induce Derry to join in the expedition to the caves, which Gusty had discovered in the pass of the Demon's Mouth.

The two boys, Maurice and Derry, were accordingly astrir with the very early birds on the next

morning, and stuffing a few cakes of baked bread-fruit into a homespun wallet of plaited palm, they set out to meet Gusty at the place of rendezvous, just as the first rays of the sunrise showed on the distant mountain slope.

It was cool and dewy, so they were able to make good progress over some of the roughest parts of the way, before the heat of the sun turned their pleasure into a toil.

Gusty had looked a little askance at the prospect of two companions, instead of the one he had bargained for; but when Derry offered to supplement the gift of the two-bladed knife by the bestowal of a pocket corkscrew and button-hook combined, the black boy declared himself well pleased at the prospect, and led the way in a state of chuckling satisfaction, even though his barefooted condition left him without any need of button-hooks, and he had not the remotest idea of the uses of a corkscrew. Nevertheless these were the things the white folk had, and so Gusty coveted them also, since to be as nearly like white folk as possible, was the crowning summit of his ambition.

'Whew, I say, isn't it warm, just?' exclaimed Derry, after an hour's steady tramping had carried them beyond the boundaries of Glen Rosa, and they were beginning the ascent of one of the outermost spurs or flanks of the great mountain, which barred the view to the north.

'Wait another hour; by that time warm won't be strong enough to describe your condition,' replied Maurice laughing, as he halted under a plaitain-tree, and proceeded to make a fan of his hat.

Derry and the black boy halted too, well pleased to enjoy even a few moments of rest, and the trio stood gazing silently out over the wide prospect, which was bounded for them on the edge of the horizon by the shimmering blue waters of the Caribbean Sea.

Everywhere the country was verdant with the vivid green of the sugar-cane plantations, the monotony being relieved here and there by patches of cassava and clumps of palm, or by the denser foliage of the trees in cottage gardens or plantation houses.

But the boys were not there for the purpose of admiring the scenery, or even of looking at it beyond a cursory glance or so, and after a brief rest they started on again; more briskly now because their way lay down-hill, the path at this point being

the dried-up bed of a mountain torrent, down which they plunged at a great pace, using the trailing *lianes* as ropes to keep them from tumbling headlong in places where the way was steepest.

Later on, and the path led up-hill again, through a grim pass where the light was barred by towering rocks, and the road such a tangle of ferns and creeping grasses, that it was wonderful how Gusty could find a way, or lead a straight course in the place where the path should have been.

But he displayed no hesitation whatever, and several times called the attention of his companions to some features of the scenery, a dead tree, or a bare rock standing grimly unclothed in the surrounding greenery, and saying he had noticed it when he came that way before.

'How did you find the way in the first place, Gusty—did you wander round and round, or just strike out a course hap-hazard, and follow it up?' asked Maurice, for the route appeared to be carefully chosen with a view to avoiding the most trying obstacles, and so was scarcely likely to have been hit upon by chance.

For a moment the darkey hesitated, looking all round, and up and down, as if fearing lest there were eavesdroppers lurking behind every tree, or perched upon the tops of the inaccessible rocks. Then he said in a hissing whisper, interspersed by chuckles, 'I peeped round and tracked ole Mother Maddy, when she comed dis way de day before yesterday. Hi, hi, hi! An' she didn't catch so much as a glint of me neither,' and the young rascal went off in such a paroxysm of chuckling enjoyment, that it was simply marvellous he was not choked upon the spot.

Mother Maddy was the only living relative possessed by the black boy, Gusty—short for Gustavus—and she was his great-grandmother. The two lived together in a tiny timber hut, about a mile from the house at Glen Rosa, subsisting as only the country-bred natives knew how to do on the produce of the woods and wilds, with an occasional day's work on the nearest plantation, on those occasions when they required new clothes, or something else which only money could buy.

'But that old woman couldn't walk up here; why, she looked almost too feeble to stand,' exclaimed Derry, as following their leader they all swarmed up the steep bed of a dried-up waterfall, swinging up the worst places by the aid of the *lianes*, as they had swung down by them a mile or so further back.

'Hi! hi! hi! It's little you know of what Mother Maddy can do. She's no ordinary sort of creature, but an out-an'-out witch-woman, that's what she is,' responded the graceless youngster, with a capering flourish which toppled him headlong into a clump of fern.

Out of this he emerged with more haste than gracefulness, and with a big orange-coloured crab hanging to his naked shoulder, where his gay-striped shirt was torn. He howled so lustily, that Maurice and Derry rushed to his assistance, fearing that he had been bitten by one of the venomous serpents with which the forests were supposed to swarm.

When they saw it was only a crab, they burst into a shout of laughter, and releasing its hold of

the victim's shoulder by a sharp jerk, tossed it back into the undergrowth.

'But I say, what possessed Mother Maddy to come all this way? Was it to admire the scenery, do you expect?' asked Maurice, with a laugh as another turn brought them round the side of a great hill, revealing a great amphitheatre set round with mountain peaks which were clothed to the summits in dark magnolia forests.

'Hi! hi! hi! She's getting blind is Mother Maddy, but her wits is sharp enough, and so is her ears. She tramps to de Demon's Mouth twice in every year, just for to see if it am spouting hot water or cold.'

'Why?' demanded Maurice, keenly interested now, for he had no idea that hot springs existed anywhere in the island.

'Hi! hi! hi! Don't you know that? There is a saying, that if de Demon's Mouth spits steam an' scalding water, den Pelée will smoke an' swallow de town!'

'Oh, I say! don't let us have any more stories like that, or I shall be having nightmare for the next week,' cried Derry.

'Come to that, Pelée is always smoking,' remarked Maurice calmly, with a glance over his shoulder, to where the cloud-capped mountain peak rose into the blue sky. He always revelled in these stories of legend lore retailed by Gusty, who had them firsthand from Mother Maddy; but he would have scorned to put any faith in them, only laughing over them and enjoying them, as one might delight in a fairy tale.

'Mother Maddy never would let me go wid her on her tramps to de Demon's Mouth; she am always sayin' Gusty too little an' small, so me just whips round and tracks her all de way. Hi! hi! hi! But it were good fun, an' all de way long, up de hills an' down de hills, she kept sayin' to herself as she could die easy if de water were cold. My, how I did larf an' chuckle an' choke, when we got clar down into de Demon's Mouth and she heard it hissin' an' saw de stream spoutin' out. 'Twas as if another woman was put inside her all on a sudden, an' she skreeked and screamed, scrattin' back up de steep side of de pass, just like a monkey in a banyan-tree.'

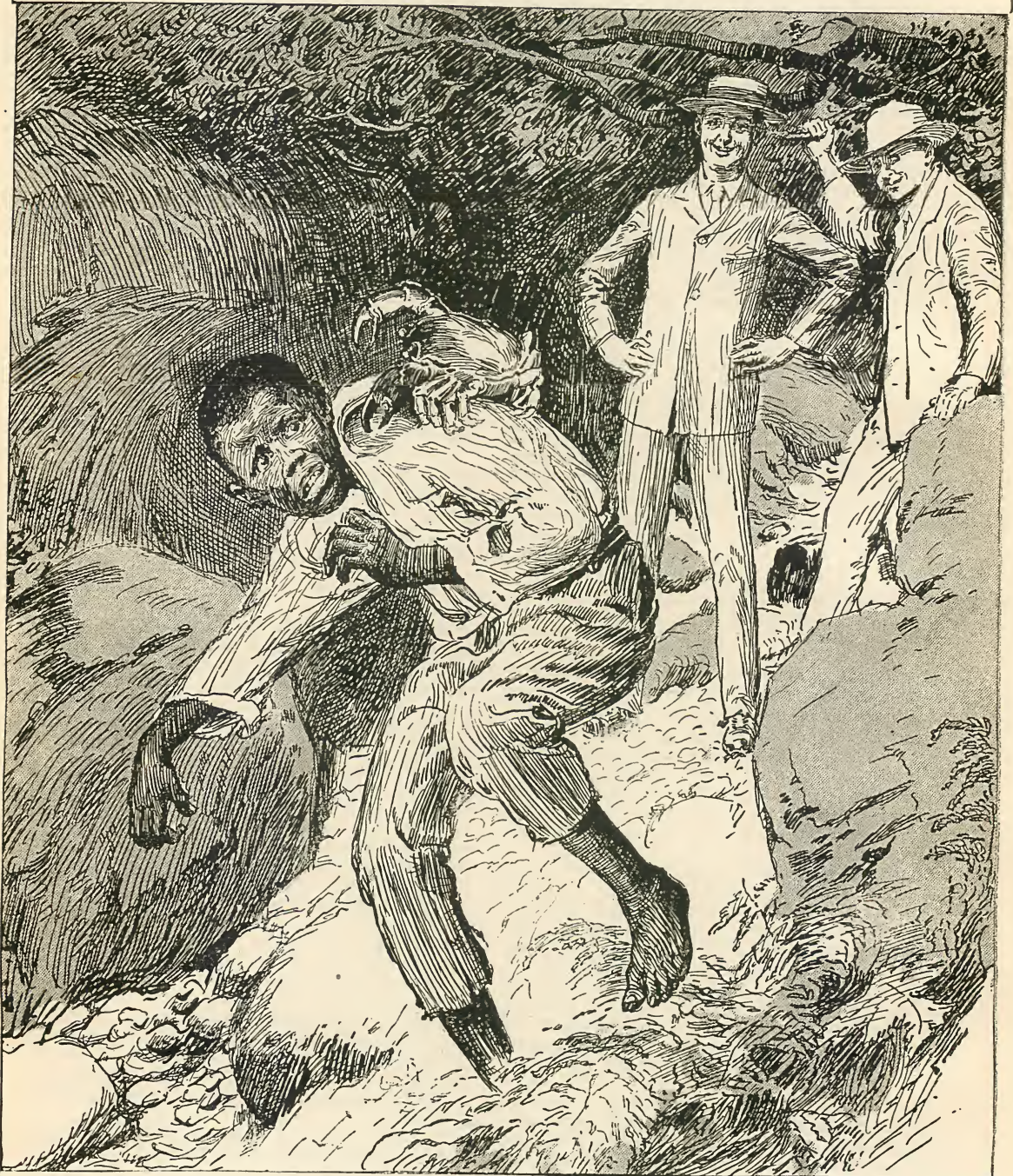
Gusty's narrative at this point became a series of chuckling nonsense, which made his auditors laugh almost as much as the story had done, for the darky had a way of taking off his aged kinswoman that was infinitely diverting to beholders, though he would have been angry enough if any one else had attempted a similar liberty in his presence.

Suddenly a loud rumbling sounded somewhere under their feet, causing Derry to shriek with terror and fling himself on the ground, under the impression that it was an earthquake; but Gusty only laughed, pointing to the gloomy gorge which yawned at their feet.

'Hi! hi! hi! You look as scared as Mother Maddy did, an' it's only the Demon's Mouth spittin' steam an' scaldin' water.'

Even as he spoke, a cloud of white steam issued from a hole in the overhanging masses of rock, and drifted slowly and heavily along the bottom of the gorge.

(Continued at page 46.)



"Gusty emerged out of a clump of fern with a big orange-coloured crab hanging to his shoulder."



The Telegraph Inspector on Duty.

CAUGHT.

AN experienced operator can, from merely listening to the sounds, understand a message on a telegraphic instrument without seeing it at all. One day an inspector walked into an office and began to question the clerk in charge.

Suddenly a message began to arrive, and the clerk sat down to write it out. The message was as follows: 'Look out for squalls, the head inspector is somewhere on the line, and will be poking his nose in everywhere.'

The inspector smiled as he listened to the message, whilst the poor clerk looked quite helpless. His superior, however, went to the instrument and sent back this answer: 'Too late, he has already poked his nose in here.'

A severe caution, and a warning not to rely on such tricks in future, was a sufficient lesson for the clerk. H. B. S.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

7.—ANAGRAMS.

1. Sit any in. A mental affliction.
2. City rice let. A natural force.
3. His mute mar. A painful ailment.
4. Log all rare map. A geometrical figure.
5. Deer puss E. To take the place of.
6. Shout sand. Great numbers.
7. Ten mine. Distinguished.
8. Ha! Patty in. A great dislike.
9. Moan, Tiny. A kind of metal.
10. A tail cry. Cheerful promptitude. C. J. B.

8.—BEHEADED WORDS.

1. I AM a word of five letters, denoting an infirmity. Behead me, and I am an unfortunate monarch. Behead me again, and I am an organ of sound.
2. I am a word of five letters, signifying a figure of speech. Behead me, I am a strong cord. Again, I am a contraction used in poetry.
3. I am a word of five letters meaning a place of merchandise. Behead me, I am very high. Again, I include everything. C. J. B.

9.—WORD PUZZLE.

My first is in hatred, but not in sin;
 M second in necklace, but not in pin;
 My third is in anchor, but not in rope;
 My fourth in remorse, but not in hope;
 My fifth is in leather, and also in tan;
 My whole is a part of every man.

C. J. B.

10.—GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS.

1. Soft towel. A seaport on the East coast of England.
2. Second tar. A town in Yorkshire.
3. Do rich wit. A town in Worcestershire frequented by invalids.

4. Ton lard gin. A town in the county of Durham.
5. Gal done. A maritime county of Ireland.
6. Hams and ring. A royal estate in Norfolk.

[Answers at page 58.]

ANSWERS.

4.—New York.

- | | |
|----------------|--------------|
| 1. Neva. | 4. Yarmouth. |
| 2. Eastbourne. | 5. Orkney. |
| 3. Welbeck. | 6. Rhine. |
| | 7. Khartoum. |

5.—(A.)—Nice, rice, dice, mice.

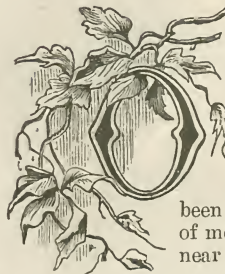
(B.)—Doon, soon, boom.

(C.)—Fun, sun, dun, Hun, tun.

6.—Disraeli.

- | | | |
|----------|----------|----------|
| 1. Said. | 4. Side. | 7. Lard. |
| 2. Rise. | 5. Rail. | 8. Lid. |
| 3. Lie. | 6. Ida. | |

HOW A CHILD SAVED A TOWN.



The Story of an Old Bavarian Custom.

IN the score of its quaint old-world character, Dinkelsbühl may take a place in the very front rank of Bavaria's many ancient towns. It has been little touched by the hand of modern builders. In the forest near at hand, amid the far-spreading branches of trees almost as old as the town itself, and floored by tangled undergrowth, the creatures which have for so long held undisputed possession still find sanctuary. The town itself is a bright and clean little place, teeming with thatched roofs of sober brown, with broad eaves, and grass-grown casements, full of little leaded panes, with ancient porches and deep-set dormer windows. And in spite of all the changes which have taken place since the little town first arose, it retains much of the self-same aspect in this twentieth century that it wore centuries ago, and more especially on a certain morning in the month of May, 1632.

The terrible 'Thirty Years' War' was then in progress. From an early hour the burghers had been astir. The streets were alive with soldiers. The call to arms had sounded. With bated breath people whispered that the inexorable hour had struck. The Swedes were at the gates, peremptorily summoning the citizens to surrender like sensible people. With such a demand, however, they all to a man were most unwilling to comply.

In the old picturesque 'Rath-haus,' or 'town-hall,' as we should call it, which still exists, the grave, long-robed councillors had met to deliberate. The question before them was, whether they should, or should not, open their gates to the beleaguering forces commanded by Klaus Sperreut, one of the most trusty of the many trusty colonels of Gustavus

Adolphus. In their perplexity and alarm the councillors had found means to dispatch a messenger to the Emperor, but the messenger had not yet returned, and the thunders at the gates grew louder and louder. Not a few of the councillors were disposed to give in, but those who had not quite lost their heads counselled patience. 'Help must come,' they said, 'sooner or later. Dinckelsbühl has never been known to show the "white feather." Shall we give in now?'

Yet the minutes passed, and still the anxious suspense, in which burgher and councillor alike waited, met with no relief. It seemed as if the city must fall a prey to the vengeance of the besieger.

But at length the messenger returned. To the dismay of all, however, he announced that all hopes of rescue by the Emperor must be at once abandoned. The doleful news stole round the city with the rapidity of lightning, filling young and old alike with gloomy forebodings. Every burgher knew full well that the resources of the town were far too weak to enable it to hold out for more than a few hours longer at the most.

It was at this point that help arrived from the most unexpected quarter. The old watchman of the 'Rothenburger' Gate of the city had a little ten-year-old daughter, a bright, merry little maiden, who would have moved the heart of the sternest foe. She knew—who in Dinckelsbühl did not?—of the plight in which the city lay, and a strange and daring thought suddenly flashed into her mind. She had overheard a Swedish officer stationed in the town, who was advising the burghers to surrender at discretion, saying that the Swedish Colonel in command of the besieging forces had recently lost his only son by sudden death.

'Why, therefore,' thought she to herself, 'may I not hope to touch his heart by speaking gently to him in his grief?'

No sooner said than done. Marshalling as many little boys and girls as the streets of Dinckelsbühl contained, she bade them follow her to the town-hall, where in the midst of a solemn conclave Burgomeister Wigulein was stroking his peaked beard and pacing the oaken floor wrapped in anxious thought. Going up to him fearlessly, the brave little maiden begged permission to go direct to the Swedish commander and to appeal to him. The councillors were struck by her appeal; perhaps the children might succeed where their elders had failed, they thought; and in the end her request was granted. They resolved to trust to the mercy of the conqueror, and the heavy gates beneath the Rothenburger tower of the city swung slowly open to admit the victorious enemy.

The astonishment of the broad-shouldered Swedish Colonel, who sat mounted on his prancing charger, may easily be imagined as he saw Burgomeister Wigulein approaching from the right with a petition for quarter in his hand, while at the same time a little maiden, accompanied by a crowd of pretty youngsters praying and singing, came forward from the ancient porch of St. George's on the left.

'Have pity upon us,' were the words which in clear childish treble greeted the sturdy warrior's

ears, while all the children, suiting the action to the word, lifted their hands beseechingly.

The sight was one which might have melted a heart of stone. And yet—for a moment or two the heart of Klaus Sperreut remained untouched. By degrees, however, as he became accustomed to the strange sight, he began to feel a new pity in his heart. Suddenly he started. A handsome boy, who stood near the maiden-leader, with his golden locks streaming in the noon-day sun, appeared to his astonished eyes the very image of that loved son whom he had lost but a short time before, and as the lad with tear-stained eyes stood begging for mercy on his dear native town, Klaus Sperreut, whose bark was probably much worse than his bite, was himself moved to tears. He bent down and putting his huge arms around the boy's waist, lifted him off the ground, and with a loving embrace placed him on the saddle beside him.

The burghers saw that the Colonel was touched, and renewed their entreaties. The city keys were given up to Sperreut, who, still clasping the boy to his heart, solemnly pronounced the pardon of the Dinckelsbühl burghers.

Such is the tale which is always kept fresh and dear in the memory of young and old alike in Dinckelsbühl. Year after year for centuries past it has been the chief joy of successive generations of the flaxen-haired youth of the little town, for the Town Council, believing that the children had saved their lives from the Swedes, resolved to make that day a festival for ever after; and so every year a good round sum is voted to pay the expenses of a procession and ceremony in memory of the olden times. Various schemes have been tried and carried out at different periods, but in 1897 the local committee of management resolved to organize the public procession properly, and the eminent Bavarian dramatist, Ludwig Stark, was therefore asked to write a little play, which was so successful that it has been repeated ever since.

The third Monday in July, therefore, now annually sees the performance of the play, before a throng of visitors who come from far and near. The day is ushered in by the discharge of cannon by the town soldiers, together with merry chimes from the bells in St. George's Church tower. The youngsters, having been duly marshalled, start at a given signal for the town-hall, where the soldiers present arms and stand in readiness to receive them. The boys, wearing the quaint picturesque uniform of the seventeenth century, not omitting the wig and the cocked hat, and bearing sword or lance in hand, precede the girls, who are dressed in white frocks, with coloured ribbons and flower-braided tresses. In due course they ascend the steps of the town-hall and enter the council chamber, where the time-worn parchments, seals, and great wooden chests of the Corporation are brought to light after a twelve months' sleep, and where members of the Town Council are seated in their antique chairs.

The first Burgomeister having entered complains aloud of the dire straits to which the town has been reduced, and tells of the dispatch of a messenger to the Emperor Ferdinand. The children then form a half-circle in the market-place im-



How a Child saved a Town.

mediately facing the town-hall. Mounted upon his horse, the boy who has been selected to personate Klaus Sperreut, the Swedish Colonel, delivers a speech giving the historical facts, and ending with a prayer for the Divine blessing upon Dinkelsbühl and Bavaria, Church and King, Emperor and Fatherland.

This done, the boys wave their banners amid loud cheers, and the girls strew the pathway with flowers. With these quaint ceremonies the official part of the programme in connection with the 'Kinder-Zeche' (as the festival is called) ends, and the private part begins. Every one wends his way to the delightful meadow used for archery practice,



A—Glow-worms.

B—"Soldiers and Sailors."

where a juvenile fair is opened, and the remainder of the day is spent in a round of hearty and innocent merry-making.

Thus Dinckelsbühl in the twentieth century still keeps up the remembrance of those days, more than three hundred years ago, when a child's prayer saved the town from being sacked, and its citizens from plunder and massacre. W. C. SYDNEY.

WONDERS OF LITTLE LIVES.

II.—'SOLDIERS AND SAILORS'; GLOW-WORMS.

IT may seem almost incredible, but it is a fact, that nearly four thousand distinct species of beetles are known to inhabit the British Islands. Of these of course many are extremely rare, whilst others, though common, need great skill to find them. Some, again, are so extremely small that only those practised in such matters know where to look for them, or can distinguish them when found.

Of the larger beetles, few are so familiar as those known as 'Soldiers and Sailors'—names which have popularly been bestowed upon them on account of their coloration, some being red, others blue. They may be sought for on flowers, such as the wild pansy, all through the early summer months.

The 'Soldier and Sailor' beetles form a little

tribe numbering about twenty-five separate species, all of which are remarkable for their extremely quarrelsome disposition, being always ready to fight, not only with other species, but also with their own kind. As might be expected, these beetles are carnivorous in their habits, not seldom making a meal of the bodies of the victims slain in battle. Contrary, however, to what we should expect in creatures of such a markedly pugnacious disposition, their bodies are unusually soft. A little reflection will show, however, that after all this peculiarity is not so strange as it appears to be at first sight. For fighting purposes, coats of mail have long been discarded in human warfare. And so it is with these beetles; being pugnacious, they have no fear of being attacked, and therefore can dispense with armour. It is the peaceable vegetarian beetle that stands in need of mail, in order that he may withstand the attacks of highwaymen like the 'Soldiers and Sailors.'

Quite a large number of creatures, belonging to very different groups of the animal kingdom, possess the power of emitting light. This light, which is visible only in the dark, is invariably of a peculiar phosphorescent character.

One of the best known of these light-producers in our islands is the so-called 'glow-worm.' As a matter of fact, though it may come as a surprise

to many, the 'glow-worm' is not a *worm* at all, nor even remotely related to that much-despised creature. It is really a beetle, and therefore an insect—a group far removed from the worms and their allies. Few, however, except a naturalist would be able to detect the true nature of this little creature, since it is wingless, though it is only in the female that the wings are wanting.

There is something strangely mysterious and fascinating about the fitful light which she produces. When the birds are at rest, and the quiet gloom is enlivened only by the sharp trill of the bat, or the lazy hum of the great lumbering dor-beetle, varied now and again by the weird music of the owl or the night-jar, then it is that the little 'glow-worm' ventures out, and timidly invites her mate by the soft glimmerings of this curious light. For her the joy of flight is a thing impossible. Unable either to meet or pursue him, she must wait patiently, and, literally glowing with hope, seek to attract him from his lofty heights by the tell-tale light which she displays.

Familiar as the 'glow-worm' is, at least in the southern half of England, but few, as we have remarked, know its life history. From those who take delight in gleaning Nature's secrets we learn that the males also emit light, but only very feebly.

The young glow-worm very closely resembles its female parent. During what is called its larval condition—that is, before it assumes the grown-up form—it is carnivorous, feeding on snails. In order that it may cleanse itself from the slime secreted in such abundance by these creatures, it is provided with a little brush at the end of its tail. The cruel fashion by which the young glow-worm obtains its food is happily put aside with its new life. After its transformation into the adult form it becomes a strict vegetarian, as though repentant of its former evil ways.

There are many different species of glow-worms, though only one kind is found in our islands. Among the forms found in other parts of the world, it is interesting to note that there is said to be a direct relation between the amount of light given out by the females and the size of the eyes of their mates. Thus, where the eyes of the male are small, the amount of light given out by his mate is proportionately large, and where the males have large eyes, the females give out but a small amount of light. In other species, strangely enough, where the males have small eyes, they find their mates by some mysterious sense which resides in the antennæ, which have a peculiarly feather-like structure, instead of resembling a jointed rod as in the insect with normal eyes. In such cases the females, as in the case of those whose mates have large eyes, give out but little light.

In some parts of the world, as in the tropics, both sexes have wings, and the light they emit is very brilliant. As a consequence, when hundreds are abroad at once, as happens on dark, sultry nights, a most wonderful effect is produced, the bushes glimmering with phosphorescent lamps, whilst others cross and recross in the air, as the insects fly from tree to tree.

W. P. PYCRAFT, A.L.S., F.Z.S., ETC

THE SIBYL OF ST. PIERRE.

(Continued from page 39.)

CHAPTER VI.



OMEWHAT late in that same day, Mr Rowan, with his nephew, Andrew Mackern, for a companion, went off to St. Pierre, in order to transact such needful business as would expedite the sailing of himself and his family for England.

It would not be an easy matter to do business on that day, as it was the eve of the great festival of Mardi Gras, and the country people were already pouring into the town in swarms, even though the real revelry was not supposed to commence until after the great service in the cathedral on the following morning.

But at a prospect of merry-making, those dusky, light-hearted children of the sunny south were in the habit of dropping their work and rushing off to the scene of the frolic, with as much eagerness as the flies gather about a cask of molasses, so that already the country-side was temporarily depopulated, whilst the crowds thronging into the town gave themselves up to a round of dissipating revelry, which would last until their funds and their strength were alike exhausted.

As was natural, the first call made by Mr. Rowan and Andrew was upon the Rev. Charles Hamlin, the head master of the small private school which Maurice attended, and which had been established and carried on for the benefit of the English colony in and about St. Pierre.

They found Mr Hamlin in a state of uncomfortable annoyance, concerning that episode of the grabbing and its attendant consequences. He was quite willing to admit that Mr. Swayne—who was out of town for the festival—might have been mistaken in thinking he saw Maurice among the other boys, since the junior master was a stranger, and, unfortunately, short-sighted also. But the point of doubt in his own mind was owing to the inability of Maurice to do the problem, declared to have been cleaned from his slate.

'That is the part of the business which is to me the clearest of all,' replied Mr. Rowan quietly, when he had heard all that the head master had to say on the subject. 'Maurice looked straight into my face, and told me he had done the problem; therefore, in spite of appearances, I believe him. My children know I trust them, and therefore they always tell me the truth.'

'You are a happy man, Mr. Rowan, and if all boys were trained as yours have been, the world would be a different place,' Mr. Hamlin said, with a smile that was rather wistful and sad.

'I should be happier if this matter could be cleared up, especially as I must keep Maurice away from school for the next three months. There is no possibility of any one having entered the room after he

left it, and cleaned the problem from the slate, I suppose?'

'I have made all due inquiry in that direction,' rejoined Mr. Hamlin, a little stiffly. 'The three senior boys had gone with me to the Jardin des Plantes at the time.'

'Did they all return with you, sir?' asked Andrew, who was an ex-pupil, and had always been a prime favourite of Mr. Hamlin's.

'Why, no; Stebbings—you know him, Mackern, that sandy-haired boy from Fort de France, who entered a term or two before you left—went to the hair-dresser on his way home, and so did not get in until after we did.'

'Then Maurice will have to remain under a cloud until some fortunate accident clears him,' said Mr. Rowan, rising to take his leave.

Andrew was very silent for some time after they had left Mr. Hamlin's house; then suddenly he burst out in a wrathful tone, 'It is all as clear as daylight to me, only unfortunately I can't prove it.'

'What is clear—the superiority of beet-root sugar?' demanded his uncle, with a puzzled frown, for he had just been having a hot argument with a fiery little French capitalist on the subject.

'No, indeed! I hope I should not be so disloyal to M. Le Sugar-Cane,' Andrew said, taking off his hat with a bowing flourish to a little pile of feathery-topped canes lying on a market-woman's stall, which they were at the moment passing. 'I was thinking of the muddle about Maurice. It is pretty plain to me that there has been some under-handed influence at work to put him out of running for the scholarship, and I believe I can put my finger on the offender, only I'm not going to mention his name until I am sure.'

'Right you are, my boy, Scotch caution is not to be sneezed at in places where silence is golden,' replied his uncle, with a smile of relief, for it was comforting to find that Andrew believed in Maurice also.

Their business went easier than might have been expected, despite the crowded state of the town. So Mr. Rowan was able to arrange with his bankers about the financing of the plantation during his absence, and to settle with a merchant about taking the yield of sugar in its rawest state as soon as the cutting and pressing operations had been performed.

Then they went to a shipping office, and were so fortunate as to secure passages in a steamer timed to leave on Monday afternoon, which, though it gave painfully little time for preparation, would be of great convenience in enabling Mr. Rowan to reach Scotland earlier than he had even hoped to do.

Night had fallen whilst these negotiations were in progress, a brilliant tropical night, only a little less bright than the day.

The crowds in the streets seemed increasing every moment, and the blare of trumpets, mingling with the shouts of excited revellers, together with the incessant laughter and singing, formed a pandemonium easier imagined than described.

Mr. Rowan and his nephew fought their way onward as best they could, intent on getting out of the town as quickly as possible. Presently they found themselves being swept along with the

current, which was setting towards the open space in front of the cathedral.

'There is a riot of some kind; listen to the noise,' said Andrew, in his uncle's ear, as they clung together, intent on not getting separated in the throng.

'Yes, it does sound like a riot, and we should be better out of it, only I'm afraid it is not possible; do you think we can manage to drift down the next side street?' panted Mr. Rowan, as he was borne along wedged in by the side of a fat negress loaded with jewellery, and decked out in every colour of the rainbow. Andrew, too, on his part was so pushed and prodded by a company of fat darkies in the rear, that he could only go with the crowd.

'I think we shall have to keep straight on; it won't do to risk a stumble in a crush like this, or we should soon be trodden flat,' Andrew answered, exerting his vigorous young strength to keep his uncle from any chance tripping, as they were swept along by the excited mob.

The trumpets in their immediate vicinity had ceased for the moment to blare, and there was only the excited chatter and laughter, broken here and there by the shrill scream of a woman's voice. Then suddenly as they were swept along round a corner and into the wide space before the cathedral, they heard high-pitched strident tones, and saw a weird figure, standing outlined against the radiance of the moon and the twinkling lights of the square.

'It is Mother Maddy! What can the poor crazy old creature be up to now?' exclaimed Andrew, recognising the old woman who was so well known at Glen Rosa.

'She seems to be making the crowd very angry; I trust they will not do her a mischief,' Mr. Rowan said, in some anxiety, as they were swept nearer to the wild-looking figure with straggling white hair, perched on a rickety platform, made out of some boards laid across a couple of empty molasses barrels.

There was reason for his fear, as evidenced by the hate and disgust depicted on the faces surging immediately around Mother Maddy's point of vantage.

At first they could not understand what she was saying, though her strident high-pitched voice carried far and wide over the swaying, crowding masses of humanity.

But after they got used to the hubbub it was easier, and as the old woman was careful to repeat her utterances in French, English, and the native idiom common to the islands, they soon succeeded in discovering what she was talking about.

'Woe! woe! woe!' cried the high, shrill voice. 'It is woe to those who eat, and drink, and dance under the light of the moon. For the day is coming, it is even now at hand, when Pelée shall smoke and swallow the town!'

A sudden roar of rage drowned her next words, though they could see her skinny arm lifted high in denunciation, and the gleaming of her wild eyes through the elfin, straggling locks of hair.

Then a storm of missiles darkened the lamp-lit square, every one throwing the thing which came most handy.



"'Woe! woe! woe!' cried the high shrill voice. 'The day is even now at hand!'"

'Uncle, they'll kill her, poor old Maddy!' cried the young man, with a quavering break in his tone; and before Mr. Rowan could utter a word of protest, he had plunged into the

very thickest of the struggling, excited throng, and there was nothing to be done but to follow him.

(Continued at page 54.)



"In time to save the collie, but too late to save himself."

A FAITHFUL DOG.

WHY don't you listen, Tom? That's the third time I've spoken,' said the fireman to the engine-driver.

Tom Seaton, the driver, pointed down the line as he answered, 'Do you see that brown and white collie there? He will get run over. I have been watching him rushing about this five minutes. He's quite lost himself; I'll jump down and catch him.'

'It's a risk,' said the fireman; 'a dog's not worth it.'

But Seaton was off his engine in a moment, and just in time he dragged the bewildered animal off the rails.

In time for the collie, but too late to save himself; a passing train from the opposite direction knocked the kind-hearted driver down, and at nightfall the man who had gone out strong and well in the morning was lying in a hospital bed, with one of his legs taken off, and the painful thought that he would be a cripple for life filling his mind.

Tom Seaton had been a good servant; the Company he served found him a place at a little country level-crossing on the line, where, cripple as he was, he could still work. Interested passengers, who looked out to see the lame railway man, saw always with him a fine collie dog. The faithful creature knew his preserver, and lived for the man who had helped him in his hour of need.

Taught by past experience to keep off the rails, he yet followed Tom about like his shadow, or sat at the cottage door while his master was within.

But the perils of railway servants are many and great; and for a second time a rushing engine overtook Seaton at his work. When he was found outstretched, in death, upon the line, the faithful collie he had once rescued was standing guard over his prostrate body, and could only with much difficulty be dragged away.

C. J. BLAKE.

ABOUT THE SOCIETY ISLANDS.

THE Society Islands have lately undergone a terrible experience, for in February, 1903, a tidal wave, some forty feet or more in height, swept across the islands, carrying death and destruction everywhere.

These islands, which are of coral formation, do not, as a rule, rise more than twenty feet above sea-level, and the only chance of escape for the unhappy inhabitants was to shelter in the cocoa-nut palms, some of which grow to a height of seventy or even a hundred feet.

Even there, however, death overtook many of the people, for the fierce waves washed away the soil from the roots, and the palms toppled over into the sea, drowning all who were clinging to them.

Four or five hundred of the natives saved themselves, after some hours of hopeless clinging to the palms, by swimming three miles or more to a steamer; but it is supposed that all the other inhabitants of the eighty islands—estimated at five thousand people—have been literally swept away.

The Society Islands were discovered in 1768 by Captain Cook; he had been sent out to the Pacific by the Royal Society to observe the transit of Venus, and hence he gave the name 'Society' to these lovely groups of islands, which are said to be the most beautiful of all the many islands of the Pacific.

The Society Islands, however, now no longer belong to Great Britain: our rulers fifty years ago cared little about acquiring distant colonies, and we allowed the French in 1843 to occupy the islands without any one in our country knowing or caring much about the matter.

Very soon, however, these islands will become of some importance, for if the Panama Canal is opened, ships will have to pass by them on their way from the Pacific to Australia.

The chief industries of the Society islanders are pearl-fishing and the cultivation of the cocoa-nut palm. We only think, as a rule, of the cocoa-nut as a fruit to be eaten by people with strong digestions, or else as an ingredient in the making of puddings and sweets. There are, however, hundreds of other uses for this very useful tree, which in those islands furnishes all that is needful for food, dress, and shelter. The dried kernel of the cocoa-nut is called 'copra.' This copra is full of oil; most of the so-called 'olive' oil of commerce comes from copra, and it is very valuable in many ways. X.

ADMIRAL JERVIS.

ONE of the most celebrated of British naval battles was that of St. Vincent, in 1797, when Sir John Jervis was the Admiral commanding the British fleet.

From a boy, John Jervis had no other wish than to go to sea, and finding that his heart was so set upon the Service, his father very reluctantly procured him a midshipman's berth on board the *Gloucester*, fifty guns, and gave the boy, who was just fourteen, twenty pounds towards his outfit.

The father was not a rich man, and had other children on his hands, and after this gift John was told he could expect no further help from home.

For the first six years of his sea life, the lad had a hard struggle to make both ends meet, but by dint of rigid economy he somehow managed to make his meagre pay suffice, though it was no easy matter to do so. For instance, whilst his chums always had a man to wait on them, and money for many luxuries, the boy Jervis was obliged to make, mend, and wash his own clothes, and when, after a long cruise at sea, the vessel put in at one of the West Indian ports, Jervis alone could not afford to buy the fruits and other shore delicacies which the other lads of his rank were enjoying. He literally 'had not a farthing to spend,' so when others were enjoying themselves, and making their money fly, Jervis would shut himself up with his books, and study anything that would advance him in his profession.

His reward came at last, for promotion came step by step to the resolute youth, till at last we find him Sir John Jervis, and an Admiral in command of

a fleet eager 'to have at the Dons,' as the Spaniards were then called.

The British fleet was a small one—but fifteen ships—whilst the Spanish fleet was known to be almost twice as large, and in addition there was the French force at Brest trying to join the Spanish, and to sweep the British ships from off the sea.

The 14th of February dawned dull and foggy: 'a strange fleet' was signalled to the Admiral, who was on board the *Victory*, and soon the *Culloden's* signal-guns announced the enemy.

The Commander-in-Chief walked the quarter-deck, and as the hostile ships were counted, they were duly reported to Sir John Jervis by the captain of the fleet.

'There are eight sail-of-the-line, Sir John.'

'Very well, sir.'

'There are twenty sail-of-the-line, Sir John.'

'Very well, sir.'

'There are twenty-five sail-of-the-line, Sir John,' again brought word the captain of the fleet, hinting at the same time that the enemy's ships were almost too numerous for the British to tackle.

Sir John Jervis, however, thought otherwise!

'Enough, sir,' he said, sternly; 'no more of that; the die is cast, and if there are fifty sail I will go through them!'

This answer so delighted Captain Hallowell, who was on the quarter-deck with the Admiral, that in the ecstasy of the moment he forgot naval etiquette, and, patting his Admiral's back, he exclaimed:

'That's right, Sir John! that's right—we are going to give the Dons a thorough good licking!'

The end of the story is well known. The 'Dons' did get their 'thorough licking,' and Sir John Jervis was created Earl of St. Vincent to commemorate his victory.

S. C.

ON MANY WATERS.

II.—CANOES OF THE SOLOMON ISLANDERS.

IF you look at a map of Australasia, or Oceania, as the great group of detached lands of which Australia is the giant, is equally called, and take an upward line from Sydney, you will see a group of large dots bearing the name of the Solomon Islands.

These were first known to Europeans when Mendaña, in 1568, was sent from Spain on an exploring expedition. He landed on the one called Santa Ysabel, and has left a graphic account of his impressions. He describes the inhabitants as serpent-worshippers, subsisting mainly on roots and cocoanuts, although an offering which they made to their visitors proved that they sometimes enjoyed more toothsome dainties. This was no more or less than a piece of human flesh, with a hand and arm attached, to prove the real value of the present. In one way the islanders seem to have forestalled a fashion of the present day, by dyeing their thick curly locks red or bright brown. A great impression was also made on the Spaniards by numbers of huge bats, five feet across, as well as by toads and rats of immense size. Rats, indeed, have since been found nearly two feet in length, and one species of huge frog frequently weighs between two and three pounds.

When Mendaña returned to Spain, the King desired that the newly discovered islands should be named the Solomon Islands, as it was believed that from them the king of that name fetched gold for his temple at Jerusalem; the Spanish monarch argued that on this account his people would certainly be glad to colonise them. However, whether discouraged by the report of the uncanny animals found on the islands, or by the fear of being cooked and eaten, not only would peaceful citizens not betake themselves thither, but the very mariners for two hundred years were unable to rediscover their locality. In 1767 and 1768, two Frenchmen accomplished this feat, but neither they or later visitors gave flattering accounts of the inhabitants, who are described as cruel, cannibalish, and suspicious of strangers.

Still, whatever their general intelligence may be, the instincts of war and barter have taught them the art of boat-building, and they have discovered a form of sail which is peculiar to themselves, but which seems to catch and hold the wind well. These sails are made of matting; the shape is very much like an artist's palette, with the thumb-hole cut open, leaving a point on either side. The boats are pointed at both ends, like those of the Ladrone Islands, and so can sail either way, and they have cosy little protections against the sun and wind, quite like small deck-cabins. They are steered by a man with a very long oar. They are also remarkable for being usually built of planks, instead of being merely dug whole out of a tree-trunk. The war canoes, often forty or fifty feet long, have high-pointed prows, and are usually beautifully carved and inlaid with shells.

HELENA HEATH.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

True Tales of Events of the year 1804.

II.—THE BATTLE OF THE WOLVES.



THE winter of 1803-4 was a specially hard one on the Continent, and the villages round Dijon, in central France, suffered not only from the privations which an intense frost always causes to the poor, but also from a singular incursion of wolves, which made life and property alike unsafe.

A great deal of the land which is now laid out in vineyards was then dense forest, in which numberless wolves found their homes, and, as a rule, their sustenance too, living chiefly on the hares and rabbits which were plentiful.

But the hard frost kept hares and rabbits in their holes, and the wolves, losing their fear of man in their eagerness to get a meal, would prowl round the villages, carrying off poultry and pigs and calves; some even entered a cottage, and, snatching a baby out of its cradle before the very eyes of its



"The canoes are usually beautifully carved and inlaid with shells."

agonised mother, ran off with it before help was at hand.

On another occasion, a wood-cutter, returning home at dusk, was set upon by wolves, and though his shrieks were heard by some charcoal-burners a little distance away, they were too late to save him. The poor fellow had made a desperate fight

for life before being overpowered, for three wolves lay dead on the blood-spattered ground, the wood-cutter's axe still fixed in the forehead of one of them. But of the man himself but little remained, for the wolves had thrown themselves upon his body, and with their sharp teeth, which cut like double saws, had speedily devoured him, and were



"One man scythed down a row of wolves as if they were ripe corn."

about to fall upon the dead bodies of their fellow-wolves when driven off by the men.

In time hunger made the usually cowardly wolves so daring that they would enter the villages even in the daytime, keeping together in huge packs, so that at last people hardly dared to leave their cottages, and all lived a life of terror.

This state of things could not be tolerated—the wolves must be got rid of somehow, and the Mayor of one village determined to do something, and to do it at once. So he called all the men together, and they agreed to arm themselves with what weapons they could find, and be ready on the tolling of the church bell to meet together and attack the wolves,

which were now getting more and more audacious, and had, in the last day or two, visited the village daily, and almost stripped the farmyards of their poultry. The parish sexton agreed to keep a good watch from the church tower, and to give notice of the first approach of the wolves.

There were but few firearms in that little village; the Mayor indeed had a gun, and one of the farmers had an old musket that had seen service in the days of the Revolution. The other men had to take scythes, sickles, hatchets—anything, in short, that would cut and kill, and many of the villagers made very serviceable weapons by splicing long knives on to the end of broomsticks. Each man had something with which he meant to kill, for all felt that they were fighting for their hearths and homes against a cruel and dangerous enemy.

It had just struck two—the short winter day was already closing in, when the deep, low tones of the church bell boomed loudly through the air. The wolves were there, coming in a dense pack down the steep road from the forest, and baying with such deep, cruel notes that the sound chilled the very blood of the timid women and the little children. The men, however, were only roused to action by the terrible howls. They were glad to have the chance of putting an end to their foes, and each man determined to fight to the very utmost of his power.

There they stood, shoulder to shoulder, at the far end of the wide, irregular village street, and the wolves, seeing them, stood for a minute irresolute on the edge of the forest which ran right up to the village. Then, snarling and baying, they sprang on the villagers, and the snapping of the wolves' jaws could be distinctly heard as they came on in their vast numbers.

Now, indeed, was a scene of wild confusion. One man scythed down a row of wolves as if they were ripe corn, and another dealt deadly blows with his hatchet, whilst Mayor and farmer did good work with their guns, and could account for many wolves. But, alas! there were so many to be accounted for. The pack must have been composed of three or four hundred at least, all famished, and all so eager at the sight of blood that they would even stop to tear at any of their comrades which the men had killed, little heeding the fact that by so doing they laid themselves open to the same fate.

On went the battle for some half-hour at least, till the ground was literally strewn with the bodies of the fierce wolves, and they at last began to waver, and cast looks behind them.

'Now for it, lads!' cried the Mayor, and with a loud shout the villagers all but threw themselves on the pack, getting many a cruel wound themselves in their onward charge.

But their bravery bore fruit! The wolves at last turned tail, and such of them as were left bounded back into the forest, to return no more that winter.

The villagers marched in triumph to their homes, where their wives bound up their wounds, and for many a long day after this, the Battle of Wolves was the chief topic of the village firesides.

SYDNEY CLARENDON.

THE SIBYL OF ST. PIERRE.

(Continued from page 48.)

CHAPTER VII.



STRUGGLING, pushing, kicking, scrambling, Andrew Mackern fought his way forward towards the central point of the *mêlée*, which was that ramshackle rickety platform from which the figure of Mother Maddy had suddenly disappeared. His

uncle was close behind, though he was not conscious of it; indeed, he knew nothing, saving that an old woman was in peril of her life from mob violence, and he was going to risk his own to save her.

Panting, gasping, he had almost reached the wreckage of Mother Maddy's collapsed platform, when a brawny-armed, coal-black negro gave him a push that momentarily knocked the wind out of him, and, throwing him off his feet, launched him at once in that place of imminent risk under the tread of the trampling mob.

A Frenchman dragged him to his feet somehow, almost dislocating his shoulder in the effort, and warned him, in a kindly tone, as to the danger of an unequal struggle such as that.

'But there's a woman being done to death, an old woman weak and frail; no man worthy of the name would stand by and see such a thing,' retorted Andrew hotly.

'There are the gendarmes,' suggested the man mildly, with a private reflection on the hot-headedness of young men, and their zeal in championship.

'Of what use are they, stuck helplessly round on the fringe of the crowd, like wall-flowers in an English ball-room?' stormed Andrew, whose slow Scotch temper having once got alight, burned with a fiercer flame by reason of its slowness.

'Perhaps we can do without them,' replied the other, with unruffled serenity, sticking out an adroit foot, and tripping up a yelling, shouting negro.

Four or five more promptly fell upon him, and this human barrier held the crowd in check sufficiently for Andrew and his companion to reach the tumbled heap of boards and barrels, from which old Mother Maddy had tumbled.

Profiting by the block in the rear, Mr. Rowan was able to reach the side of Andrew, who, with the help of the Frenchman, was hastily throwing off the boards which held the poor old woman imprisoned underneath, for she had fallen, owing to the collapse of the platform, and was lying wedged in between two barrels.

They pulled her out, and set her on her feet again, but she seemed so dazed and helpless, that it was plainly impossible to get her through the crowd, who were closing round with greater force than ever, clamouring that the witch should be tossed into the sea, or roasted over a slow fire; anything, in

short, which might serve to stay the utterances of her weird prophetic tongue.

But on the suggestion of the Frenchman, they half-dragged, half-carried the poor old creature through a little side door into the cathedral; and then, after she had rested a little, and recovered her breath, they took her away by another door, out to the narrower streets where the crowd was not so dense, nor yet so bent on silencing the soothsayer.

It was well they took this precaution, for no sooner did Mother Maddy recover from the bewildering effects of her tumble, than she began to shout again in that shrill strident voice of hers, 'Woe! woe! woe! It is woe to the people that laugh and sing. For when steam and scalding water flow from the Demon's Mouth, then shall Pelée smoke and swallow the town!'

'Whatever shall we do with her?' asked Mr. Rowan, in considerable perplexity, for common humanity forbade that he should leave the poor demented creature at the mercy of the mob, whom her prophecies were lashing to madness; while it seemed equally undesirable that he and Andrew should be mixed up with the destructive rabble, already beginning to growl and snarl at their heels.

'Let us but once get our horses, and it will be easy enough,' panted Andrew, who, with his arm round Mother Maddy, was hurrying her along at such a rate that she could only shout her dark forebodings in half-strangled gasps, owing to shortness of breath.

Mr. Rowan was silent, for he too was pretty well winded by the pace they were making, but he was quite unconvinced, being unable to understand what Andrew was going to do when the horses were reached, seeing there were two animals—one of them only a short-legged mountain pony—between three people.

It did not take many minutes to saddle their steeds when they reached the small shanty on the outskirts of St. Pierre, where the animals awaited them. Then Andrew lifted Mother Maddy, who was still shrieking wildly, and seating her on his short-legged pony, set off at a run, his long legs making good play by the side of his nimble-footed little steed, while the old woman clung to the pony's neck, forgetting to shriek out her prophetic warnings through terror at the unwonted mode of conveyance.

Up-hill and down-hill they raced, until the town and its surging crowds were left far in the rear, and then, dropping into a walk, Andrew commenced to lecture his self-imposed charge on her folly in tempting the violence of the crowd.

'You know what a carnival mob is like, or you ought to by this time, for I'm sure you are old enough,' he said, in the reproachful tone one might use in chiding a wayward child, 'so whatever possessed you to go shrieking and raving to them about death and destruction?'

'I had to warn them,' she answered, in proud defiant tones, yet gasping a little because of the breathless novelty of her ride.

'But they did not want to be warned,' he urged, thinking that she was growing childish through

weight of years, and trying, by insistence and repetition, to show her the danger of her recent conduct.

'People never do want to be warned, even when it is for their own good, and to save them from destruction,' she answered, in a plaintive tone, speaking in refined and cultured tones, which pointed to an unusually good education somewhere far back in her misty past.

'Then why trouble yourself about them?' he said in a lighter tone, turning to nod to his uncle, who was riding just behind.

'Because it was laid upon me,' she answered, curtly; then seeming to become conscious all at once that she owed her plucky young rescuer something in the way of gratitude, she went on, 'Oh, it was good of you to risk your life to save mine; but where was the gain of it, since my time to die is drawing very near? You may live to be an old, old man, if you will only beware.'

'What am I to beware of?' he asked, awed in spite of himself by the weird solemnity of her tone.

But she only brandished her skinny arm aloft again, crying wildly, 'Woe! woe! woe! It is woe to those who will not heed and beware, for when steam and scalding water flow from the Demon's Mouth, then shall Pelée smoke and swallow the town!'

A shivering chill crept over Andrew; his teeth chattered, and for one moment he was so impressed by the warning that he felt as if he must fly somewhere for safety.

Then reason and common sense asserted themselves, and he smiled at his own fears. Certain vague recollections did occur to him of mysterious warnings uttered by natives before disastrous visitations by hurricanes and earthquakes; but this was an altogether different matter, and the bare idea of the long-silent volcano, Pelée, becoming active and destroying the town was too improbable and wildly sensational for Andrew's practical brain to entertain seriously.

So he laughed whilst he endeavoured to soothe poor old Mother Maddy, who by this time was again verging on a condition of crazy excitement; and she, realising the hopelessness of making him believe in her prophecy, sank into a sullen apathetic silence, from which he deemed it wiser not to rouse her.

About a mile from Glen Rosa, a track led off through the fields and patches of sugar-cane to the little cabin where the old woman lived with the errant Gusty, and, leaving his uncle to go straight home, Andrew turned into the lonely plantation track, intent on seeing Mother Maddy housed in safety before he sought his own couch.

The cabin was solitary when he reached it, but that was not wonderful, seeing how rarely Gusty slept at home; and throwing himself over his pony, Andrew turned down through another plantation track, and speedily emerged in front of the house at Glen Rosa.

To his surprise he found that no one had gone to bed, even Kitty and Roddy being on the verandah, watching for his coming.



"Up-hill and down-hill they raced, until the town and its surging crowds were left far in the rear."

'Not in bed yet, chickens; are you keeping carnival?' he shouted, on catching sight of them.

But at that moment Alice came running down the verandah steps crying out distressfully, 'We are in

such a state of worry, Andrew, for Maurice and Derry have not come home yet, though they went off at sunrise, and we are beginning to think they must be lost.'

(Continued at page 62.)



"I must have these dishes as security till I am paid."

THE COST OF JUSTICE.



HEN the Pretender's troops were quartered on a certain town in Scotland for a time, all administration of justice seemed to be at an end. Criminals went unpunished, robbery was openly committed, and debts were left altogether unpaid.

One poor woman, in whose house a bullying sergeant was stationed, found it very difficult to get back some of her money from a neighbour to whom she had lent it. She happened to mention this in the presence of the sergeant, lamenting that under King George law and justice existed, but the Pretender had done away with both.

'What! no law and no justice under Prince Charlie? Come with me, and I will see that you have them,' cried he, and he led the way, sword in hand, to the debtor's house.

When they arrived there, the sergeant asked the goodwife if she was going to pay his landlady what she owed. She refused, and so he set to work to compel payment. Holding his sword in one hand, to prevent interruption, with the other he proceeded to take down from the kitchen shelves all her pewter flagons and dishes, and gave them to his landlady as security for the debt, exclaiming as he did so, 'There's justice for you; there's justice!'

The debtor soon saw that she would find it cheaper to pay what she owed immediately, and she handed the money over. The sergeant put the dishes back on the shelves again—except a very few, which he asked his landlady to take home for him. But the housewife objected to this, and asked why he did not give them all back.

'You wanted law and justice—did you not?' asked the sergeant, turning to his landlady. 'Yes, and I have given you better justice than ever King George would. Now for the law. The expenses of the law are two shillings, to be paid to me, and I must have these dishes as security till I am paid. There is law and justice for you!'

J. H

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

11.—TRANSPOSITIONS.

THESE Proverbs will not be familiar to English people, but it will be quite easy to find them out, as the words stand in their right order, and the letters of each word only need transposing to make simple English sentences.

German Proverbs.

1. Noe otyad is tebtre hant wot rowmowots.
2. I vahe is a terbet ribd anth if I dah.
3. Awt is a radh drow orf het gunhyr.
4. Cone ni leppoes thusmo ti si radh ot egt tou fo hemt.

Turkish Proverbs.

5. Mafe si ton neagid no a thafree ebd.
6. Veny si het kard doshaw hatt saiwt poun rimte.

Hebrew Proverbs.

7. Het macel keesgin shorn stol ihs sear.
8. Fi eon rowd eb horwt a lekshe liscene si rotwh wot.
9. Heyt anc nifd nomye fro isifchme.

C. C.

12.—WORD PUZZLES.

FIND as many whole words as you can in the long words without changing the position of any of the letters. Words of only two letters do not count except in the second word.

1. Disapprove. Four words to be found.
2. Absolutely. Two words to be found.
3. Distracted. Three words to be found.
4. Distressful. Three words to be found.
5. Distrustful. Three words to be found.
6. Machinations. Three words to be found.

C. C.

13.—ARITHMOGRAPH.

An English Author.

A WORD of eight letters, the name of a great poet.

- 1.—1, 7, 5, 6. Playthings.
- 2.—8, 7, 6, 2. Part of the body.
- 3.—5, 2, 6. An answer in the affirmative.
- 4.—3, 2, 6, 1. A bird's home.
- 5.—1, 7, 3, 2. Sound.
- 6.—4, 7, 1, 2. A short letter.

C. J. E.

[Answers at page 74.]

ANSWERS.

- | | |
|-------------------|---------------|
| 7.—1. Insanity. | 6. Thousands. |
| 2. Electricity. | 7. Eminent. |
| 3. Rheumatism. | 8. Antipathy. |
| 4. Parallelogram. | 9. Antimony. |
| 5. Supersede. | 10. Alacrity. |

- 8.—1. Blear, Lear, ear.
2. Trope, rope, ope.
3. Stall, tall, all.

9.—H-e-a-r-t—Heart.

- | | |
|-------------------|-----------------|
| 10.—1. Lowestoft. | 4. Darlington. |
| 2. Doncaster. | 5. Donegal. |
| 3. Droitwich. | 6. Sandringham. |

'WITHOUT FEAR AND WITHOUT REPROACH'

Tales of the famous Knight, Bayard.

II.—BAYARD'S FIRST TOURNAMENT.

SOON after Bayard had entered the King's service, and was attached by him to the Count de Ligny, a nobleman of Burgundy, named Claude de Vaudrey, asked permission to give a tournament for the benefit of all the young knights and squires and gentlemen-at-arms, who were then stationed

near Lyons with their lords in great numbers. Leave was readily granted, for Vaudrey was a gallant knight of great renown, and it would give younger men training and experience to meet so valiant a gentleman in the tournament. The Lord of Vaudrey therefore hung up on a post a shield showing his coat-of-arms, according to custom; any person who wished to enter for the tournament and break a lance with him must touch this shield with his own spear; the King-at-arms, Montjoie, sat near to take down the names of those who thus accepted the challenge.

Among others in a similar position, Bayard was gazing longingly at the shield. 'Alas,' he thought, 'I have no arms or equipment for a tournament; if I could but come by them I would gladly touch the shield, and run a course against the Lord de Vaudrey.'

A comrade of his, who then and afterwards was his closest friend, was standing by him, and heard the doleful sigh which accompanied these thoughts. This friend was Pierre de Poëquières, Lord of Bellabre, and was then, like Bayard himself, a gentleman-at-arms in the household of the Count de Ligny. He was a few years older than Bayard.

'Why do you sigh, Bayard?' he asked, kindly.

'Alas!' said Bayard, 'I am longing to touch that shield, and take part in the Lord de Vaudrey's tournament. Since it has pleased the Count de Ligny to raise me in station from page to gentleman-at-arms' (this honour had just been given him), 'I desire to be worthy of my new rank, and I would gladly enter my challenge, if I had but the money to buy horses and arms; but money I have none.'

'Never mind that,' said Bellabre. 'Have you not your uncle, the Abbot at Ainay? Ask him for the money; I will come and persuade him for you. He will do it quickly enough when he learns that the King is your friend.'

Bayard was cheered by the suggestion. He gave no answer, but simply touched the shield with his spear.

'What is this, Piquet?' asked Montjoie, the King-at-arms, when he saw whose name it was he had to take down. 'You are but a boy. Why have you dared to set yourself up against the Lord de Vaudrey, who is one of the most valiant knights in Christendom?'

'I have touched the shield in no boastful spirit, Montjoie,' answered Bayard. 'I want to learn my profession of arms in a good school, and what better than this? God helping me, I shall yet win myself a name thereby.'

Montjoie took his name, and said no more, though he wondered at Bayard's boldness. The news of the event soon spread all over the town, and reached even the King's ears.

'I have given you an apt pupil,' he said to Count de Ligny.

'We shall see, sire, how he acquits himself,' answered the Count. 'He is young to face the Lord de Vaudrey.'

Meanwhile, Bayard had still to get the money necessary for arms and horses.

'I wish you would approach my uncle for me,' he

said to Bellabre; 'you would persuade him better than I.'

The long and short of it was that the two friends went the next day to visit Bayard's uncle, the Abbot of Ainay, to try and get the money from him. But he was a grasping man, though wealthy, and at first showed no signs of yielding to their request.

'Why should a mere boy as you are, Pierre du Terrail, be so foolhardy as to touch the shield of a knight like the Sieur de Vaudrey?' he asked Bayard rather scornfully.

'It is not pride or boastfulness which led me to do so,' answered Bayard. 'I sought only to bring honour to our family name, as my fathers did before me.'

But the Abbot remained obdurate. His money, he said, should not be wasted on worthless fighting.

'Bethink you, Lord Abbot,' said Bellabre, courteously, in answer to this, 'that it is we knights who make your money safe for you. Without the valour and brave adventures of our ancestors, you would not now be Abbot of Ainay, nor could you keep your title and your wealth and your estates unless such lads as Bayard dared to win fame and honour for themselves, and safety for you, by their own courage.'

They argued a little longer, but in the end Bellabre carried the day, and the Abbot gave him a purse of one hundred crowns, saying, 'Take this, and buy horses for Pierre; he is too young to be trusted with the money yet. And I will also give you a letter to the merchant Laurencin, asking him to provide arms and suitable clothing.'

With that, he wrote a letter to this effect:

'Maître Laurencin,—My nephew, Pierre du Terrail, wishes to appear in the forthcoming tournament; be good enough to furnish him with what is necessary.'

He signed the letter and gave it to Bellabre; and the two friends, after thanking him profusely, set off in good spirits. On the way back to Lyons, Bellabre said to his comrade, 'Piquet, we had best see Maître Laurencin at once with this letter, before your good uncle the Abbot repents of his generosity. He will soon remember that this letter leaves us free to buy as much as we please, and he will try to limit us.'

Bayard agreed, and they went straight to the merchant's, and ordered freely whatever they desired. The Abbot's signature was readily recognised, and Laurencin was only too pleased to serve them. Bellabre's conjecture proved to be correct. They had hardly left the merchant when a message from the Abbot arrived to bid him not supply them with more than two hundred crowns' worth of goods; but as they had already purchased to the extent of more than eight hundred crowns, the Abbot's parsimony was defeated.

The day of the tournament came, and Bayard, splendidly mounted and equipped, took his place in the lists. The first to make his appearance in public was naturally the holder of the tournament—the Lord de Vaudrey himself. He was followed by a distinguished company of all the great knights of France—Germain de Bonneval, the Lord of



“I have touched the shield in no boastful spirit; I want to learn my profession of arms.”

Châtillon, de Genouillac, and many others. Among such a concourse of famous men, Bayard seemed indeed a presumptuous and foolhardy boy; but delicate as he yet was, and weak as was his form, he yet acquitted himself better than any of them. On foot or on horse, with lance or sword, he was equally redoubtable. Never did the tournament

seem so exciting or so brilliant as when he engaged Vaudrey, and he alone caused the famous champion any anxiety as to his challenge. In short, when, at the end of the tourney, all those who had taken part in it rode round the lists with their vizors up to show their faces, Bayard received the loudest applause of all. The ladies of the country cried his praises



“‘How could our poor little petition win the King's attention?’”

in their patois or dialect, and he was awarded the prize as having distinguished himself above all the others.

Thus Bayard, while yet a boy, came triumphantly out of his first tournament. Very soon he was knighted, and then began the long series of exploits which won him his great name.

THE KING AND THE PEASANT.

KINGS sometimes hear the truth about themselves by accident, even when they are monarchs who are not being continually deceived by flattery. It will be remembered that Shakespeare introduces an incident of this kind into his historical

play, *Henry V.*, where Henry, on the evening before the battle of Agincourt, dresses like a common soldier and goes among his men, learning from them what they think both of himself and of the war.

A somewhat similar tale is told of Gustavus III. of Sweden. A small village near Dalecarlia was greatly oppressed and nearly ruined by a serious famine in their district. The inhabitants at length resolved to send a petition to the King, asking for assistance, and they selected as their spokesmen one of their number, an honest peasant who was a labourer like themselves.

The peasant set off to Stockholm and delivered his petition, remaining in the city for some days for an answer; but he got none, though he had himself given the petition to the King in person. A month passed, and still no notice of him was taken. His money ran short, and he was obliged to obtain work at various places in or near Stockholm in order to support himself. At length it chanced that as he was working in a field close to one of the King's palaces a little way outside the city, the King himself passed by, and having a good memory for faces, he recognised the labourer as a man who had delivered a petition to him several weeks before.

He therefore summoned the peasant to him. 'Did you not present a petition to the King some time ago?' he asked.

'Yes,' answered the man, not knowing the King, who happened to be dressed very plainly, and to be accompanied by only a couple of friends.

'Why are you here, then? Have you had no answer?'

'No, nor do I expect one,' the peasant replied rather bitterly. 'They are too busy at court to read the petitions of us starving villagers. To-day, perhaps, his Majesty is engaged with preparations for a ball; yesterday maybe his time was quite filled up with hunting; and to-morrow he will be employed all day in the business of holding a *levée* and creating new knights. How could our poor little petition win his attention?'

'Perhaps that is true to some extent,' said the King. 'But why need you work? Surely your fellow-villagers provided you with money to do their business for them?'

'Yes; with great difficulty, and in spite of many hardships, we subscribed a little sum to pay for the expenses of presenting this petition. But it was only a little, and except for enough to take me home again it is quite exhausted. Do you think I would live here at my friends' expense, doing nothing, while the King chooses to neglect us altogether? No! So long as I stay here for my answer, I will keep myself by the work of my own hands.'

The King was greatly struck by the man's brave words. He turned to his attendants saying, 'This honest man has taught me a better lesson than all the books ever written. If he is ashamed to live idly at others' expense, how much more should I be? You have told me my duty,' he added to the peasant. 'I will do it. I am the King who has forgotten you, as you have said. Go home now, and I will see to it that both you and my other subjects shall not be neglected in the future.'

J. H.

THE SIBYL OF ST. PIERRE.

(Continued from page 56.)

CHAPTER VIII.



OST? Why, it is not possible in Martinique, for you can always see either the mountains or the sea,' said Andrew, cheerfully, though not without some secret foreboding, as he slipped from his pony and looked at Alice's troubled face.

'But they have not come home, and they have been away so many hours. Oh, Andrew, do you think any accident can have happened to them?' she cried, her face white and pinched with anxiety.

'It is very possible that is so. Not the tragic disaster of which you are thinking,' he added, quickly, seeing how frightened she was; 'but it is quite probable that some simple thing has happened to delay their return. What sort of an expedition was it?—were they going to hunt for turtles' eggs, catch lizards, or what?'

'We don't know—that is the worst of it,' she replied, catching her breath in a sob. 'Maurice did not say, and we were all so busy getting the things ready for Mother and Mabel that it never occurred to us to ask him; besides, he always is so reliable you know,'—this with a tinge of reproachfulness in her tone, as if daring him even to hint at blaming the absentee.

'Yes, Maurice is to be trusted, but there is another boy in this case, you know, and I'm not so sure that the young man from Bottom is made of very dependable stuff,' he answered, feeling that it would be really a relief to blame some one.

'Poor little Derry? Oh, I am sure he would not lead them into mischief; I think it is much more likely that Gusty is at the bottom of the delay,' she said, quickly.

'Gusty! Is he with them, too? I had imagined he had gone to the carnival. Where is Uncle, Alice? I must see if he would like me to ride off anywhere in search of the runaways.'

Before Alice could reply, Mr. Rowan came out of the house. But he did not take the serious view of matters in which the others indulged, and insisted on every one going to bed at once, since it was plain that no search could be instituted before morning, because no one had any idea which way to look for the missing pair; meanwhile it was better to gather up strength in sleep, so that they might be ready for any emergency the day should bring.

It was easier, however, to talk of sleeping than to do it, and though the children were quickly asleep, it is doubtful whether much slumber visited the eyes of their elders.

Andrew did not even trouble to go to his room, but stretching himself out on a long bamboo settle standing in the family sitting-room, fell into an uneasy doze marked by frightful dreams, which lasted until the sun rose. Mrs. Rowan came creep-

ing into the room then, eager to see if he was awake and ready to go in search of the missing boys. She was a worn, faded little woman, made early old by the wearing influences of plantation life and many family cares. But to Andrew she was the most beautiful woman in the world, and, after the memory of his dead mother, the one he loved best.

'I am just thinking of starting, Aunt Bertha,' he said, getting up from the settle and stretching his long arms above his head, thankful to find that his visions of terror were only dreams after all.

'Oh, Andrew, I do feel so worried about them! Suppose they should be still missing to-morrow morning, shall we have to go off to the boat not knowing what has happened to them?' she asked with a tragic air.

'I don't think so,' he answered, giving her a hug by way of assuring her of his sympathy. 'Anyhow, I am going to stroll round and have a look for their tracks now; the worst part of it is that I have so little idea where to begin. If I had a notion of where they intended going, or what they meant to do, it would be so much easier.'

'Maurice usually tells us, but we were all so driven and excited with preparations for going to Scotland that no one thought of it. Indeed, we only discovered that Gusty had gone with them by accident: Bimbo, coming round this way on his road to town, to bring some tamarinds for Duncan, told us he had seen Gusty waiting for the boys at the top of the glen.'

'Ah, I believe I've got a clue at last!' exclaimed Andrew, his face brightening as his memory carried him back to the other evening, when, riding home from the town, they had encountered Gusty on the road carrying the big iguana on his back.

'Have you? Oh, my dear boy, do tell me!' said Mrs. Rowan, who was shaken and unnerved by the sleepless night and anxiety.

'Gusty caught a big iguana the other day at a place called the Demon's Mouth, or somewhere near it; most likely he has taken Maurice and Derry to try their luck in the same place,' he answered.

'Where is it, Andrew? And what a horrible name the place has got,' she said with a shiver.

'I think it is somewhere on the way to the Pitons, but I am not sure; so first of all I will go over and see if Mother Maddy is awake, and get her to tell me,' he said, drawing on his boots and giving himself a shake by way of toilet.

The path through the canes was pleasant enough in the freshness of the morning, and Andrew's sturdy little pony carried him over the ground at a fine rate. Dismounting when he reached the cabin, he knocked at the closed door, then waited for permission to enter.

But none came, though he thumped and thumped again, until it seemed as if the frail door must give way under the energetic application of his fists.

Getting no reply to his knocking, he hitched the pony's bridle round the low bough of a young lemon-tree, and cautiously tried the latch of the door.

It yielded to his touch, and he pushed the door gently open, half expecting to see Mother Maddy lying stretched in a sleep of exhaustion upon the bed. He would not have been surprised to find her

dead even after the strain of the previous night's rough handling and fierce excitement.

To his amazement, however, the tiny habitation was empty of any living creature saving a big red spider, which squinted at him with a ferocious gaze from the corner of the shelf where Mother Maddy kept her tobacco jar, a battered copy of a French novel, and a bent tin dish, those being her chief household gods.

Plainly he should get very little help in his search from this deserted place, and he was turning away with a baffled sigh when a small manuscript book lying on the floor caught his eye.

It looked as if it might have dropped from the old woman's clothing when she rose from her brief rest to sally forth again, and Andrew paused a moment to examine it, impelled by curiosity as to its contents.

To his amazement it was a kind of journal of earthquakes and volcanic eruptions which had occurred in various parts of the world since the middle of the last century, together with copious notes on the signs and portents preceding each disturbance.

'My word, the old woman has method in her madness!' he exclaimed to himself as he laid down the record, which was written in cultured French, and again he experienced that creeping, shivering awe which had come to him on the previous night when Mother Maddy gave utterance to her weird prophecies of evil.

But he laughed at himself as he rode away through the yellow-green fields of sugar-cane. What could an ignorant old woman like Madiana know of the science of earthquakes, or how could she foretell disaster which even scientists were ignorant of?

It was folly and worse to let his mind dwell on such trivial things when his aunt was so harassed and worn with anxiety about the missing boys. So he urged his pony along the faster, and set about exploring the forest track, which led away from the top of the Glen Rosa plantation, through wild and rocky passes of the hills, until it forked, one path leading to the distant Pitons, whilst the other led across the heights to Trinity Bay, a veritable way of difficulty, and at certain times of the year absolutely impassable.

All through the long sunny hours of that Sunday forenoon Andrew searched the forest tracks for a trace of the absentees, but without success. He was slowly retracing his way down the slopes through the ginger-fields to the house at Glen Rosa when a whistle, piercing and shrill, caught his attention. He jerked the rein of his little steed, and the jaded pony stood still thankfully enough whilst its rider gazed in all directions to see from whence the signal had come.

Again the sound was repeated, accompanied this time by the familiar 'Hi! hi! hi!' of Gusty, and then Andrew saw the black coming along with a limping gait on a ridge of the hill above the ginger plantation, the flapping rags he called his clothes being dyed a bright primrose hue, and gleaming in the sunlight as he made his way painfully down to the lower ground.

(Continued at page 70.)



"The sound was repeated, and then Andrew saw Gusty."



A STITCH IN TIME.



Kublai Khan directing his Forces in Battle.



KUBLAI KHAN.

IN the thirteenth century there was a very remarkable Emperor reigning in China called Kublai Khan. We know about him because his Court was visited by three Venetian brothers, named Polo. The Emperor took a deep interest in them and was anxious through them to make an alliance with an Italian Power. After meeting with many adventures and overcoming many difficulties, the Polos were able to arrange this alliance and return to China. On their second journey they were accompanied by the son of one of them, Marco Polo, who was still only a boy, and to whom we owe our knowledge of China under the rule of Kublai Khan.

The Emperor, we are told, received his Italian visitors very graciously, and made many inquiries about the young Marco, who was finally given some office in the Imperial service, for which he fitted himself by learning four different languages. He used to have to travel great distances in China, and bring back reports to the Emperor. He was clever enough to notice that Kublai Khan liked to gather all sorts of information about his dominions, and so he used to note carefully all the manners and customs of the people and sights which he had an opportunity of seeing. In this way he became a great favourite at Court, and could therefore give a full description of the Emperor's rule afterwards.

Kublai Khan was a great warrior. He had to fight to gain and to keep his dominions. At the beginning of his reign his uncle Nayan rebelled, and the Emperor marched against him. It took him twenty-five days to reach the enemy, but when he did so he found them negligent and their chief asleep in his tent. Kublai Khan drew up his men in order of battle. There were thirty thousand of them, armed with bows, lances, and short swords. The infantry were practised to jump on the horses behind the cavalry when the enemy were seen to fly. Then they rode a short distance and jumped down again to fight on foot as before. The Emperor himself was seated in a wooden castle resting on the backs of four elephants, which were protected by coverings of thick leather, hardened by fire, and decorated with cloth of gold.

An infinite number of wind instruments were sounded to announce the beginning of the battle, and then the bows were strung, and a great shower of arrows darkened the air. The battle raged fiercely and the slaughter was terrible; but at last Nayan was taken prisoner, and his cause was lost. He was sentenced to death; but as he belonged to the royal house, he was (according to the prevailing custom) enclosed between two carpets and shaken until he died, in order that the sun and the air might not see his end.

But Kublai Khan was not always so successful. He set his heart on conquering the Japanese, and sent his fleet and a large army under two generals against them. One general was taken ill and unable

to proceed, and the other was lost at sea. The fleet was nearly destroyed by a tempest, and the few Chinese who reached Japan were unable to reconstruct their ships owing to the attacks of their enemies. Very few returned to tell the tale.

Kublai Khan was a great ruler as well as a great warrior. He was anxious to provide for the well-being of his people. For this purpose he insisted on the proper construction and protection of public roads. They stretched for many hundred of miles through his empire, starting from his capital of Kambalu. Every twenty-five or thirty miles there was a post-house for the accommodation of travellers. These were furnished so handsomely that ambassadors, and even kings, would not disdain to stop at one. Each was provided with four hundred horses for the purpose of carrying messages. Even amongst steep and difficult mountains these roads and inns were to be found.

It was Kublai Khan, too, who constructed the great canal of China, which joins the rivers Yang-tse-kiang and Hoang-ho. It was made so that the merchandise of the south might be carried to the northern capital without being exposed to the storms and the risks of the sea-route.

The great Emperor would have no poor in his empire. He looked on providing for the poor as a good work, in which he was unlike his rivals, the Tartars. He used to buy up corn in plentiful years to sell it in years of famine, and cattle he used to supply from his own stock. If a man's cattle were destroyed by lightning, he was not taxed for three years; this was not done, however, from sheer generosity, but because such a man was supposed to have incurred the anger of Heaven, so that his money became accursed and could not enter the royal treasury.

Those who were unable to work for themselves were supplied every year with the food and the clothing that they required out of the treasury. Every artisan had to work one day a week for the Emperor, and in this way the clothing was paid for.

Kublai Khan himself lived in great magnificence. He had many gorgeous palaces richly decorated with embroidery, silver, and gold. Any one who approached him had to do so with great ceremony. Within half a mile's distance from the palace voices must be hushed and pace checked. When the visitor entered the palace he had to put on a pair of white leather buskins over his shoes, lest he should soil the imperial carpets.

Once a year, in February, which begins the Chinese year, the White Feast was held. White was supposed to be the colour of good luck, and was supposed to bring fortune in the new year. This was the time for making presents to the Emperor—gold, silver, jewels, white cloth, horses, and so on. If possible everything had to be presented in the number of nine times nine, the lucky number of eighty-one. Five thousand royal elephants were exhibited on these occasions, covered with gorgeous embroidery and bearing silver plate. There was a great feast, too, which was preceded by all sorts of fine compliments, bowings, and prostrations in the Emperor's honour, and incense was offered before him.

E. C. MATRAVERS.

A WANDERING WADER.

WHEN we go to the homes and haunts of the wading birds, we cannot fail to see how the Great Creator has formed these species, so that they are just suited for the life they usually lead. By the sea-shore we may watch them, busily engaged where the tide has left a weedy or muddy flat, which is to them a 'happy hunting-ground.' They arrive in long lines, we know not whence, but they spread about speedily, feasting upon worms, crabs, shells, different sorts of sea-weeds, or anything that suits their taste. Their senses are sharp, and they can see and hear well; if there is peril, their powerful wings enable them to take a rapid flight; in the work of hunting they are helped by their long, thin bills, and by legs which are long too, quite suited for wading. Many of the sea-birds are both beautiful and graceful, but I think the prince of them all is the heron, heron, or heron-shaw, one of the most famous of our British birds. Formerly herons were very abundant, being encouraged throughout the island, because it was a bird which kings and nobles hunted with their falcons. To kill or injure a heron was a crime severely punished.

Heronries may be still seen in those of our large woods or parks which are not far distant from the coast, the bird being one which, like the rook, prefers to build in company, and the nest is mostly lodged on some high branch of a tree. Oaks, elms, or tall firs are trees which they prefer, but sometimes a group of nests has been found amongst rocks. The heron's nest is large, and made of sticks, with a wool lining. It is amusing to notice a heron trying to balance himself upon the top of a tall tree; after a good deal of flapping about, he will succeed. Feeding their young is a troublesome business to them if a high wind is blowing; but the birds persevere, fetching little fish, insects, or whatever else is suitable. Herons do not show much fear of human beings, and they agree well with other birds that visit the same places.

But, more than many sea-birds, the heron seems to have a pleasure in wading alone, and hence he has been called a silent and gloomy bird; he might be said also to be patient. For many minutes one will stand, watching a little pool amid the sand, neck and limbs stretched out; he is watching for some morsel which he hopes to secure. Another time he will stand balanced upon one leg, his snake-like neck sunk upon his breast. Again, it may happen that he stands as if in thought, looking at an object far off; the rising tide flows over his legs, then touches his body; he starts, expands his wings, and goes off with a harsh cry.

J. R. S. C.

SEA SAYINGS IN COMMON TALK.

ENGLAND has always had so much to do with ships and sailors, that it is no wonder that many every-day English phrases are taken from sea life. Here are some which are plain at once. To have a 'snug berth,' to give a man 'a wide berth,' to 'bear a hand,' to bring a man 'to his bearings,' to 'look out for squalls,' to be 'left high and dry,' to

know a man 'by the cut of his jib,' to 'steer clear' of a man, to 'steer a middle course,' to 'kick up a breeze,' to put things 'ship-shape.'

Others need to be explained. Thus, to 'keep aloof,' means to keep your luff when sailing to the wind; to be 'taken aback,' that is, by a sudden change of wind; to 'lose one's ballast,' to get top-heavy with conceit; to 'chop about,' in shifting winds of doubt; to 'run the gauntlet,' properly gant-lope, once a well-known ordeal on ship-board; to follow a thing to 'the bitter end,' that is, to pay out cable till there is no more left at the bitts; to hold on 'till all's blue,' that is, till the ship has made her offing; to be 'ready in a brace of shakes,' that is, before the sail has flapped three times.

THE GREAT VOYAGERS.

I.—WITH SEBASTIAN CABOT TO THE SILVER RIVER.

ONE spring day in the year 1526, there sailed from a seaport in Spain an expedition of discovery, under the command of an Englishman named Sebastian Cabot. Like flakes of snow upon the broad fields of the blue Atlantic, the tiny ships were wafted below the equator, in a south-westerly direction, until the shores of Brazil were reached. In those days the wide seas of the world were little known, for it was hardly more than thirty years since Columbus had returned to Spain to tell the story of his great discovery. Yet Captain Cabot was quite at home on the waste of waters; when only a lad of twenty he had sailed with his father, John Cabot, to the west coast of North America, and had found Cape Breton and other islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. His whole life had been given to ocean study, and so valuable was the knowledge he had gained, that when King Henry VIII. of England showed himself indifferent to Sebastian's talents, Charles V. of Spain invited him to Seville, and made him his Pilot Major. Anxious to extend his dominions, though they were already very large, Charles bade him sail to the great new continent, pass through the Straits of Magellan, and visit the East Indies.

So away went Cabot with his Spanish sailors and his Spanish ships, and with him went all the jealousies and enmities which seemed to sail with so many voyagers in the olden days. He knew who his enemies were, however, and when Brazil was reached, he stopped grumbings and disobedience by arresting his three chief officers. They were put in a boat, rowed to the shore, and left at a Portuguese settlement, while the expedition went on without them. There was little more murmuring heard among the crew, and in a few days the vessels turned into the mouth of the De la Plata. A sad memory hung over this region; a few years before, it had been discovered by a Spaniard named De Solis, who, with a small force, had made his way some distance up the river, but never returned; he fell in with a warlike band of natives, who killed him and his men, leaving very few to escape to Europe.

The new-comers were alert for attack, and the

first thing Cabot did was to build forts near the banks of the two great rivers which flow into the Plata—the Uruguay and the Parana. De Solis had first called it the Río de la Plata (the Silver River) on account of the ornaments which the natives wore, made of that precious metal, and it was these very ornaments which seemed to lure the greedy kings of Europe to send expeditions to South America. The natives of this new world told explorers that the silver they wore came from a province far, far away, called Peru, and many were the fairy-like stories which people told one another concerning this region.

Sebastian Cabot had an idea. Why should he not carry the flag of Charles V. up the broad Parana River until he reached Peru? Why should he not march with it into the very heart of Potosi—the region where most of this silver was found?

Leaving his large ships in the Plata, and a sufficient number of men to defend the forts he had built, he started on the journey. And what a romantic voyage it was! Far away on the right lay the mountains of Uruguay and the lower hills of Brazil, while on the left, as far as the eye could reach, stretched broad pampas, their tall grasses waving in the wind like the billows of a foamless sea. There was something almost sad in the sound the wind made as it bowed the great plumes of grass. It was nearly the only sound to break the silence, until, as the night fell, the voyagers' ears were greeted with the growl of some jaguar prowling unseen in the pampas jungle.

The stream itself, though miles and miles across, was here and there split up into narrow channels by long islands. Through these channels the smaller vessels passed, farther and farther north until the river took a sudden bend to the east. Here, a northern course was pursued along the Paraguay, which flows into the Parana at this point. But the journey was near its end, for not many miles up the Paraguay a battle took place between the explorers and a large body of the natives. Though Cabot was not seriously defeated, he was unable to proceed.

Shortly after he had left the ships in the Plata, another vessel sailed in from the Atlantic. It was under the command of a Captain Garcia, who was jealous of Cabot, and who now demanded that the men in the forts should consider themselves under his control. The Portuguese, he said, had preceded the Spaniards in South America, and Cabot's mission should never have been allowed. But Cabot's men were true to him, and the thwarted Garcia made his way up the Parana to watch the doings of his rival. They returned in company to the Plata, and Garcia soon after sailed for Europe, taking with him specimens of the silver which the country yielded, but leaving behind him a small body of men who eventually brought about the failure of all Cabot's plans.

Selecting two of his officers to act as messengers, Cabot sent them in one of his ships back to Spain, with a report to Charles V. of all he had done and seen, and asking that a great expedition might be sent out to settle the country as a Spanish colony.

But the expedition never came. Charles V. had become too poor to get it ready, and if I began to

tell you why he was so poor, we should wander so far into European history, that we should forget poor Sebastian Cabot as much as he felt himself forgotten by his master, the Emperor.

He waited in vain for a weary time, and one night, after some of the men left by Garcia had picked a quarrel with the natives, the end came. Under cover of the jungle and the darkness, a large and savage army had collected. It broke without warning upon the fort of Santa Spiritus, on the Parana. The onslaught was irresistible, and in a few moments the fort had fallen. Then the victorious enemy surged on to the next fort, where Cabot lay in person. He succeeded in repelling the attack for a short time, while the vessels were got in readiness, and when the morning dawned, the few survivors of that terrible night were standing out to sea, their sails spread for Spain. The Silver River faded in the distance behind them, and over it lay the shadow of another dark story of bloodshed.

Though Sebastian Cabot's labours were by no means over, he returned no more in search of Peru. Ere many years had passed, we know that Pizarro, by a cruel war, wrenched the silver country from the Inca kings and gave it to Spain. It was left for others to colonise the Silver River and plant the great towns there, which we see on the maps to-day—Monte Video, Buenos Ayres, and many more.

JOHN LEA.

AN IMPOSSIBLE STORY.

A CERTAIN king once made a proclamation that he would give a golden ball to any one of his subjects who would tell him the most wonderful story, but it must be quite impossible for the story to be true, or the prize would not be given.

From all parts of the kingdom people came to him with remarkable stories; but the king declared that it was quite possible for one and all of them to be true, and the prize was not awarded.

At last there came an old man, followed by two servants, bearing an immense jar between them.

'May it please your Majesty,' said the old man, 'your most excellent father borrowed from my father this jar full of gold, promising that your Majesty would pay the same amount back to me.'

'Oh, that is absurd and impossible!' said the astonished king as he looked at the huge jar.

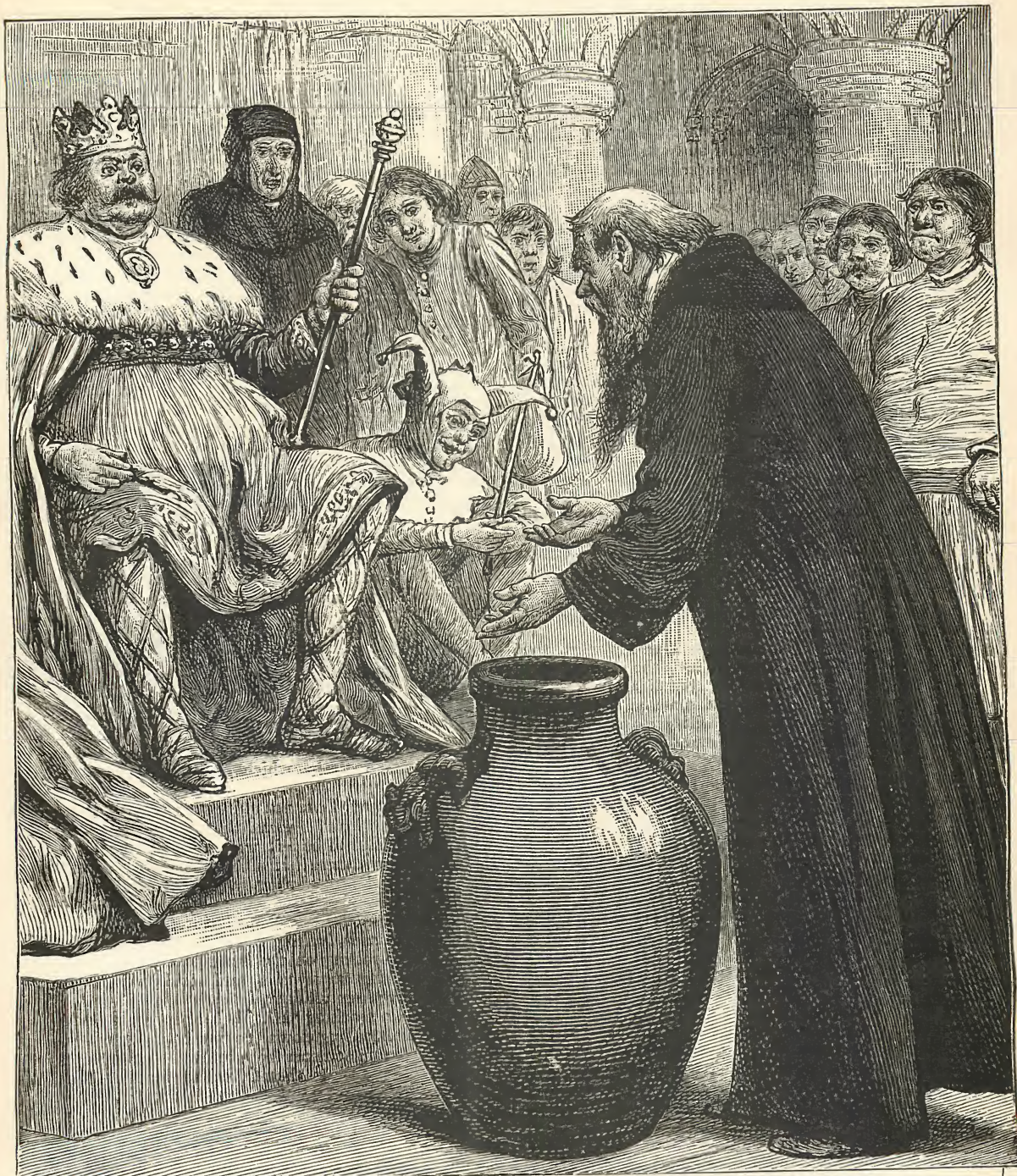
'Then, if it is impossible,' said the old man, 'I have fairly won the golden ball; but if my story be true, your Majesty ought to pay your father's debt.'

Thus the king was obliged to declare that the old man had won the prize.

H. B. S.

THE CORK-TREE.

THE cork-tree is a kind of oak. It grows in the South of France, in Spain, Portugal, Algeria, and the island of Sardinia. It bears acorns, like our English oak, and there is said to be a slight difference between the trees growing near the Mediterranean Sea and those growing near the Atlantic



"The king was obliged to declare that the old man had won the prize."

Ocean, the former ripening their acorns earlier than the others. The tree grows to a height of thirty or forty feet, and has a rough, thick outer bark. It is the outer bark which is stripped off in order that we may get the cork which we use in so many ways.

The cork-tree is stripped of its bark in the following manner. The tree has two barks, an outer and

an inner. The outer bark of a tree which is growing in the woods and has never been cut is very rough. If the tree is very old, this bark may be five or six inches thick, and its quality is very poor. The cork-cutter cuts it off the tree with a large knife, taking care not to injure the inner bark. This first harvest of cork, as I may call it, is sold to fishermen for

making floats, or is used in some places for roofing huts, or for making stools and other household things. It is not good enough for cutting up into corks for bottles, or for other and better uses.

The stripping off of the outer bark, if it be done carefully, does not injure the cork-tree. The inner bark is sufficient to protect it. But now a strange thing happens. A new bark begins to form under the bark that is left on, and both the new bark and the old one continue to grow thicker. In five or six years' time this new inner bark will have grown thick enough to keep the tree alive even without the help of the outer bark, which by this time is about two inches' thick. When the cork-cutter is quite sure that the inner bark is strong enough, he cuts off the outer bark in the same way as he did before. But this time he gets cork of the best quality, because it has only been exposed to the weather for a few years, instead of for a great many, as the first bark was. Immediately the inner bark is laid bare, a new bark begins to form again beneath it, and in five or six years' time the tree will be once more ready for stripping. And so the work goes on every five or six years upon the same tree all through the life of a man, and perhaps the lives of his children and his grand-children. It is rather like gathering the fruit of a tree once every five or six years, only in this case it is bark and not fruit, the true fruit of the tree being the acorns which it bears.

The proper time to strip the cork-tree is when the inner bark is thick enough to keep the tree alive—that is, when it is about a quarter of an inch thick. As trees grow more quickly in some places than in others, the time for cutting will come round more quickly in some countries and districts than in others. Five or six years only are required in Sardinia; but in some countries, ten years are necessary, and perhaps we may say eight years are about the usual time. The branches are stripped, as well as the trunk, but they are not begun on until two years after the trunk has been done, in order that the tree may not be injured.

If a young tree be planted, it is allowed to grow for thirty or forty years before its bark is taken off for the first time. Cork taken from it before it reaches that age is of a poor kind. The tree grows very slowly, and does not reach its full growth and strength until it is a hundred years old. It is said that the cutting off of its outer bark makes the tree healthier and more vigorous. It lives to a very great age, some hundreds of years, it is said.

When the cork has been stripped off, it is piled up and placed under weights to flatten it. When straightened and dried, it is ready for use. Cork is very light, and it takes about thirty trees to produce a ton of it at one stripping. From the bark of one tree about one thousand five hundred corks, such as are used for ordinary bottles, can be made. Cork was first used for this purpose about five hundred years ago.

Cork-trees grow in vast forests and woods, as the other kinds of oak-trees do in some countries. There is a cork wood a few miles from Gibraltar, which is one of the favourite drives for those passengers on the great steamships who have a short time to spend on shore at that port.

W. A. ATKINSON.

THE SIBYL OF ST. PIERRE.

(Continued from page 63.)

CHAPTER IX.

LET us go back to the visitors to the Demon's Mouth. Maurice and Derry watched the drifting white cloud of steam until it died away, but although they waited for a long time, neither the puffing steam nor the underground rumble was repeated.

'Whatever do you suppose caused it?' demanded Derry in an awed whisper, breaking a long silence.

Maurice smiled in the slightly superior fashion of a well-informed person. 'I suspect Gusty's wonderment of steam and scalding water flowing from the Demon's Mouth has a very simple explanation after all, and that it is nothing more or less than one of those intermittent geysers which are to be found in various parts of the world. The rumble we heard was the noise made by the water forcing its way through the earth, and the steam was the after result.'

'It is a fine thing to be clever,' said Derry, with a sigh, 'but I don't mind admitting it almost scared me into a fit. And, I say, how do you account for its breaking out all of a sudden like this? Gusty said the old woman declared the water was cold before?'

'I don't account for it. It may have broken out owing to some internal pressure, or it may have been there all the time, only Mother Maddy didn't happen to come just when it was spouting, you know. Anyhow, I'm going down to explore, and see how it is done if I can. But you can stop here if you are afraid,' Maurice answered, looking about him for some path by which to descend into the gorge.

'Oh, thank you, I am not quite such a coward as all that; or, at least, I mean that I should be ten times more afraid to be left up here than I shall to follow you down there!' admitted Derry with honest candour; then he asked sharply, 'But, I say, where is Gusty?'

'Where indeed? Why, I made sure he was here,' exclaimed Maurice, looking round for the black boy, who had been rolling on the bank just before, contentedly sucking sugar-cane, and looking as if he meant to stay there all day.

Just then a mocking 'Hi, hi, hi!' sounded from the gorge, and looking down the two boys discovered Gusty peering up at them from below.

'How did you get there?' called Maurice, for the rock wall at that point sheered down for twenty feet or more without a break.

'Hi, hi, hi! Dat's de very same question as I did ask myself when Mother Maddy slipped down so quick. Skip round behind dat timit-palm, Massa Maurice, an' den you see.' As he spoke Gusty waved his arm towards a tall dead palm, with long pendulous creepers garnishing it with a semblance of life, and making it beautiful even in death.

Maurice did as was suggested, Derry following at his heels, and found to his astonishment that the ground at this point fell away in a sharp little ravine, with rude natural steps leading through a tangle of creepers to the bottom of the gorge.

Down this rough stair they scrambled by the help of the creepers and the tangled fern filling every nook and crevice where the sturdy rootlets could find a hold. But the descent was rougher and steeper than it had looked to be from above, and from a scramble it became a tumble, finishing up with a roll to the bottom, when Derry, who was behind, missed his footing and came crashing into Maurice with so much force that the two of them went headlong.

Beyond a few bruises, however, neither of them appeared the worse for the disaster, although Gusty derived so much chuckling satisfaction from the incident, as to be for some time incapable of anything like coherent speech.

'We shan't get home to-night if we are not soon moving,' Maurice observed, when his patience with Gusty's merriment was exhausted, and the black boy pulled himself together with a jerk, subsiding into a state of solemn gravity, broken at intervals with an explosive choking, which might of course be due to other causes than suppressed laughter.

The gorge was strewn with huge rock boulders, and encumbered with trunks of fallen trees, the decaying wood of which formed the abode of numerous creeping creatures, such as lizards, iguanas, and big orange-coloured crabs.

Gusty showed them where he had caught his monster iguana, and spent a busy three minutes, whilst the other two were clambering through the boughs of a big mahogany-tree, in setting a snare of fine wire across a likely hole, where he fancied another big iguana might have its home.

When they reached the opening in the rock wall of the gorge, whence the smoke or steam had been seen to issue, they found it to be the mouth of a large lofty cave, probably made by volcanic action in some long-past age; the floor was covered with sand in colour like rusty iron, and a peculiar but not unpleasant odour pervaded the place, the like of which neither Maurice nor Derry had ever experienced before.

'What a first-rate hurricane shelter this would make!' exclaimed the Dutch boy, stuffing his hands in his pockets, and surveying the cave in the dim light which penetrated from the outside world.

'Be careful, Derry, there's water behind you!' cried out Maurice sharply, as the Dutch boy took a step backward, his gaze riveted on some peculiar appearance in the dim-roofed cavern, which looked like a patch of brilliant primrose yellow.

But the warning came too late, and before Maurice could stretch out an arm to save him, he had toppled backwards, into a pool of water at the back part of the cave. Souse in he went, the pool being evidently deeper than it looked, although its area was very small. Maurice and Gusty both shouted with alarm when they saw him disappear, rushing to the rescue with commendable promptitude.

But the noise they made was as nothing compared with the yell uttered by Derry as he went into the water, and when a minute later he came gasping and sobbing to the surface again, he was an object frightful to behold, face, hair, teeth, clothing, everything being dyed a brilliant primrose yellow!

Maurice seized him by the shoulder, and with the help of Gusty, drew him out on to the yellow-brown sand forming the floor of the cavern.

'Hi, hi, hi! what a pretty canary he do be!' chuckled Gusty, surveying the bright yellow figure, and Maurice despite his concern could not forbear laughing too, so comic was the appearance presented by his friend.

But the ludicrous aspect of the affair was plainly not visible to Derry, who groaned and sighed, spitting and coughing and making as much demonstration of disgust as if he had swallowed poison by accident and only just discovered his mistake.

'Oh, oh, oh, I'm about done for this time!' he gasped, when speech was possible.

'Poor old fellow, you always were an unlucky one, but you'll pull through,' Maurice murmured consolingly, as he patted and soothed the miserable Derry, with a hand as tender as a girl's.

'I'm scalded, boiled to death,' wailed the unfortunate sufferer; but Maurice, venturing a hand to dabble in the water, found it only pleasantly warm.

'That is fancy; why, it's only warm, not hot even,' said Maurice, as he wiped the Dutch boy's face with the sleeve of his own linen jacket.

'Ah, you haven't been to the bottom, and I have,' replied Derry, with another groan. 'Plunge your arm in—you will find it warmer down below.'

Incredulous still, Maurice laid down on the sandy floor, and thrust his arm down into the little pool, but he quickly withdrew it again, snapping his fingers and grimacing with pain.

'It bites as well as burns, and just look here, I'm as yellow as you—a pair of canaries!' he cried out, looking in astonishment at the bright hues of the arm he had drawn with such haste from the water.

'Hi, hi, hi! What a pretty jacket I'll make,' laughed Gusty, whipping off his garments with all speed, then binding them together with a rope of twisted rattan, and weighting them with a stone, he cautiously lowered the bundle into the pool, and let it remain long enough for the water to soak well in.

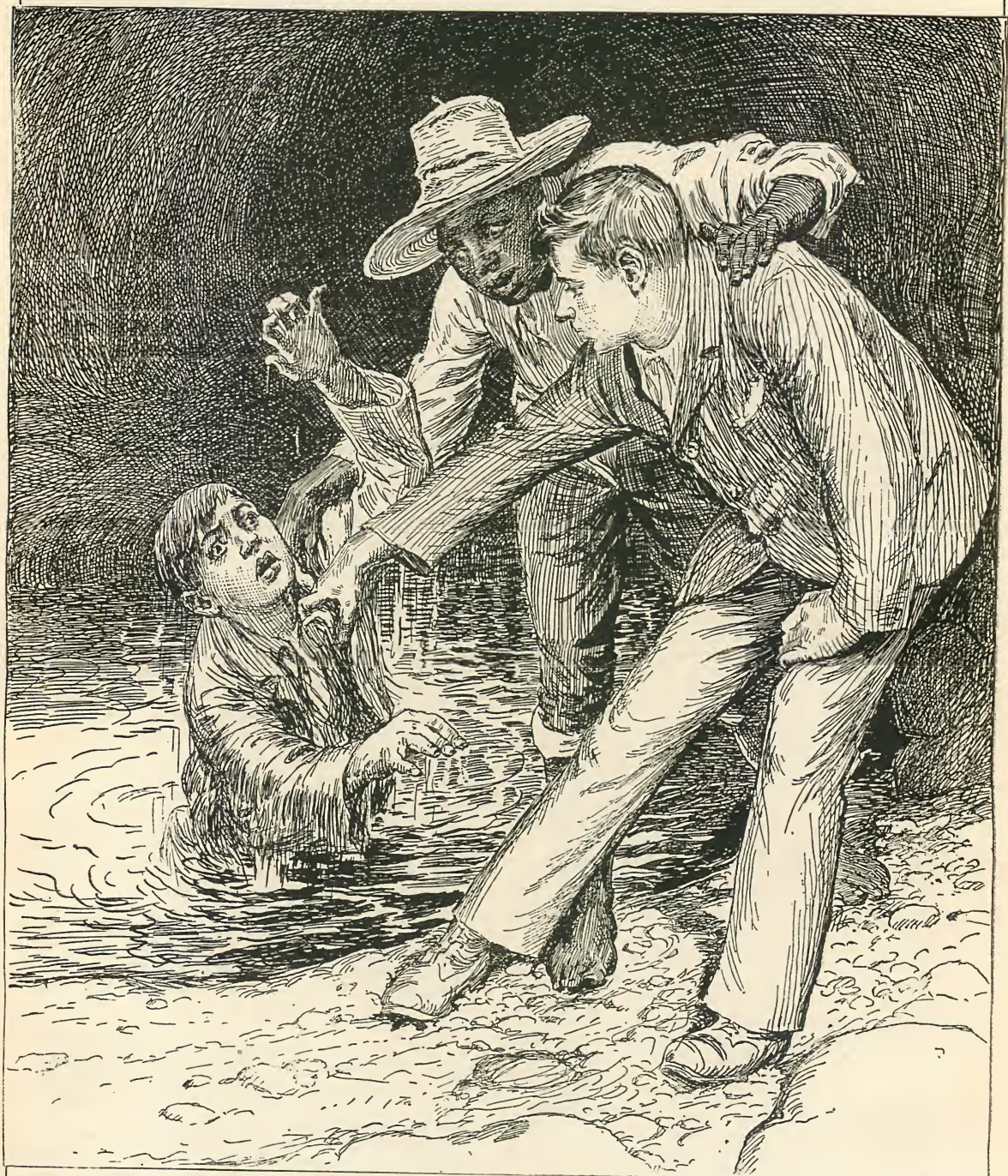
But Derry was divesting himself of his clothing as quickly as he could, declaring the sting of the wet garments on his flesh to be intolerable.

'I expect it is some kind of a chalybeate spring, and it is the iron in the water that makes the smart,' Maurice said, as he stripped off his own shirt to lend to his shivering companion, pausing to laugh at Gusty, who had drawn his garments from the hole, declaring them to be done to a turn.

Derry had just taken the loan so kindly offered by his friend, and was wriggling his arms into it, when a long booming roll as of thunder filled the cavern, whilst the ground shook and trembled, flinging them all three to the floor.

Before they could recover their feet, and rush out of the cavern, there came a hissing noise as of steam escaping from a safety-valve, a sudden darkness, and then a deluge of hot stinging water, causing them to quiver and shrink in terrified dismay.

(Continued at page 78.)



"He came gasping and sobbing to the surface again."



“‘Sit down,’ said Van Tromp. ‘There is a match, and, as you were the challenger, fire!’”

A CURIOUS CHALLENGE.

THE brave Dutch Admiral, Van Tromp, who was a large, heavy man, was challenged by a thin, active French officer.

'We are not upon equal terms with the rapier,' said Van Tromp, 'but call on me to-morrow morning, and we will settle the affair in a better way.'

When the Frenchman arrived, he found the Admiral bestriding a barrel of gunpowder.

'There is room enough for you,' said Van Tromp, 'at the other end of the barrel. Sit down. There is a match, and, as you were the challenger, fire.'

The Frenchman was a little thunderstruck at this terrible mode of fighting, but as the Admiral told him he would fight in no other way, the quarrel ended in a reconciliation.

H. B. S.



THEOBALD'S PALACE.

YOUNG and old alike, we all feel heartily interested in our Royal Family, and their history rouses our British enthusiasm. Much has been written and spoken about the many palaces to which have been linked the names of our monarchs through the past centuries, some only occupied for a brief time, others during a long period. Not a few have almost gone out of remem-

brance, and it is nearly forgotten that far back our kings had a palace in the City of London, while more recently Whitehall was a royal residence. A little way out of London, on the border of Hertfordshire, was Theobald's Palace, which had a notable history, though not a long one. After it was pulled down, some ruins were left for awhile, but these too have now disappeared. Happily there is a fairly drawn sketch in an old book which shows the palace at its best.

It is supposed that Theobald's Palace stood on the site of an old manor house, having a moat round it, and it is first spoken of as Cheshunt Park, being near that village. Nobody knows why it took the name of 'Theobald,' unless it was the name of some old owner of the estate. It seems to have become Crown property in the time of Henry VIII., and after several changes it passed to the great Lord Burghley, Lord Treasurer to Queen Elizabeth, who, in 1570, built a new house, which was at first but small. It was meant for his younger son, and when it was finished his Queen paid him a visit. After this his lordship increased the size of the mansion, so that it might better accommodate the Queen and her large number of attendants; and, besides, he wished to give employment to the poor. Being fond of the garden, he gave much time to laying this out; he made a long walk, where people could stroll for two miles amongst trees and shrubs; he put up columns and pyramids of wood,

with some mazes and a large summer-house. The latter appears to have been a sort of aquarium, for in it were fountains, and ponds or basins with fish. There was a pheasant-ground, a park for deer (so many that at one time they were said to be worth a great sum), and, in one walk, a lantern tower, adorned with pinnacles and having a chime of twelve bells.

A great variety of trees were planted in this reign and the next, the avenues of white poplars being remarkably beautiful.

When Lord Burghley died, Theobald's house came to his son, Sir Robert Cecil, as arranged. This was in 1593, and he soon became so great a favourite with the new King, James I., that he had the title of Earl of Salisbury bestowed upon him. To please his Majesty, the Earl gave two sumptuous entertainments here, and the result was that the Treasurer agreed to exchange the place for a palace at Hatfield, the King taking Theobald's as his chief country residence. He seems to have preferred it to Windsor or Hampton Court, one reason being that he greatly liked hunting in Waltham or Epping Forest, which was only a few miles off. James built a brick wall to enclose the whole of the park, to which he added part of Enfield Chase, and at this palace he died in March, 1625. His son, Charles I., was often a visitor to it, and there is a picture showing this monarch and Queen Henrietta while they are ushered into the gallery (which was one hundred and twenty-three feet long) by the Lord Steward and the Lord Chamberlain. Waiting there is the dwarf, Jeffrey Hudson, with three of Charles's favourite spaniels and a paroquet. Upon the walls of this gallery was exhibited the history of the English kings. After the Civil War, Parliament ordered Theobald's Palace to be sold, and the greater part was removed about 1650.

J. R. S. C.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

14.—DISGUISED NAMES.

1. A MIXTURE of clay and lime; and a town with a Corporation. An English public school.
2. A rough woollen cloth, or covering; and a preposition. An English public school.
3. A vowel sound; and a heavy weight. An English public school.
4. To lacerate, or torment. An English public school.
5. To succeed in life; and an ancient city. An English public school.
6. A bovine animal; and a shallow place. A university and city.
7. A sluggish stream; and the way over it. Another university.

C. J. B.

15.—BURIED TREES, FRUITS, AND VEGETABLES.

1. Scale the heights, and then dive into the depths.
2. In this chair I can propel myself easily.
3. Be sure you reap each field with care.
4. We should hope, as well as love.
5. The new page's name is Benjamin Thomas Smith.
6. Questions should always be answered carefully.

C. J. B.

[Answers at page 90.]

ANSWERS.

- 11.—1. One to-day is better than two to-morrows.
 2. 'I have' is a better bird than 'If I had.'
 3. Wait is a hard word for the hungry.
 4. Once in people's mouths it is hard to get out of them.
 5. Fame is not gained on a feather bed.
 6. Envy is the dark shadow that waits upon merit.
 7. The camel seeking horns, lost his ears.
 8. If one word be worth a shekel, silence is worth two.
 9. They can find money for mischief.
 Who can find none to buy corn.
- 12.—1. Sap, prove, approve, rove.
 2. Lute, so, Ely.
 3. Tract, act, acted.
 4. Stress, tress, distress.
 5. Distrust, trust, rust.
 6. Chin, China, nation.
- 13.—*Tennyson.*
- | | | |
|----------|----------|----------|
| 1. Toys. | 3. Yes. | 5. Tone. |
| 2. Nose. | 4. Nest. | 6. Note. |

DANGER SIGNALS.

III.—THE BISHOP ROCK—THE LIGHTHOUSE
THAT PUT ON AN OVERCOAT.

THE engineers who build our lighthouses have to think of a great many things before they can satisfy themselves as to the design most suited to the position on which the erection is to be made. Sometimes the shape of the rock calls for a particular kind of foundation, or the character of the surrounding sea must be considered, in order to determine how high the tower should be; for, if the water is free from sunken reefs and dangerous currents, it is not always necessary that the light be visible at a very great distance. But perhaps the most difficult problem lies in properly estimating the force of wind and wave against which the slender column will have to hold its own. Some rocks are protected to a certain extent from the worst fury of the sea, by neighbouring reefs which, though their heads may never appear above the surface, serve to break up the rolling mass of water. But others there are that stand quite alone, the deep sea lashing against their iron sides, the unchecked wind whistling across their barren summits. Of such as these is the Bishop Rock, a pink granite pinnacle seven miles to the south-west of the principal island in the Scilly group. It is fifty-two feet broad and one hundred and fifty feet long. It faces a stretch of Atlantic billows three thousand six hundred miles across, and when the wind and waters combine in an ocean frolic the Bishop Rock enjoys a sea-bath that only the firmest foundation could endure unshaken.

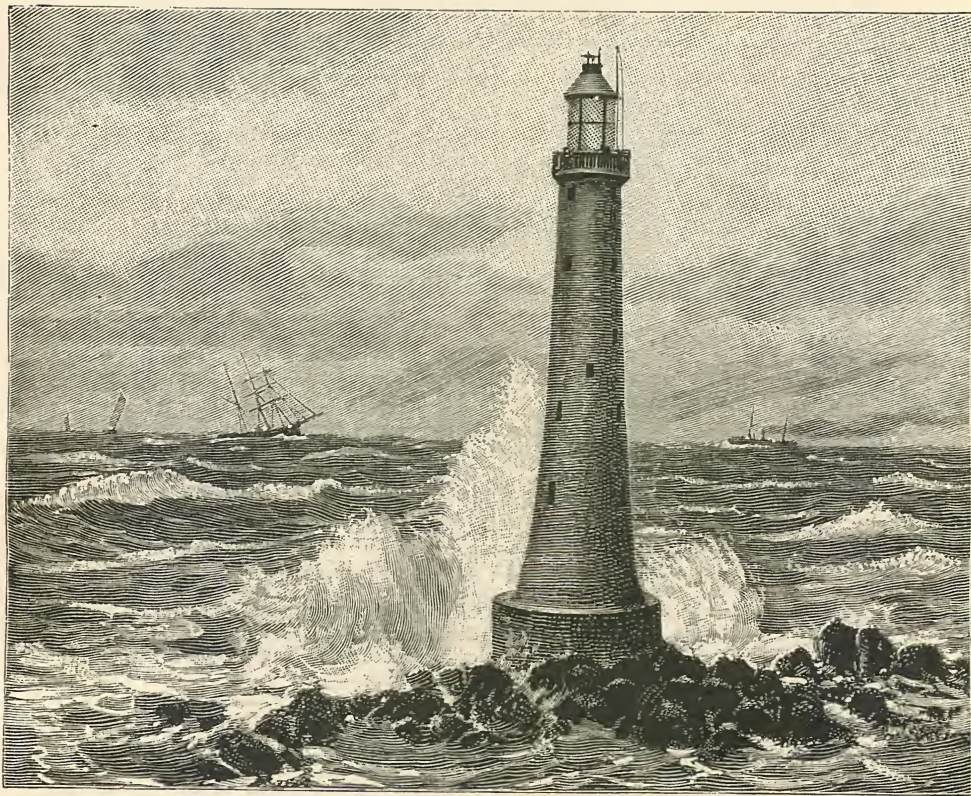
The engineers who went to look at the spot, when the Brethren of Trinity House decided to have a lighthouse built there, were fully impressed by the strength and weight of the waters that poured over it; but for some time they failed to arrive at a correct estimate of the power of King Weather.

And that is why their second lighthouse was obliged at last to put on an overcoat. The first lighthouse had been built of strong iron tubes, in the form of legs, which allowed the sea to roll between them; for the engineer came to the conclusion that it was best to let the waves have their way; if he offered them no resistance they would find nothing to knock down. But scarcely was the erection completed when, on the night of February 5th, 1850, it was attacked by a great storm, and the next morning nothing remained but a few iron tubes, which rose above the surface of the sea like broken reeds in a mill-pond. Then it was determined to build a tower of stone. With infinite difficulty the surface of the rock was cut away, much in the same manner as Smeaton had done the Eddystone, to form a strong foundation, and the first granite blocks were cemented firmly into it, the lowest stone having to be laid one foot below low water, as the narrowness of the exposed rock itself would not otherwise have been sufficient for the width of the tower. Mr. N. Douglass was the engineer, and in 1858 (seven years after laying the foundation) the lamp was lighted in the lantern, one hundred and ten feet above high water. Then it was left to the sea, but the watchful eyes of the Trinity House officials took careful note of how it stood the shocks of wind and water. For nearly twenty years it held its own. And then came the first sign that the sea was gaining the victory. One hundred feet above the water, on the lantern gallery, a large bell, weighing a quarter of a ton, was firmly fixed. Whenever a fog lay over the dangerous region, this bell gave warning to passing ships, and experience shows that such a signal at Bishop Rock is quite as necessary as the lantern. One day a storm arose, and, a mass of water climbing the stone tower, snatched the great bell from its fastenings and hurled it on to the rock. When the storm had passed, a fragment of the metal was recovered and now lies in the Trinity House Museum.

It became only too evident, by the trembling of the tower, and the breaking away of fragments in the lower part of the masonry, that the lighthouse required strengthening. So the son of its builder came forward with a plan for encasing it in another coating of stone, and adding four more stories. The suggestion was adopted and the work began in 1881. With busy chisels the workmen cut notches or dovetails in the stones of the old tower, into which the new stones, forming the 'overcoat,' were fitted. It was very dangerous work owing to the treacherous nature of the sea, but to lessen the risk a great chain was fastened round the tower, and, from this, ropes were suspended which lay ready to the hand of each worker. It very frequently occurred that the men were completely hidden by the sudden inrush of some stupendous wave, and, had it not been for the life-rope, disaster could not have been avoided.

But the tailor-builders worked away at the new coat, and slowly got higher and higher, until at last they were above the reach of the billows and surf.

The granite blocks of which the new walling was formed were brought from St. Mary's Island in the screw steamer *Hercules*, which had just finished



The Bishop Rock Lighthouse.

her work at the Eddystone. They weighed between two and three tons each, and raising them from the deck of the vessel to the necessary position on the tower required considerable care. The *Hercules* at her moorings rolled from side to side in the heavy seas, and the motion set the blocks, as they hung midway between her at the tower, swinging to an alarming extent. The crane on the lighthouse creaked and groaned under the strain, and there was nothing for it but to lower the great weight into the sea. This effectually checked the 'swing,' and when all was still the hauling recommenced.

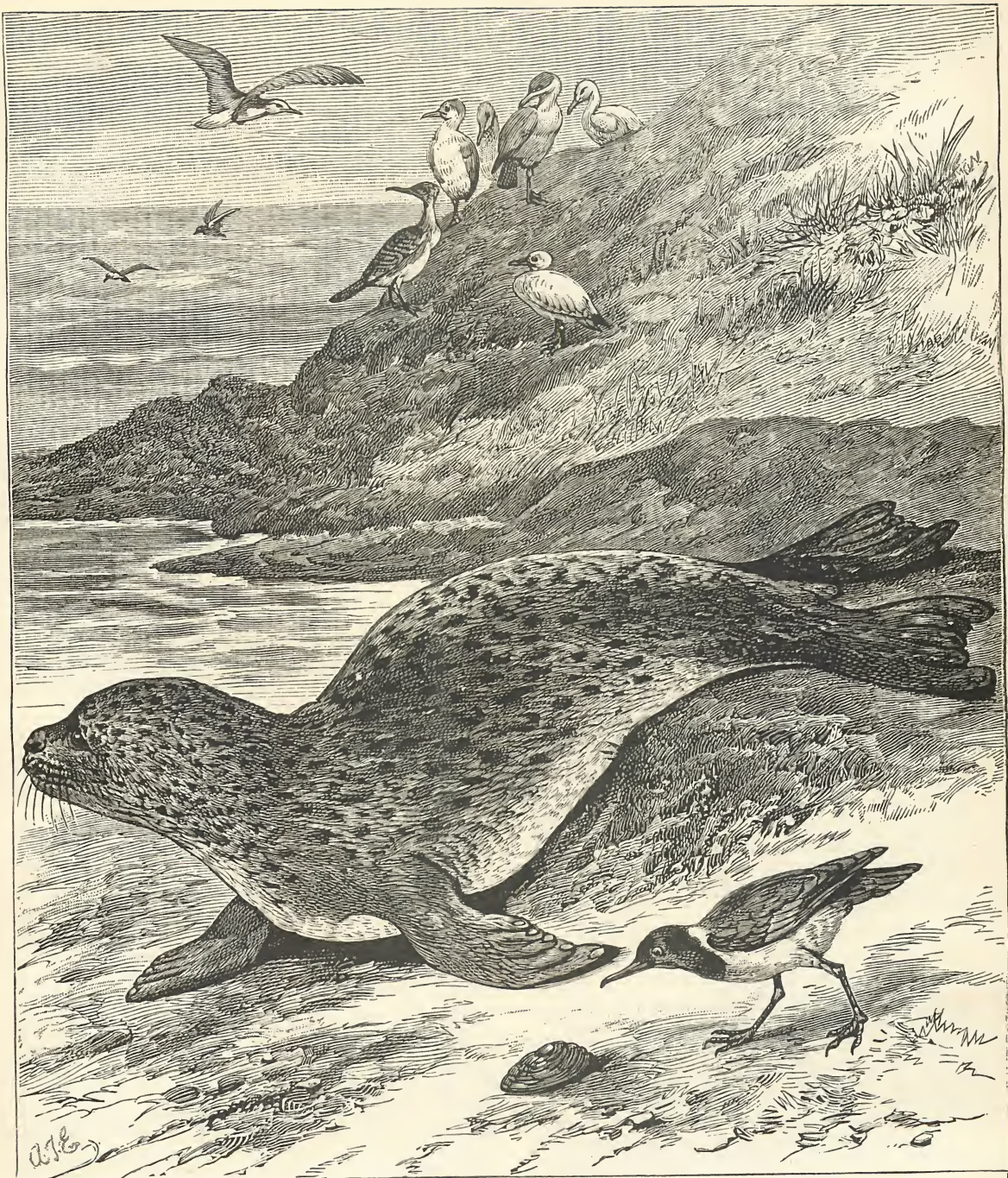
Among so many dangers, is it not a triumph of engineering skill that the work was brought to a close without the loss of a single life, or even a minor injury? And beyond this, though the height of the tower was increased some forty-six feet, the lantern might have truthfully hung out the notice we so often see, 'Business as usual during alterations,' for every night at sundown its light flashed over the waters, and in every fog the signal sounded from the gallery.

None will doubt the necessity of a lighthouse at Bishop Rock who read the tragic part it has played in the sea's story. Only fifty-two feet wide; only one hundred and fifty feet long; yet what a graveyard this tiny spot has been! Perhaps England will remember longest the event which took place here one October night in 1707. Admiral

Sir Cloudesley Shovel, with an English fleet, was on his way home when, in the darkness, his vessel, the *Association*, struck on the Bishop Rock. How many of his companions suffered death on that terrible night, by the storm alone, it is hard to say, but Sir Cloudesley's fate was the cruellest of all. Willingly would we forget that such an inhuman deed was ever done in England! When the ship broke up he must have supported himself on a piece of the wreckage, for his body, borne along by some tempestuous current, but still with life in it, was cast on shore in Porthellick Cove, St. Mary's Island, some ten miles away. Here he was found in the early morning by a wandering woman, who, too inhuman to pity his condition, cast covetous eyes upon a paltry emerald ring on one of his fingers. This was the treasure which the sea had delivered up for her, and she failed to see the more precious opportunity of doing a deed of charity. Kneeling beside the unconscious form she 'extinguished the flicker of life that remained,' and went home with her treasure. When later in the day the body of the dead Admiral was discovered it was conveyed to Plymouth, and thence to Westminster Abbey where, with deserved honours, it was laid to rest.

The woman kept her secret for thirty years, and then on her deathbed she handed the ring to a clergyman, who thus at last received her terrible story.

JOHN LEA.



THE LEOPARD SEAL.

NEARLY all the countries of our globe have seals along their coasts, but they are most partial to places that are cold or temperate. We have three or four kinds which occur upon the shores of Britain. Frequently they are found in large numbers, though of late years they have been rather scarce in some parts. Seal-hunters have been more numerous, and

they have followed up the poor animals more persistently. Indeed, in many of the foreign seal-fishing grounds, the hunters have been restrained from killing quite so many as they did, or else in a few years' time there would be no more young seals. About parts of the North American coasts, seal-fishing has its dangers, for the vessels are liable to

be crushed by large blocks of loose ice. The demand for the skins is great; they are useful for covering cushions and trunks, and are also made into coats and jackets. The Esquimaux manage to manufacture from them capital waterproof shoes. To that people, the flesh of the seal furnishes a much-relished food, and not so long ago the dwellers on the coast of Cornwall used to indulge the same taste. Seal oil is also much in demand, and a fat, full-grown animal will yield from ten to twelve gallons.

Though it has some resemblance to a fish, the seal is really a quadruped or mammal. Life in the water suits it best, and upon land its movements are awkward. The limbs serve as oars and paddles; both arms and legs are short, and the feet are covered by a membrane, so that they look like fins; but we see they are feet, because they are armed with sharp claws. Its back has powerful muscles, and it is able to keep under water for some time, and also to swim beneath the surface. In this way the seal secures many fish and crabs; part of its food is derived from sea-birds, which it catches cleverly.

The leopard seal is rare upon the British coast, but one was shot lately upon the shore of Puffin Island, Anglesea. This species of seal is of moderate size, five feet long and about two feet eight inches in girth. It was named from its markings, and is about the size of the common seal. There are several varieties of the seal that are much larger than these. One of them is called the hooded seal, because it is equipped with a curious head covering, which it can expand if it wishes. The hooded seal is about seven feet in length, and is found on the coast of Newfoundland. The sea-lion belongs to the shores of the Pacific; it is large, and furnished with a mane, and its voice is very powerful. But the monster of the seals is the sea-elephant, which has tusks and a thick skin; its length may be from twenty to thirty feet. Most seals have a broad head, very much whiskered, and black sparkling eyes; the face is intelligent, and the animal is generally capable of being tamed, becoming very affectionate to those who treat it kindly.

J. R. S. C.

THE DUCAT.*

A PEASANT in Russia once found a ducat lying on the ground. The fellow was somewhat of a blockhead and also very poor in pocket. He stooped down and eagerly picked the coin up. It had been trodden upon by men and animals, and so had become very dirty. 'Stop a bit,' exclaims the peasant, 'they will give me a great deal more for it if I polish it up well.' So to work he goes with brickdust and sand; he rubs the ducat fully half a morning, till it shines like fire. Then he takes it to get it changed into silver coins. The shop-keeper, however, tells the peasant that the ducat, owing to so much rubbing, is under weight, and therefore he can only give three-fourths of its original value.

MORAL.—Too much sharpening or polishing takes away the strength and value of anything.

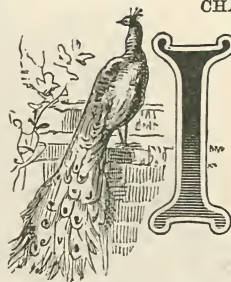
From the Russian of KRILOF.

* A gold coin worth about 9s. 4d.

THE SIBYL OF ST. PIERRE.

(Continued from page 71.)

CHAPTER X.



IT seemed to Maurice that his senses were leaving him, as, clutching Derry with one hand and the black boy with the other, he buried his face in the sand, letting the hot wave go over him.

There was a sucking, gurgling noise, as the disturbed water slid back

into the pool again, then the steam—hot, oppressive, and acrid to the taste—cleared away, and the three, caught napping so disastrously, crawled forth from that cave of terror to the open air once more.

Maurice and Gusty soon felt relieved from the worst of their discomfort, but Derry lay rolling on the ground, declaring in feeble gasps that he was dying as fast as he could.

'If only we had something to give him, to take away the horrible taste of what he has swallowed, I am sure he would feel better. I say Gusty, could you not find a cocoanut tree, and shin up to get him a green nut or two?' asked Maurice anxiously, for he, in common with most dwellers in West Indian islands, regarded green cocoanuts as a corrective for every ill under the sun.

'I'm bad myself, I'm most fit to die too,' replied the astute Gusty, putting on a languid air, and rolling his eyes in a fashion fearful to behold.

'Look here, if you will go and get me a nut down sharp—it must be sharp, mind,' Maurice said impressively, as Derry rolled over with another despairing groan, 'when we get home, if ever we do get home, I'll give you a pair of pliers and an old bicycle bell.'

'What's pliers?' demanded Gusty, with shining eyes, his languor slipping from him like magic.

'Oh, things you pull your teeth out with—but do hurry up,' pleaded Maurice, with a wave of his hand towards the top of the gorge, and Gusty was off like the wind, sickness, pain, physical discomfort all alike forgotten at the alluring prospect of the reward he was to receive. He knew that white folks were in the habit of removing their teeth *en bloc*, or at least some of them were, and he supposed that the pliers would enable him to remove his own molars in the same easy fashion.

Maurice watched by Derry in a condition of acute anxiety, and it never once occurred to his braver, more courageous spirit, that it was terror which made the Dutch boy appear so frightfully ill.

Derry believed that the nauseous water which he had swallowed in such liberal quantities was poison, and that he must inevitably die from the dose, or even if he could be relieved by sickness as the others had been, he must still expire from the effect of his scalding hot dip in the geyser pool.

If Maurice had only known of these fears, he

might have reasoned them away; as it was, he crouched by Derry's side with a face full of trouble, his garments coated with yellow slime and his heart filled with apprehension concerning the homeward journey, which would have to be performed under difficulties, unless his companion showed signs of speedy recovery.

Gusty speedily returned with three fine cocoanuts, and Maurice administered a cool, delicious draught of the sweet liquid to his patient, who, however, seemed but little benefited thereby. Then he drank some of the milk himself, and felt immediately refreshed.

'It am comin' on for night sharp,' announced Gusty placidly, after satisfying his own hunger and thirst on cocoanut meat and milk, winding up with a suck at the inevitable sugar-cane.

Maurice rose to his feet instantly: 'Derry, do you think you feel too bad to be moved, or shall I carry you up out of this place on my back?' he asked, anxiously, haunted by the terrible dread lest the Dutch boy should die from the effect of his immersion in the geyser pool, before Glen Rosa was reached.

'Yes, yes, I can bear anything better than to be left to die in this horrible place,' he responded eagerly, and with more strength in voice and manner than his friend thought he possessed, but he dropped into complete weakness again directly Maurice, with the help of Gusty, lifted him from the ground.

Oh, what a toilsome march that was back, over the way they had come so blithely such a short time before! But luckily both Maurice and the black boy were big and strong for their age, while Derry was small and spare. The tree-trunks were terrible obstacles now, but by dint of pushing and pulling, dragging, scrambling, and lifting, the helpless boy was got through somehow, and if he received a liberal share of bruises and scratches *en route*, it was not from any want of care on the part of his bearers.

To their dismay, the sun went down just as they reached the blasted timit-palm at the top of the ravine, and darkness followed immediately. Who would have expected the day to have slipped by so quickly, and night to catch them unawares in this fashion? But in the forest it was not as easy to note the passing of time as out in the open, and so it was not especially wonderful that they had been misled.

One thing was, however, very plain: they would have to stay where they were until morning, since it would be the maddest of mad folly to wander about the forest at night.

The hardship of a night in the open would have seemed a very little thing to Maurice at any other time, but with Derry in what he supposed to be a critical condition, and in danger of dying before morning, the poor lad felt the responsibility of the situation almost too great to be borne.

If only Andrew had been with him, what a difference it would have made! As it was, he felt absolutely solitary in his trouble, for Derry lay groaning fitfully upon the ground, not answering when spoken to, whilst Gusty squatted close at hand singing a rollicking coon song, and appearing quite unoppressed by the tragic ending to their day of pleasure.

'Do stop that row, Gusty; any one would think we were keeping carnival up here,' he burst out petulantly, after enduring the noise as long as he could.

'It am warm work keeping carnival; no get bad chills, and shivering ague at dat sort o' thing,' retorted Gusty with the air of one who knows, and knows very well.

'I should be glad enough to feel a little warmer than I am now,' Maurice said, with a shiver, for he had parted with every superfluous rag in order to cover Derry against the chill of the night.

'Hi, hi, hi! me make a fire—a great big blaze to drive away de ghoses, den me do carnival to scare dem sperrits o' de bad darkies about de gorge,' exclaimed the black boy, with great animation.

'Oh, I wish you would! I wonder I never thought of a fire before!' Maurice cried, beginning to feel round with his hand in search of dry sticks, but cautiously, since one might so easily light upon a serpent instead, or some other equally obnoxious night-prowling reptile or insect.

Gusty was troubled by no such carefulness, declaring he could smell when snakes were near, and that anything else did not matter in the least. So he ran hither and thither, tumbling over surface-spreading roots, and bumping into trees, yet never seeming to mind the hard knocks he received, as he collected materials for a blaze, then laboriously igniting them by rubbing two tinder sticks together until the sparks dropped from them.

When the fire was well alight, Maurice lifted Derry nearer to the cheerful warmth, and was comforted to find that his groanings were less. Then he stretched his own benumbed limbs before the scorching heat of the blazing pile, whilst the black boy danced, and sung, and shouted, keeping carnival, as he called it, and making the solemn old forest ring with his merriment. He grew tired after a time, and rolling himself into a black and yellow ball went off to sleep, with as little fuss or ceremony as a kitten might have done.

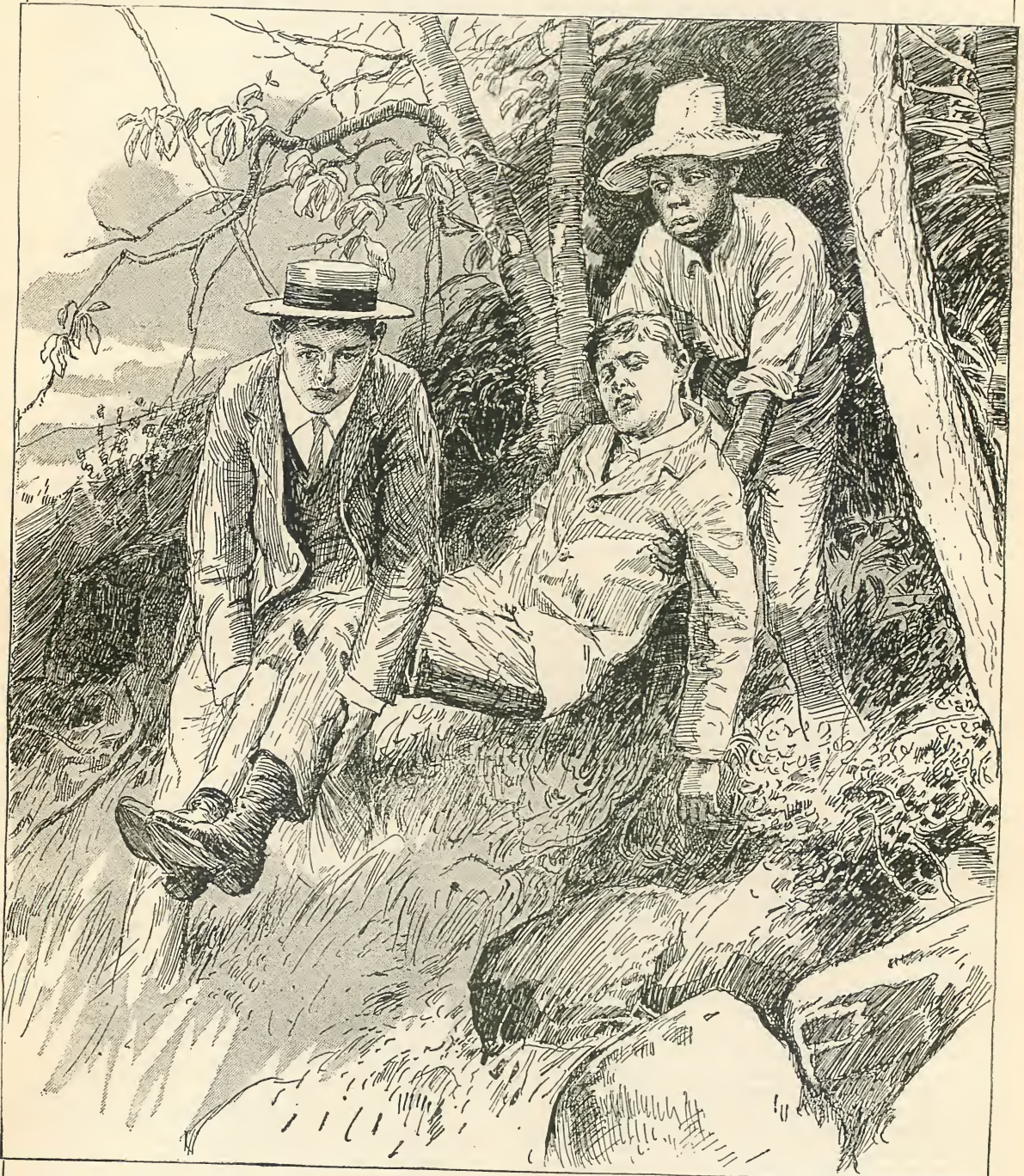
But Maurice watched on, sleepless and alert. The moon was shining somewhere, and the heavens were bright with stars, only he could not see anything of their radiance saving a dim reflected glow, because of the dense foliage of the mighty trees above him.

He thought of his mother, and how troubled she would be, remembering with a pang of regret that he had not even told her where he was going. Then his thoughts grew mingled and confused: he fancied himself at school again, and puzzling over the same algebraic problem, which already had brought so much trouble to him. But in his sleep all memory of trouble vanished, and the working of the problem appeared easy enough; he was half-way through it, when a long rumbling roll dispersed his sleepiness as sunshine scatters thin mist.

He thought he had only just dozed, but when he looked about him, he saw the fire was dead and cold, whilst day was just beginning to dawn.

Plainly he had been asleep for hours, all night in fact, and with a sharp pang of remorse for his neglect, he turned to see how it had fared with Derry lying so quietly at his side.

(Continued at page 86.)



"The helpless boy was got through somehow."



Teaching by Example.

TEACHING BY EXAMPLE.

A GENTLEMAN presented his son with a gold watch and chain; but he had frequently to warn him not to carry it in a careless and exposed manner. In spite of his advice, however, the young man continued carrying it as carelessly as ever. Desiring to teach him a lesson, the old gentleman asked his son in a crowd one night to tell him what o'clock it was, having previously removed the watch from his son's pocket. The young man's disappointment was great when he found it had been stolen.

'Never mind,' said his father, smiling; 'I took it myself in order to show you how easily you could be robbed; here it is.'

He put his hand in his pocket to restore the watch, but it was gone. Some thief, more adroit than himself, had robbed him of it! H. B. S.

FREAKS OF A TAME BEAR.

A DANCING or performing bear may be seen not only in exhibitions, but along the public streets, causing some amusement, or perhaps alarm, to children. It is the more comical to see a bear make these movements, because he moves so clumsily and looks so solemn. One may be taught to hold a long pole, and move it about in different ways, to dance at the sound of pipe and drum, or march with a monkey sitting on his back. People in Sweden sometimes tame a bear completely, for a time, beginning when it is a cub; but after a few years it is apt to become cross and difficult to manage.

The story is told of a young bruin kept by a gentleman living at Siknäs, which was brought to the house about a month old. At first he was timid, seeming to be afraid even of a kitten that was there, and which jumped upon his head playfully; by-and-by he got more confident, and if visitors came always gave them a greeting, though rather a surly one. A favourite amusement of his, when he grew strong enough, was to move in the rooms such chairs, tables, or articles of furniture as he could manage to take hold of. Another thing he liked to do was to climb upon the roof of a small shed: this roof was flat, and one of the boards was loose and stuck out. He would balance himself upon this, and perform a sort of see-saw. His fondness for swinging or rocking did not make him a desirable companion in a boat. He would follow his master to the river, and, if not taken on board, he swam after the boat. But he was terribly scared when, being taken in one day, the boat passed down a rapid. After that he gave up boating, preferring to have a ride in a cart, where he liked to sit with a hind leg on each shaft, and his fore legs resting on the horse's back.

The kitchen of the house was a great attraction to him. He rejoiced to get a sip from a bowl of milk. More than once he was caught in the act of walking away with a large piece of cheese. One day, however, he took up a saucepan full of hot coffee, and was marching away to the yard, when the contents began to run down his chest, making

him smart, so he quickly dropped the pan in a rage, and flattened it by a stroke of his powerful paw.

After a time, the people of the house found it needful to put a check upon his wanderings, and a chain, having at the end of it a log, was attached to the collar which he wore round his neck. Such an interference with the liberty of a free-born bear was most displeasing to him. Finding his paws would not push it off, he went to the river, thinking he could drown the log. It was no use: every time it came to the surface. Next he tried to bury his annoyance. He dug a hole, put the log into it, and pressed it down under the earth, but when he walked away the log appeared to follow him. At last he succeeded in breaking the chain, and they did not put on a new one. Through the winter he slept, and ate little; but when he woke up on the arrival of spring, he was so meddlesome and disagreeable, that his master decided that he must be sent away to his native wilds.

J. R. S. C.

A STEADY SHIP.

THE grand new liner, *Cedric*, made her maiden voyage to New York in February 1903. The weather was more than usually boisterous for the time of year, yet so steady was the good ship in ploughing her way across the Atlantic, that there was no perceptible motion on board.

In proof of this, a glass full of water was placed on the edge of a sideboard on the *Cedric*, and left undisturbed throughout the voyage. Not a drop was spilled, nor did the glass move a single inch.

S. C.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

True Tales of the year 1804.



III.—THE LOSS OF THE APOLLO.

ON the 26th of March, 1804, a fine frigate, H.M.S. *Apollo*, set out from Cork with a convoy of sixty-nine merchantmen, to escort them to the West Indies. Within a week the whole fleet was wrecked, and the *Apollo* itself broken to pieces on the Portuguese coast.

This is one of the most terrible disasters that has ever befallen British shipping, though the loss of life was fortunately not so great as in many other famous sea-accidents. The wreck of the *Apollo*, however, was so lingering and dreadful that it is worth while to give an account of it.

All went well with the convoy for some days. But on Sunday, April 1st, the wind began to get up, and the vessels seem gradually to have been driven out of their course. At any rate, when the disaster came, they were quite ignorant of their

whereabouts. The storm increased in violence, and before long, a very heavy sea was running. The bad weather continued all day and night, until about half-past three on Monday morning the *Apollo* struck the ground, to the astonishment and terror of all on board, for they knew of no shoal or land so close. The ship did not stick fast, but bumped along heavily, damaging her bottom irreparably, and letting in water in torrents.

'All hands to man the pumps!' cried the captain as soon as he gathered what had happened. The crew hastened to the chain pump, and for ten minutes or more worked steadily, though without much apparent effect. At the end of that time the vessel got free of the shoal, or whatever it was she had struck. But, of course, immediately she was in the open sea, with her hull clear of obstacles, the water rushed in at the huge gaps in her side faster than ever. She still managed to hold on her course, fitfully and unsteadily, but she was rapidly filling, and seemed likely to founder at any moment.

In about five minutes more her bottom again struck the ground with a shock so terrible that all on board thought the good ship would be shaken to pieces at once. She drove on, however, striking every few yards or so, while the sea, not content with pouring in below decks, broke over her and flooded her almost continuously from above. The main and mizzen rigging were cut away, and the two masts fell overboard with a loud crash; a few minutes afterwards the foremast followed. Very soon a new terror was added, for the guns got loose from their moorings, and rolled from side to side of the ship with every heave of the sea. Some crashed through the bulwarks into the sea, but others were left to threaten the lives of all who were gathered on the quarter-deck, while below deck could be heard the cries of the unfortunates whom the rush of water down the hatchways prevented from ascending. Two or three guns, which had remained fixed, were fired to warn the convoy of the danger; but as the whereabouts of the convoy itself was hardly known, this was an effort of despair.

At last the ship heeled over on her starboard side, with the gunwale under water, and thus she remained fixed and comparatively steady, though the waves naturally broke over her more dangerously than ever in this position. The captain (Captain Dixon) took his stand, or rather managed to cling, upon the grating over the cabin skylight, holding fast by the stump of the mizzen mast in spite of all the efforts of the sea to wash him away. From here he gave occasional directions, or endeavoured to cheer the crew by words of hope and encouragement. Most of the officers and men were clad in their night-clothes still, and few had more covering than a pair of trousers or a shirt.

This awful suspense continued for over an hour, it being still pitch dark. At length, towards five o'clock, day began to dawn. The survivors—for by now a good many had been washed overboard—could see, to their amazement, a long sandy beach, barely two cables' length away. On the shore were between twenty or thirty sail of the convoy, many of them total wrecks. The land was afterwards discovered to be the coast of Portugal, near Cape Mondego.

The question now was how to get to land. The sea was running mountains high, with long heavy rollers coming in from the open Atlantic, so that if the half-drowned men trusted themselves in boats or on broken spars, they would inevitably be dashed to pieces in landing, if not before. Still, some attempt had to be made, for it was feared that the ship would speedily break up. The crew therefore contrived, by the exercise of great care, to reach the fore-part of the vessel, where one or two boats still lay unharmed. But no sooner were the boats loosened for launching than they were all either washed away or stove in by the sea; and the boat-swain, indeed, narrowly escaped being carried away as well. He saved himself, however, at the expense of a broken thigh.

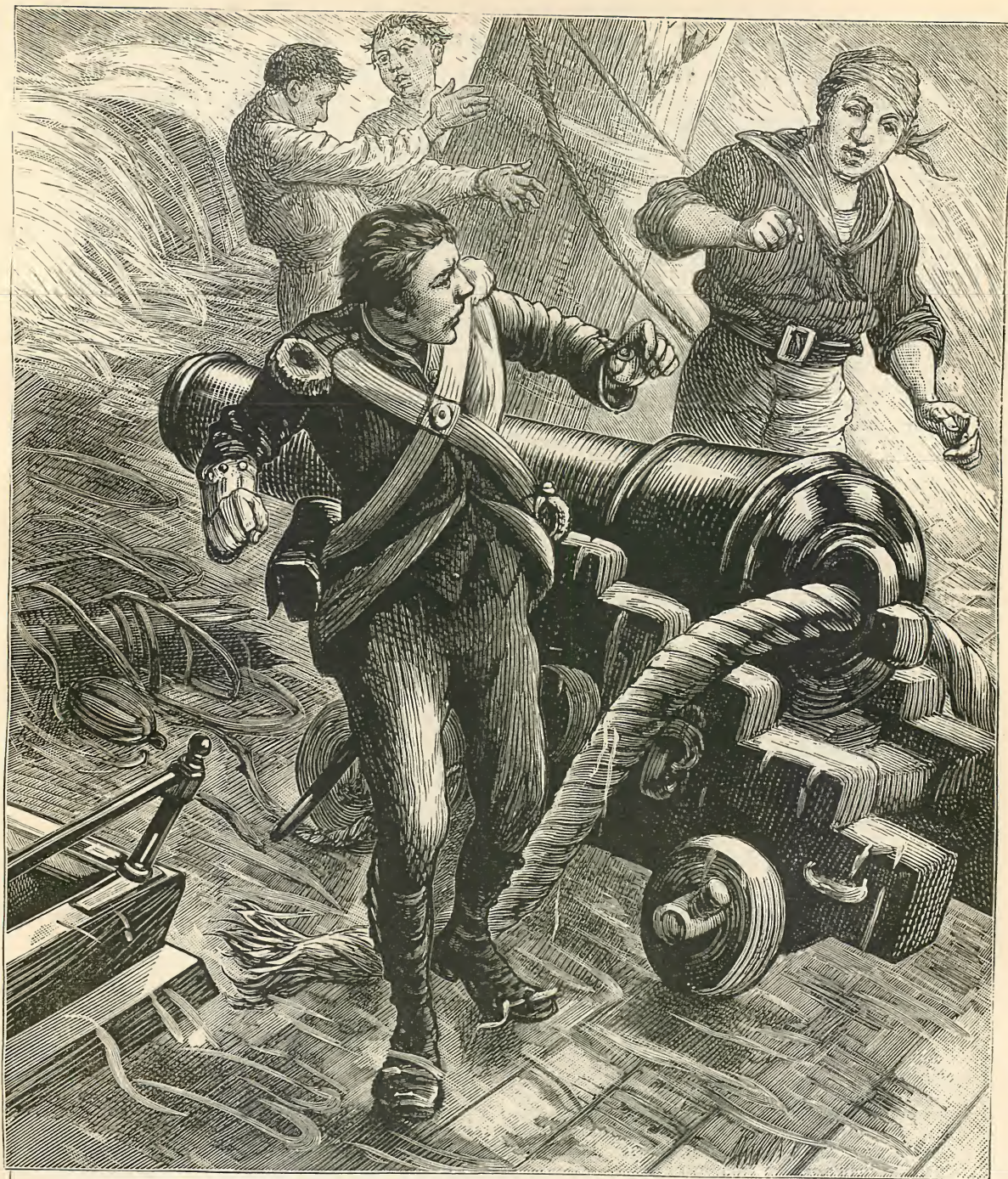
There were now some two hundred and twenty people left on board. All that day their numbers were lessened by ones and by twos in the attempt to get to shore, for the ship still held together marvellously. Some eleven or twelve who tried to swim, though they were expert swimmers, were all drowned, including the first lieutenant and the surgeon. About thirty, however, managed to reach land, much bruised and battered, on broken planks and spars.

Thus the day wore on. No food was obtainable, for it was all below deck, and therefore could not be reached now; and even if it had been reached, it would have been too soaked by the salt water to be eaten. Some of the older men and a few boys (among them two 'middies') were already dead of fatigue; and, though the survivors did not know it, they had still nearly two days of peril to face.

Tuesday dawned, and the sea still raged. The thirsty and starving sailors clung on desperately, uncertain whether to trust themselves to the irresistible sea or to stay on board in the hope of some unexpected rescue. About noon attempts were made by those on shore—where an immense number of Portuguese peasants and fishermen, as well as the survivors of the fleet, had collected—to launch a boat, but all in vain. Each time the furious waves dashed them back. Some, again, set out from the *Apollo* on rafts, made of planks roughly lashed together. Not one reached the land. Among them was the captain, who, ready to risk anything to save his men, tried to get ashore with a rope by drifting on the ship's jib-boom. 'My lads, I'll save you all,' he cried, as he left his ship. They were his last words; the next moment a wave broke over him, and he disappeared.

To add to their discomfort, heavy showers of rain began on Tuesday, and continued all night. Every moment, as a wave broke over the doomed ship, those on shore could hear the cries and groans of the crew borne towards them on the wind. Several of the wretched men were killed by suffocation, so crowded was the little part of the *Apollo* that still remained safe. All were nearly mad with hunger and thirst. Some drank salt water, others chewed leather, while many bit at lumps of lead, which seemed to bring moisture again into their parched mouths.

The next morning (Wednesday) fifteen more got



"Very soon a new terror was added—the guns got loose from their moorings."

ashore on pieces of wreckage. Attempts continued to be made to launch a boat from the land, and at last, about three o'clock in the afternoon, two and a half days after the ship first struck, the rescuers succeeded in reaching the ship and taking off the survivors. Soon after the *Apollo* broke up altogether.

Sixty-one of the *Apollo's* crew had been lost, and from two to twelve on each of the surviving merchant ships. Out of the whole convoy of sixty-nine vessels, forty were completely wrecked, some of them with every man of their crews, besides the *Apollo* herself, one of the finest ships in the British Navy at the time.



The Young Foxes' Foster-mother.

A STRANGE MOTHER.

OUR domestic cat, though tamed, has some of the habits of its wild relatives — it is apt to be quarrelsome, or at least unfriendly, when it has to be with other animals. Yet now and then pussy will show kindness towards others which we should not expect

to see. A cat is known to have acted the part of foster-mother to a couple of young foxes. A gentleman wrote to a newspaper, stating that on the ground in a Gloucestershire farm, a person discovered a litter of young foxes. There was a cat at the farm which had just got a family of kittens, which were taken away, while two of the baby foxes were

given her as an experiment. The old cat took to them, giving them quite an affectionate treatment, and they got on very well. When they grew up, the foxes were tame, and ran after people just as puppies would; but unfortunately they took a fancy to pay visits to the poultry-yard, and, owing to the mischief they did there, had to be sold.

Another gentleman, going through a wood, discovered a couple of squirrels that seemed to be only a few days old. He took them home, and placed them under the care of his cat, as she happened to have a kitten. She made no objection to taking charge of the two squirrels, and when they grew older, it was very amusing to see them play with the kitten and its mother. Cases have been known, too, of a cat bringing up little rabbits, and, more remarkable still, young rats. Perhaps most singular of all is the fact that at a country house a cat was once to be seen surrounded by five chickens. They had been put before the fire, but pussy took a fancy to them, stroking them with her paws, and gathering them round her in a kindly way.

J. R. S. C.

TIMES GO BY TURNS.

THIS poem, more than three hundred years old, is well worth the thought which it requires to grasp its well-packed meaning.

The loppèd tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;
The sorriest wight may find release of pain,
The driest soil suck in some moistening shower.
Times go by turns, and chances change by course
From foul to fair, from better hope to worse.

The sea of fortune doth not even flow,
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb;
Her tides have equal times to come and go,
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web.
No joy so great, but runneth to an end;
No hap so hard, but may at length amend.

Not always full of leaf, nor even spring;
No endless night, nor yet eternal day.
The saddest birds a season find to sing;
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.
Thus, with succeeding terms, God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win what by mischance was lost;
That net which holds no great, takes little fish;
In some things all, in all things none, are crossed,
Few all they need, but none have all they wish.
Unmingled joys here to no man befall,
Who least, hath some, who most, hath never all.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL, *born* A.D. 1560.

THE SIBYL OF ST. PIERRE.

(Continued from page 79.)

CHAPTER XI.



WHEN Andrew saw Gusty coming painfully and alone down the rugged slope of the hill, his heart grew sick within him, for surely if the other two had gone with the black boy, they would have been with him now, unless—

It was the apprehensive uncertainty of that 'unless'

which gave such leaden weights to his feet, as he went up the ginger slopes again to meet Gusty.

He might have shouted an inquiry when he came within hailing distance, only dread withheld him, and he waited until he was near enough to ask in a natural tone, 'Gusty, where are the others?' His voice was so strained and harsh that he hardly recognised it for his own.

But the black boy replied briskly enough, 'Oh, they's a mile or two back, creepin' on powerful slow. Massa Maurice, he have carried dat white buccra* from the Saba Island, mos' all de way from de Demon's Mouth, an' he am quite fit to drop for sure, so I come best foot first over de magnolia ridge, for de little 'oss what Massa Maurice rides.'

'There has been an accident?' said Andrew, still with some anxiety.

'We've bin having adventures, Massa Andrew, an' of a mos' uncommon kind. We've bin spit at out o' de Demon's Mouth, an' burned, an' biled, an scalded till it's mos' wonderful that we is alive at all.'

The black boy smiled with such visible importance, that Andrew would have laughed aloud but for his anxiety, and the chilling remembrance of Mother Maddy's direful prophecy.

'Then Master Derry was too much hurt to walk, I suppose?' he asked, rapidly revolving in his mind the best thing to do next: whether to go forward at once with his own jaded pony to the help of the boys who were left behind, or ride down to Glen Rosa with all speed, acquaint the anxious family there of the safety of the missing ones, and shift his saddle on to his uncle's horse, which would be fresh, bringing Maurice's pony along with him also. The latter plan found most favour in his eyes, and was indeed decidedly the more reasonable of the two.

'The Dutch buccra no more hurted than Massa Maurice an' me,' snorted Gusty, in great contempt. 'Only he fancy himself dyin' bad, cause he swallow so much yellow stuff like dis yere,' and he patted his primrose-hued rags with great satisfaction, the bright colour appealing to him in the same pleasing fashion that it does to all the dusky denizens of the Antilles.

'Drop down where you are, Gusty, and have a

* Boy or Baby.

sleep. I'll be back under half-an-hour with fresh horses. This poor beast is pretty well tired out, but he'll do the bit down to Glen Rosa all right.' As he spoke, Andrew mounted again and rode away down the slopes at a fine rate, the tired pony seeming to understand what was required of it, and doing its best to meet the demand.

'They are all right, Aunt Bertha, only delayed by what Gusty calls uncommon adventures. I should think his definition is not far out either, for he personally looks as if he had been taking a course of sulphur baths, and the sulphur had stuck to him,' Andrew called out in loud cheerful tones, as his aunt came running out of the house at the sound of the pony's feet.

It did not take long to make his explanations, and transfer the saddle to his uncle's horse; then mounting again, and leading Maurice's pony, Andrew rode away through the plantations, to the higher ground where the ginger grew, and where he had told Gusty to wait for him.

The black boy was stretched on the ground sleeping peacefully, but at the first sound of the approaching horses he started up wide awake, asking eagerly that he might be allowed to mount one of the animals.

'Of course; make haste and tumble up. Did you think I meant to ride at ease, whilst you toiled along behind?' Andrew replied with a laugh.

The mile or two further back proved to be a good three miles of very rough travelling, and it was nearly two hours before they reached the spot where Maurice and Derry awaited their coming.

Despite his anxiety on their account, Andrew shouted with laughter at the ludicrous appearance the two boys presented, for Derry was coated with yellow from head to foot, whilst Maurice was bedaubed in patches, the colour being worn threadbare in places, through scrambling amongst fern-brake, and wrestling with clustering thickets of bamboo.

'It doesn't seem a very laughable matter, at least from our point of view,' Maurice said sourly. 'Derry has been frightfully ill, too, and when I woke this morning I thought he was dead, but he was only asleep.'

'A good thing too—his being asleep, I mean. What was the matter with you, Derry, old fellow, too much brimstone and treacle, eh?' and he clapped the invalid on the back with so much heartiness as almost to topple him over.

'Was it brimstone?' inquired Derry in a languid tone, yet with a kindling of interest in his eyes.

'It looks uncommonly like it,' and putting out his finger Andrew scraped a little of the yellow from the nearest boy and tasted it.

'Well?' demanded Derry, his tone already much brisker, as he watched the grimace Andrew made over the process of tasting.

'I was right. I fancy it is a sort of medicinal water, a mixture of sulphur and iron—very good when taken in moderation, but I expect you swallowed an overdose,' Andrew answered, then helped Derry to mount Maurice's pony, which he led, whilst the other two mounted Mr. Rowan's horse, and the homeward progress was begun.

There was great rejoicing over the wanderers when they reached Glen Rosa, and considerable merriment was caused by their appearance. A considerable amount of bathing and scrubbing was necessary, before the yellow coating clinging to their bodies was removed, Derry's being especially hard to get off.

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Rowan displayed any very keen interest in the phenomenon of the Demon's Mouth, Mrs. Rowan contenting herself with begging Maurice not to risk his life in perilous places of that description when his father and herself were away; whilst Mr. Rowan, who apparently had forgotten all about Mother Maddy and her prophecies, said that doubtless the pool was one of those intermittent geysers so often met with in tropical countries, which will spout violently at times, and then remain quiescent for months, or even years.

Andrew said nothing: it was characteristic of him that he rarely did express an opinion on any matter about which in his own mind any uncertainty existed. But privately he made up his mind to have a long serious talk with Mother Maddy, and if possible obtain the loan of that remarkable journal of seismic disturbances, which he had seen at her cabin that morning.

The time passed swiftly to the moment of departure, the wrench of parting was quickly over, and then Maurice found himself head of affairs at Glen Rosa—the man of the family, as he told Alice with an impressive air, when she clung weeping to his shoulder, after the carriage containing the travellers had driven away.

His swaggering importance made her laugh, and she was quickly cheerful again; troubles never depressed Alice for long, and besides, this absence of Father and Mother was emblematic of good fortune rather than bad.

'Oh, we shall do splendidly I am sure,' Maurice, dear. You will manage the plantation hands somehow, I dare say, and I will worry the housework through, whilst we can take care of Kitty and Roddy between us,' she said, brightly smiling through her tears.

'Me and Roddy can take care of ourselves,' interrupted that independent little person called Kitty, who was more noted for feats of bravery than for excellence in scholastic attainments.

'You are a big individual to talk of taking care of yourself!' exclaimed Maurice, swinging the little maiden from her feet and tossing her high in the air.

'It's quite true though, and I can take care of Roddy too. When Mother Maddy came down here yesterday morning, while Andrew was away looking for you, and tried to carry Roddy off in her arms, I just butted at her with my head, same as Uncle Pete's billy goat does, until I knocked her clean over, then I took hold of Roddy's hand and we ran away home.'

'Why did she want to carry Roddy off?' asked Alice in alarm, for this was the first she had heard of the affair.

'To put him where he would be safe, she said, 'cause some old hill or other was going to burn a bonfire,' answered Kitty, with a snort of contempt.



“‘Gusty, where are the others?’”

‘The old creature must be going off her head; you small fry had better not go wandering round just wherever you think fit. Play in the garden or the lemon grove, unless I’m on hand to take care of you,’ said Maurice, with a fatherly air.

‘We were in the lemon grove when she came,

and she said she was going to put me in a hole under the hill where the fire couldn’t burn me,’ chirruped Roddy, with a happy laugh.

But Alice looked frightened, and resolved that neither child should be allowed out of her sight, unless in charge of some responsible person.

(Continued at page 94.)



The Tricks of a Ventriloquist.

'I SHALL NEVER SPEAK AGAIN.'

A DROLL story is narrated of a dog to which the power of speech was seemingly given by the art of a ventriloquist. The dog and his master one day arrived at a country inn, the latter with only a shilling in his pocket. He went in and sat down at a table and prepared to order a meal.

'Well, what will you have?' asked the landlord.

The ventriloquist gave his order, and then, turning to the dog, he asked, 'What will you have?'

'I'll take a ham sandwich,' was the dog's immediate reply.

The inn-keeper was breathless for a moment with astonishment.

'What did you say?' he asked.

'I said a ham sandwich,' the dog seemed to answer.

The proprietor was so impressed by the talking dog that he immediately offered the owner a good sum for it. This was declined, the ventriloquist holding out for a still larger price, which the landlord eventually paid.

As the ventriloquist was leaving the place, the dog turned to him and apparently said: 'You wretch! to sell me for ten pounds! I will never speak another word!'

And he never did.

H. B. S.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

16.—CHARADE.

My first, it is a thing of worth;
Most men of it have felt a dearth:
It often is the cause of good.
Of warmth and shelter, clothes and food;
It sometimes is the cause of ill,
For folks, to get it, rob and kill.
Its shining, round, and yellow face
Makes it an ornament of grace,
To hang upon a golden chain;
The doctor, with his busy brain,
Receives it often as his fee;
And 'twould be nice for you or me.

My second, whether black or white,
Is looked upon with great delight,
When weeks and months have done their part
In fitting it for shop or mart.
The farmer counts his toil well spent,
The peasant knows he'll pay his rent,
Because my second is so plump
That it can neither run nor jump.

My whole is loved by playful boys
Just grown beyond their childish toys;
And though it wants what dogs and cats,
And mice and rabbits, hares and rats,
And monkeys have, it is a pet
Boys much desire and sometimes get.

C. J. B.

17.—GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS.

1. I HEM boa. A province of the Austrian Empire; once one of the kingdoms of Europe.
2. Erect. An island in the Mediterranean Sea.
3. Yes, red rib, H. An inland county of England.
4. Eva, Dan. One of the United States of America.

5. Rag than M. A market town in Lincolnshire.
6. Cox, run, same, hut. A well-known village in Sussex.
7. Go, a lad. The largest lake in Europe.
8. Core beam May B. An inlet of the Irish Sea, on the Lancashire coast.
9. O! Marian U. A kingdom in S.E. Europe.
10. Red mat rot. A busy port in Holland.
11. Meal, not gin. A fashionable watering-place.
12. Work thus, A. An old part of London.

C. J. B.

18.—DECAPITATIONS.

1. BEHEAD a vehicle, and find a knock at the door.
2. Behead a running stream, and find a noisy bird.
3. Behead a sea-monster, and find an exclamation.
4. Behead an English river, and find something to pay.
5. Behead useful grain, and find caloric.
6. Behead a large nail, and find a greedy fish.
7. Behead part of a machine, and find the hind portion of the foot.
8. Behead a dwelling-place, and find a river in Yorkshire.
9. Behead a north countryman, and find a little house.

[Answers at page 106.]

C. J. B.

ANSWERS.

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------|
| 14.—1. Marlborough. | 5. Winchester. |
| 2. Rugby. | 6. Oxford. |
| 3. Eton. | 7. Cambridge. |
| 4. Harrow. | |
| 15.—1. Endive. | 3. Peach. |
| 2. Elm. | 4. Peas. |
| | 5. Mint. |
| | 6. Beans. |

WONDERS OF LITTLE LIVES.

III.—'DEVIL'S COACH-HORSES'; RAFT-SPIDERS; LEAF-CUTTING BEES.



IN my garden a little time ago there was a section of a hollow tree-trunk, destined to form a nesting-place for tit-mice next year. Turning this over, the first thing that met my gaze among the motley crowd of worms, slugs, ants, and so on, which had taken up a residence underneath, was a long and very black beetle, defiantly threatening me with open jaw and up-lifted tail. Evidently he expected to frighten me, but failed, for this was by no means my first acquaintance with his kind. Known as the 'Devil's Coach-horse,' he and his friends are to be counted the braggarts among beetles, in this country at any rate. His jet-black colour and the strange attitude which he assumes when disturbed are the signs by which all men may know him. But this attitude we must hasten to add is by no means his own exclusive mark; it is the attitude and the colour together which make the 'Devil's Coach-horse.' He has many relatives in this country, and they too pose in exactly the same way.

By this device they endeavour to frighten their foes into the belief that they are about to sting; as a matter of fact, however, this is merely 'bluff,' for they are absolutely without the power to carry this threat into effect, being stingless! Nevertheless, the ruse is generally successful, for there are few who care to run risks of disagreeable consequences by making the experiment of putting the threat to the test.

Taking the 'Devil's Coach-horse' as the representative of the family, it is curious to remark that the stinging position which this creature assumes is exactly that of the scorpion, whose ability to sting is unquestioned! Are we to suppose that the threatening position of our beetle is accidental, or a piece of successful mimicry? Of course we cannot be sure, but the mimicry theory is a very probable one, for, although there are no scorpions in England to serve as models, it may very well be that the habit was acquired many generations ago, in a country where scorpions abounded. This admitted, we may suppose the habit to have been retained by all the members of the tribe ever since, just because, although they have emigrated to lands where scorpions are not, it is a trick that pays! No one has any doubt about the stinging powers of the scorpion, and, as is well known, he injects his poison through a curious claw at the end of his tail, by turning this up over his back. The 'Devil's Coach-horse' beetles, by imitating this action, pass at once for venomous creatures which had better be left alone!

But the turning up of the tail is not entirely inoffensive. If carefully examined when in this raised position there will be found at its extreme tip two little yellow bodies, and these, at the will of the beetle, can be made to send forth a very disagreeable smell, quite sufficient to disgust any bird or other creature that might have been contemplating the possibility of making a meal of this ugly little black demon!

Even now we have not exhausted the uses of this wonderful tail, for besides its offensive properties, affected and real, it is further put to the stranger purpose of folding up the wings. At first sight the 'Devil's Coach-horse' appears to be wingless. A more careful examination of the creature's back, however, will show that the large, hard wing-cases found in most beetles, extending from the chest to the end of the body, are here represented only by two little square plates, and under these are marvellously stowed away a large pair of wings.

Although spiders are almost universally disliked, they are, nevertheless, extremely interesting creatures. This is certainly true of our British Raft-spider. It is of large size and very handsome, the body being of a rich chocolate colour, surrounded with a broad orange band, whilst the limbs are pale red.

Belonging to a group of spiders which do not spin webs to ensnare passing insects, it is by no means easy to find, even where it is common. This fact, coupled with its isolated distribution, makes it one of the least known of the commoner spiders. It

must be sought for in marshy places, and is perhaps most abundant in the Cambridgeshire fens.

It is of an exceedingly fierce disposition, chasing its victims after the fashion of some beast of prey, and is equally at home either on land or water. On the latter element it can run with ease, but, since it needs a resting-place, it builds a raft of leaves, which it gathers into a ball and binds by silken threads. Hence the name of raft-spider. On this ball the spider sits, and is blown about now here now there, as the wind catches it. Meanwhile, it waits patiently for prey, of which there is no lack. Insects coming up from beneath to breathe are promptly pounced upon and carried to the raft to be devoured. Besides, it finds numberless victims among the many insects, such as gnats, that pass their early life under water, come up late, grow wings, and spend the remainder of their existence in the air. These, as they leave the water, climb up on to the reeds to await the unfolding of the wings, and many are caught before they attain the joys of flight. Then, again, there are insects which, less powerful than the spider, yet obtain their food by chasing other insects upon the water, and in turn fall victims to this water-wolf.

At will it can descend beneath the water, not by diving like the water-spider, but by crawling down the stems of water-plants, and here it can live for quite a long time. To escape an enemy it will quietly slip round its own raft, and hiding under neath remain in safety till danger is past.

The female raft-spider carries its eggs in a small silken bundle under her body, and when they hatch, builds a dome-shaped roof amid the herbage, under which the young remain till they are strong enough to hunt for themselves.

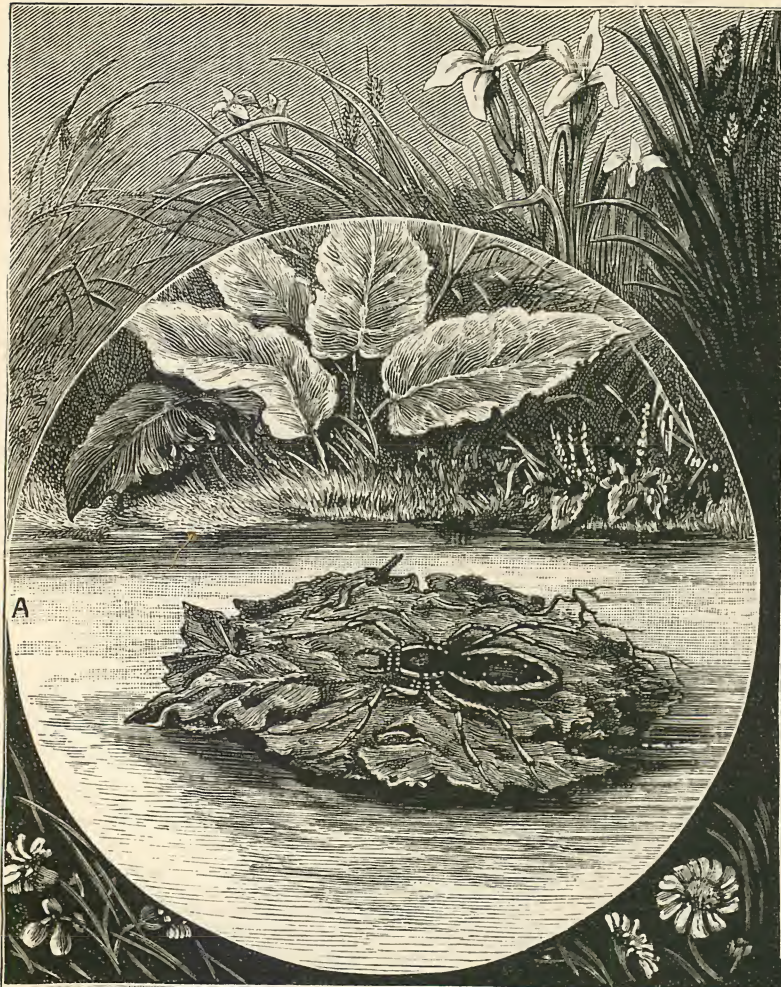
Living in the same localities as the raft-spider is another species known as the Pirate-spider, but this builds no raft, though in other respects it closely resembles its ally and neighbour.

The number of fashions in nest-building which prevails among the bee tribe, and the beauty of some of these structures, is truly wonderful.

The Leaf-cutter bee is common in our islands, and builds its curious nest either in the hollow boughs of trees, or holes in walls, or in specially constructed burrows in the ground. The name leaf-cutter is given to it on account of the strange habit of lining the cells of its nest with pieces of leaves, cut with marvellous precision from such plants as the poplar, privet, laburnum, or rose. When the desired piece is nipped out of the leaf, it is rolled up and carried away to the nest between the legs. In an allied species known as the Poppy-bee, the petals of the poppy are preferred.

A near relative of the leaf-cutter is the Mason-bee, which makes its nest of small grains of sand glued together by the saliva of the builder. Some years ago some bees of this kind chose to construct their nest in the lock of a door at Deptford, with the result that the lock refused to work! Though a portion of the nest was thrust out by the insertion of the key, the bees bravely refused to desert the home which they had selected.

W. P. PYCRAFT, A.L.S., F.Z.S.



A — Raft Spiders.

B — Devil's Coach-horses.

C — Leaf-cutting Bees.



The Pirate Proa.

ON MANY WATERS.

III.—THE PIRATE PROA.

THE Proa, or, as it is usually called, the Flying Proa, is about the fastest known sailing-boat, often travelling at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

It is the terror of the Chinese seas, being the selected craft of the hordes of pirates who make their headquarters in a small group of islands called the Ladrões, which lie at the mouth of the Bay of Canton, in China. (By the way, these Ladrone Islands must not be confused with the large group

of twenty islands bearing the same name situated in the North Pacific Ocean.) Many and many a time crews and passengers of peaceful junks or trading vessels have shuddered with fear, when on the far horizon the huge sails of a group of flying proas have come into view.

Ordinary sailing vessels have no hope of escape if the wind favours the proas, and owing to their peculiar construction the pirate craft can sail forwards or backwards equally well. Nearer and nearer rush the great wind-filled sails; the doomed vessel is overtaken and boarded, and scant mercy may be looked for from the fierce intruders.

Happily, all who use flying proas are not robbers of the sea, and various forms of the same boats are commonly used by the Malay coast folk for trading, fishing, and ordinary travelling.

The construction is very peculiar, and though the craft differs slightly in various places, the main principle is the same. The older kind of boat is usually about thirty feet long by three wide, and pointed at both ends, to avoid the need of turning, which is a great advantage in squally weather or in choppy seas. One side is quite flat, unlike other boats, which have both sides swelling out towards the middle; and to prevent the proa upsetting, a large frame of wood projects into the water, like the outrigger of an English racing-boat, and supports a great log hollowed out in the fashion of a canoe. This, riding steadily in the water, keeps the main vessel upright. The masts, yards, and outriggers are all of bamboo, which is lighter and stronger than ordinary wood, and the very large sails of palm-leaf matting can be easily placed at various angles to suit the wind.

A model of a very famous piratical proa of more modern times is to be seen at the South Kensington Museum. This had a deck throughout its length, raised at each end to form cabins, and to make a kind of platform for the guns which this well-equipped marauder carried. Both in the bows and in the stern there were also projecting platforms, to give room for more men, and to afford assistance in boarding operations. The decks were protected by canvas-covered bulwarks, outside which there was tackle for fastening shields and spears. Besides these weapons, three small-bore cannon and six *gingals* or heavy muskets were also carried, mounted on swivels.

If you look at the south-eastern corner of the map of Asia, you will see that not only is the coast of the mainland broken up into long peninsulas and deep bays, but the ocean is studded with islands. Some are of immense size, like Borneo, Sumatra, and Java, and many smaller ones are in groups. Learned folk consider these to be relics of a continent which has in past ages become submerged, and of which only the high lands still remain above the water.

When we remember that the natives of these islands are wholly dependent upon the great waterway for supplies and all intercourse with each other, we cease to wonder that they have long ago become some of the cleverest boat-builders of the world.

HELENA HEATH.

THE SIBYL OF ST. PIERRE.

(Continued from page 88.)

CHAPTER XII.



IT was some days after the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Rowan, Mabel, and Duncan, before Derry had recovered sufficiently from his dip in the hot pool to be able to return to school. Alice would have liked to keep him longer still, since he made such a useful body-guard for Kitty and Roddy; but when he became well enough to run about all day long, she had no excuse for doing so.

When he was gone, matters settled into a dull, uneventful round, with plenty of hard work for Alice and Maurice, and very little recreation.

But they did their best, and did not grumble, looking forward with real zest, when the day was done, for the return of Andrew from St. Pierre, mounted on his short-legged pony.

There were worries in plenty for them in house and plantation. The two stalwart black maidens, who spent their days in endeavouring to shirk as much work as possible, were a constant tribulation to Alice, who had neither the experience nor the patience of her mother to bring to bear upon domestic management; while Maurice found the plantation hands equally awkward to deal with, the whole body of them seeming to think that because Massa Maurice was a boy, and a very nice boy, too, there was not the slightest need for them to in any way distress themselves with hard work.

But Maurice, young though he was, did not intend to be trifled with. He knew how much labour should be got through in a day, and by dint of insistence and firmness succeeded, at length, in making the indolent workers understand he was not to be imposed upon.

After that matters went more easily; the cane was cut and carted to the weigh-house, which stood next to the mill. With the weighing Maurice's responsibility ended, a neighbouring planter having undertaken the task of seeing the crop through the various stages of rolling, squeezing, boiling, straining, and the like. But sugar was not the staple product of the Glen Rosa plantation, and following close on the sugar harvest came the lifting and drying of the ginger, which in its turn was followed by activities in the cocoa plantations, the gathering of lemons and limes, the care of young trees, and all the manifold industries of agriculture in the tropics.

When things went even fairly well, Maurice was so happy that he used to wonder at himself for ever having desired any other kind of a career. But when things went ill, then he determined to adhere to his original idea of being a doctor, since it was scarcely possible for sick people of any colour or status whatever to be so all-round troublesome as

those sturdy, good-natured rascals at Glen Rosa. They would smile so affectionately on him, meet all his commands with a ready 'Yes, massa, for sartin sure I'll go do it now,' and then straightway forget all about it.

One day, about a month after the going of Mr. and Mrs. Rowan, Gusty came down to Glen Rosa to say that poor old Mother Maddy was very ill, and wanted to see Missy Alice.

'What is the matter with her, Gusty, and how long has she been ill?' the young lady asked, leaving the active superintendence of her dusky handmaidens to Kitty, whilst she interviewed Gusty on the steps of the back verandah.

'Pears like she's going to die,' replied the black boy, composedly. 'It's wonderful she ain't done it before, seein' how she has rampaged about ever since de week when it was carnival time. She is tough, is ole Mother Maddy, or she'd have died no end of a long time ago.'

'Poor old woman! I will come and see her; are you going straight back now, Gusty?' Alice asked, looking round for her hat, and thinking she would take the two children with her.

Gusty shuffled from one bare foot to the other, curling and uncurling his toes in the warm dust of the path, and rolling his eyes up until little more than the whites were visible.

'Mother Maddy am full o' fancies, an' she say I am to take de mangoes to market, an' bring her back some fish, 'cause fish make her strong enough to go rampagin' about again.'

'Do you think she is well enough to be left alone, Gusty?' inquired Alice in a dubious tone, wondering whether she might not find some pretext for postponing her visit to Mother Maddy until his return, because of her own private fear of the eccentric old woman.

He flung back his head with an exaggerated assumption of merriment, but even to Alice it was evident he was only pretending; then suddenly he became confidential.

'Missy Alice not tell no one?' he began, his tone changing swiftly from rollicking mirth to wistful entreaty, whilst he curled and uncurled his toes more vigorously than before.

'What is it I am to keep so secret?' she asked with a smile.

'Ole Mother Maddy done gone an' turned into a diablesse!' he announced in an awestruck undertone.

'What is that?' she asked, not being so well versed in folk-lore as Maurice, who would not have needed to put the question.

'It am a witch thing,' retorted Gusty, with a shiver that was very real. 'A diablesse has eyes that burn an' scorch, an' she passes in an' out o' de canes an' de lemon orchards, an' if she smile an' beckon wi' her finger to a man, den he rise an' follow her to de death, an' no one see him any more.'

'But, Gusty, you don't surely believe in that rubbish?' cried Alice, feeling a sudden pity for the poor old woman thus maligned.

Gusty's face, however, settled into obstinate lines; he was plainly not to be laughed out of his convictions.

'Bimbo an' Uncle Pete was diggin' in de plantation to make holes for de young cocoa-trees,' he continued in a dogged, resentful tone; 'an' ole Mother Maddy came steppin' out from de fern-brake, wi' her hair flutterin' out behind, like de brauch of a tree-fern, an' when she claps her eyes on Bimbo, she smirks an' smiles, cryin' out in her skreekin' voice, "You's the man I want, Bimbo; come an' foller me." An' Bimbo drops his shubble in de hole, an' away he goes; but he never come back again, Missy Alice, an' he never will.'

Alice gave a little start of dismay, as she remembered how Maurice had complained only two nights ago that Bimbo, one of the steadiest and best of the plantation hands, was missing, having left his work apparently on the spur of the moment, and never returned to it. But of course there could be no truth in the absurd story which Gusty had just been telling her, and she set herself to cross-examine him severely as to his narrative.

'But you said Mother Maddy was very ill; if she was ill, how could she be walking through the fern-brake?' demanded the young lady, attacking what seemed to be the weakest point in Gusty's story, knowing, as she did by actual experience, what an exceedingly good pair of legs were necessary in any expedition taken through fern-brake.

'Mother Maddy am only weak an' bad when de witch-sperrit am gone out of her; when it come back again, den she fly roun' and scream, walk a score o' miles through de fern-brake, an' come home fit to lay down an' die. But she won't hurt you, Missy Alice; witch can't do nothing at all wi' white folks, who can read in books an' make marks on paper.'

'Oh, I am not afraid!' exclaimed Alice, with a great accession of valour which was too sudden in its coming to be lasting; 'and I shall go to see her at once. But if I find that you have not been telling me the truth, Gusty, or that you have been unkind to that poor old woman, your great-grandmother, I shall be very angry, and I shall ask my brother not to pay you for the work you do on the plantation, but to give the money to Mother Maddy instead.'

'Me am quite sartain sure she is a witch,' answered Gusty, in a tone of great solemnity. 'An' Bimbo, he won't never come back again, as Missy Alice will see.'

'That is very great nonsense, and you must not expect me to believe such stories. Now make haste and do your errand to the town, and whilst you are gone I will go to visit Mother Maddy,' she said, the touch of severity still in her tone.

Gusty departed, shaking his head in a doleful fashion; then Alice called to Kitty and Roddy to come for a stroll with her up through the plantations to Black Rock, under the shadow of which nestled the tiny cabin where Mother Maddy and Gusty had their home.

The children were eager for the expedition after their close confinement to the garden and orchards, frisking ahead in the gayest of spirits, and caring not at all for the scorching heat. They met Maurice on their way coming from one of the more distant



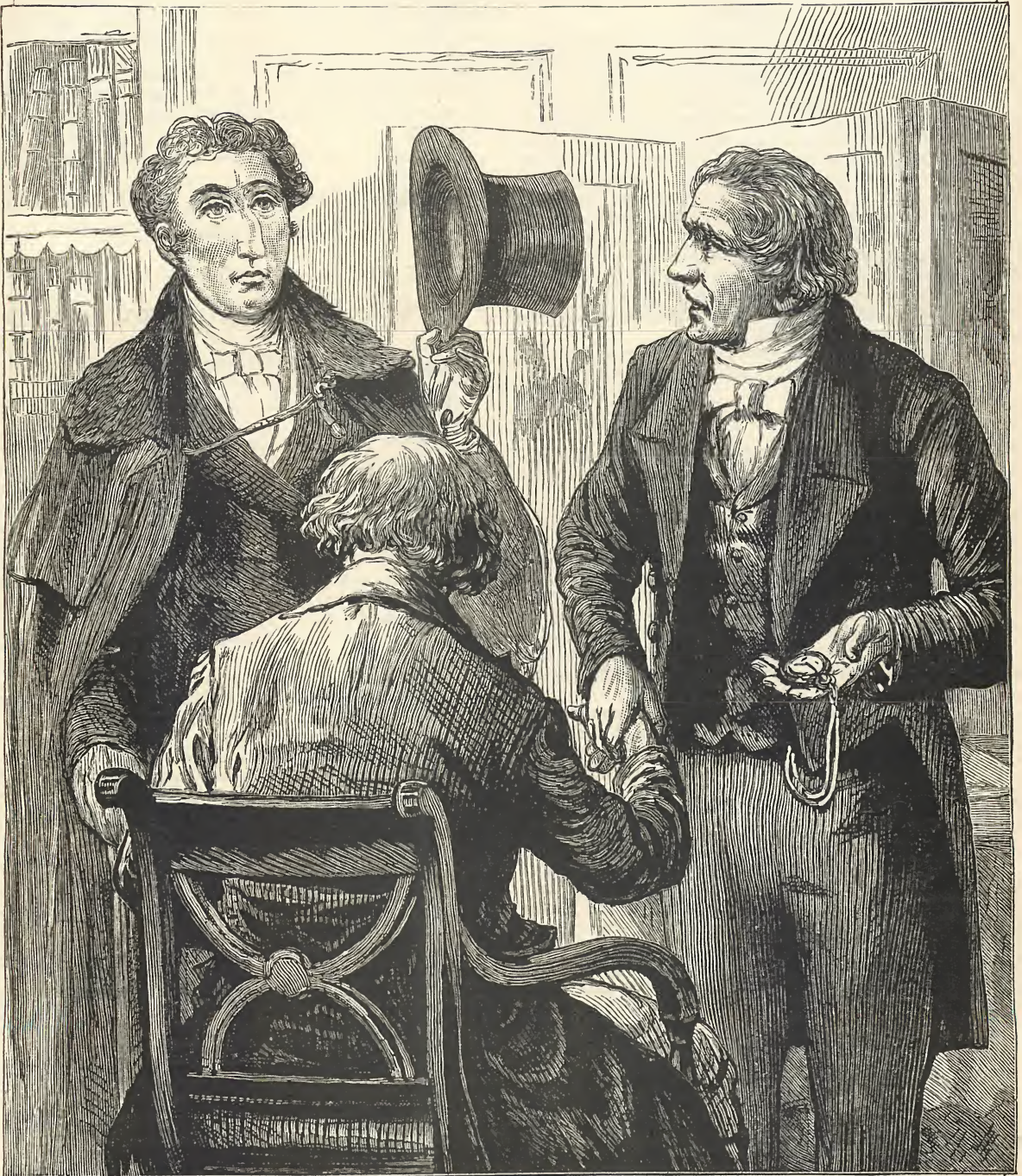
"'You's the man I want.'"

fields, and wearing a very serious expression on his face.

'What is the matter—more worries?' asked Alice with a smile.

'I'm so bothered about Bimbo's disappearance,' he rejoined. 'The hands are declaring he has been done away with by witchcraft.'

(Continued at page 102.)



Dr. Abernethy and the Iron Duke.

DR. ABERNETHY AND THE IRON DUKE.

DR. ABERNETHY'S most famous encounter was with Wellington, and for once the 'Iron Duke' found a match who compelled him to retreat. The Duke called to consult the celebrated physician in office hours. His name was sent in to the doctor, and he was shown into the waiting-room with other patients. As many of them belonged to the lower classes, and were admitted to the consulting-room in turn before his Grace, the Duke became impatient, and forced his way in without being summoned.

The doctor, who was busy with a patient, looked up in surprise, exclaiming, 'How did you get in, sir?'

'By the door,' was the impassive reply.

'Well, sir,' said the doctor, 'I recommend you to make your exit the same way.'

There was no alternative. The conqueror of Napoleon was compelled to retreat by a city doctor.

H. B. S.

THE SHEIKH AND HIS DAGGER.

Founded on Fact.

THE great reverence which the Arabs have for the duties of hospitality is well shown by the following story. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, the powerful Beys of Northern Africa, Osman Bardissy and Elfi Bey, were at enmity with one another, and Elfi was obliged to take refuge in flight from the country. He contrived, however, to return, and the news was brought to Osman by a powerful Bedouin Sheikh who stood high in his favour.

'Find him and slay him,' said Osman to the Sheikh, 'and the treasure he has brought back with him shall be your reward.'

The Sheikh carried out his master's commands, and laid an ambush for Elfi as he made his way up the Nile Delta; but the attempt was not wholly successful, for Elfi escaped in the darkness, and before sunrise had taken refuge in an Arab encampment far inland. He went straight to the tent of the Sheikh of the tribe, which was indicated by a spear stuck in the ground in front of it, and hastily ate some bread which he found there, in order to take advantage of the custom of hospitality which was so strictly observed by the Arabs.

The Sheikh, who happened to be no other than he who was in pursuit of Elfi, chanced to be absent, but his wife entered the tent suddenly, and seeing the stranger, exclaimed: 'I know you, Elfi Bey; my husband's honour, perhaps his life, depends on his taking you prisoner; but you have eaten his bread, and a guest is sacred. Go, therefore, speedily, and take a horse and flee for your life before your pursuers come up.'

Elfi did as she advised, and escaped his pursuers. But when Osman heard of his enemy's safety, he summoned the Sheikh, and asked him angrily why he had let him go.

The Sheikh for answer drew a jewelled dagger

from his girdle, and gave it to the Bey. 'This dagger,' he cried, 'was your gift to me, Osman Bardissy, when I stood well in your favour. If I had taken Elfi Bey, it would have rid you of your foe, but if my wife had refused hospitality to the stranger who ate my bread, I would have slain her with this same dagger; and now you may use it to kill me myself,' he added, as he flung the gift at the Bey's feet.

J. H.

'WITHOUT FEAR AND WITHOUT REPROACH.'

Tales of the famous Knight, Bayard.

III.—THE BATTLE OF BINASCO.



WHEN the Duchy of Milan rose under Ludovic Sforza against the French, who were then masters of it, the King sent a large and powerful army under the Count of Ligny to subdue the rebellious province.

Bayard at this time was in Italy, having obtained the King's leave to remain there after an unimportant campaign in which he had served under Ligny, and had been fortunate enough to distinguish himself by capturing one of the enemy's banners. It had long been Bayard's ambition to test his own courage and strength in battle, and now that he had seen a little fighting he was the more eager for the fray, and the prospect of a really great war against the enemies of his King and country was gladly welcomed by him.

When Ligny arrived from France on this new enterprise, Bayard, with some companions, was quartered about twenty miles from Milan, the capital of Lombardy, which Ludovic Sforza, calling himself Duke of Milan, had lately seized.

The young knights were anxiously awaiting orders to proceed to battle when one day the news reached them that a force of about three hundred of the enemy's horse were encamped at Binasco, a town some miles from Milan.

Here was the longed-for opportunity, and Bayard was not slow to seize it.

'What say you?' he asked his companions 'Shall we pay these rascals a visit?'

'With all our hearts,' they answered.

So it came about that some forty or fifty knights set out on their perilous adventure with Bayard at their head.

Meanwhile, the captain of the Italian force, Giovanni Cazachio, had learned from his spies of the proposed attack, and took up a strong position outside the little town, where he and his men awaited the arrival of Bayard and his companions. No sooner had they come in sight than Cazachio and his soldiers raised their war-cry of 'Moor! Moor!' (Ludovic Sforza was nick-named 'the Moor')

because of his dark complexion). They were immediately answered by the 'France! France!' of Bayard's company, and both sides charged at full speed. Fierce indeed was the fray; at the very first shock many good knights were thrown from the saddle, and not a few were killed. Bayard, at the head of his tiny force, seemed a very lion of strength and courage, and his companions, inspired by his example, fought no less bravely.

For an hour the tide of battle flowed first one way and then another without any definite result, while the form of the dauntless young French leader showed continually where the fight raged most furiously.

At last, when his patience was worn out, eager for the victory his handful of followers so well deserved, Bayard raised his voice and called on his knights to make short work of the Lombards.

'What, comrades!' he cried, 'shall we allow these fellows to keep us here all day? Courage! let us finish them off and be done with them! France! France!'

His little force redoubled their efforts, and with renewed shouts of 'France!' they charged again and again, with so determined a front that the hosts of the enemy scattered before them like chaff before the wind, and fled across country in the direction of Milan. Cheering and shouting, the little company of valiant Frenchmen pursued them to the very walls of the town, from which they at last fell back, warned of their danger by repeated cries of 'Turn! turn!' from the most experienced of their number.

But Bayard, following fast on the enemy's heels, had no ears for the timely warning of his friends, and galloped alone into the town, driving the fugitives before him to the very gates of the palace itself. Here, after a gallant fight in the open square before the gates, he was surrounded and overpowered, and was disarmed and made the prisoner of Cazachio.

The Lombard captain was astonished beyond measure when Bayard's armour was removed. 'This terrible pursuer was a knight so young and slim that he seemed a mere boy!' Cazachio was a man of honour and courage himself, and his admiration for such daring was great, so that he would willingly have returned his arms to Bayard and bid him go free.

But this was not to be, for Ludovic Sforza had heard the tumult caused by the flight of Cazachio into the town, and Bayard's capture outside his palace. He inquired of one of his body-guard, 'What means this uproar?'

'My Lord Duke,' the man answered, 'a young French knight, at whose courage every one is amazed, has routed the forces of Cazachio and pursued them, alone out of all his company, to the palace gates, where he has just been made prisoner.'

'Bid the Captain Cazachio bring him hither,' replied the Duke.

The message was brought immediately to Cazachio, who, knowing Ludovic's ways with prisoners, was disturbed by the fear that this brave young knight, who deserved a much more noble fate, would be condemned and assassinated by the bloodthirsty Sforza. However, nothing remained but to obey orders, and Cazachio, having lent clean garments to

his young prisoner, whose own were stained and torn by the fray, led him into the presence of Ludovic Sforza.

'Young man,' said Ludovic, astonished at Bayard's youthfulness, 'come here and tell me what has brought you to this town.'

'Sir,' Bayard answered quite simply and boldly, 'I had no idea that I was alone, and thought my companions were close behind me. But they are more used than I am to the ways of war, and were wise enough to fall back and escape being made prisoners. As for me, in my mishap, I thank Heaven that I have fallen into the hands of one so honest and brave as my captor.'

The Duke could not help being struck by the gallant bearing and fearless speech of Bayard. He proceeded to question him as to the size and strength of the French army.

'Sir,' said the young knight, 'I think there are no more than fourteen or fifteen hundred gentlemen at arms, and from sixteen to eighteen hundred foot soldiers. But they are every one picked men, and determined to make the Duchy submit to the King, their master. And you, sir, will be safer in Germany than here, for your forces, however numerous they may be, cannot possibly resist ours.'

The Duke could not conceal his amusement at Bayard's answer.

'Indeed, young sir,' said he, 'I must differ from you in your opinion. There is nothing that I and my army more eagerly desire than a meeting with the forces of the King of France.'

'I, too, desire nothing better,' replied Bayard, 'provided that I am not in prison and unable to strike a blow for my King.'

'Set your mind at rest on that point,' replied Sforza, delighted at the youth's high spirit. 'You are free. Ask of me any favour and I will grant it to you.'

'Sir,' Bayard made answer, as he bent his knee in thanks, 'your generosity is worthy of you. I can ask no greater favour than that my horse and my arms may be restored to me, and that you will permit a guide to accompany me to the garrison where I am quartered. And believe me that if ever I can do you a service, saving my honour and my loyalty to my King and country, I am at your command.'

His horse and arms were then restored to him by Cazachio, who was well pleased at the turn affairs had taken, and Bayard, arming himself, vaulted with such ease into the saddle that his foot did not touch the stirrup.

'My lord,' said he to Sforza, 'I can only thank you for your courtesy. God will reward you for it.'

With these words he turned his horse's head towards the gates and in a moment was gone.

'Faith,' said Ludovic, as he watched him depart, 'if all Frenchmen are like this one, my affairs will prosper ill;' and he entered his house full of doubt and wonder.

In the meantime, the French were lamenting Bayard's capture, and spoke of him as foolhardy and childish for running such a risk. Great was their amazement when the subject of their talk rode into their midst, and presented himself to his general, the Count of Ligny.



“‘Sir,’ said Bayard, ‘I desire no greater favour than that my horse and my arms may be restored to me.’”

‘What, Piquet!’ cried the Count, ‘you here? How have you paid your ransom? I was about to send a herald with it to escort you back!’

‘I thank you, sir,’ said Bayard, ‘as indeed I ought, but Ludovic has rivalled even your generosity, and has saved you any such trouble by setting me free without any ransom at all.’

One can imagine how eager were the congratulations with which this piece of news was received, and how warm was the welcome with which Bayard met, when by the camp fire that night he sat down once more among his comrades to talk over the adventure of the Battle of Binasco.



LIZARD-HUNTERS.

SOME of the most remarkable creatures of hot countries are the Lizards or Saurians. They vary in size and habits, though they all have a family likeness. We have in the crocodile an instance of a large aquatic species, and, in the Gecko tribe, of the smaller abundant kinds which are active on land. Geckos are supposed to be so called because

they make a shrill sound which is like the word. Generally, lizards have four legs, but a few possess hind legs upon which they cannot stand; they all show tails, thickened at the base. Several are so long and slim-bodied that they have been taken for small snakes. More marvellous than any lizards now discoverable alive, were some of the kinds

which no longer exist, such as the pterodactyls, which were winged, and could fly or perch in trees like birds, while they could also crawl, or run rapidly.

England has its small lizards; we sometimes see some of them along the hedgerows, but nobody thinks of eating them. Natives of other countries do so occasionally, and regard them as very good food.

Major McNair tells us he made acquaintance with some lizard-eaters in the Punjab, belonging to a low-caste tribe, who go hunting for a sort which they call *sanah*. It abounds on the dry plains, living upon insects, and though usually slow in its movements, if alarmed it can hurry along for some distance. To protect themselves, at times, from birds and snakes, these lizards dig burrows in the sand or clay, which go straight for a short distance and then turn off to the right or left. Now and then a lizard will be found to have blocked the mouth of its hole with mud, to keep out any intruder. The colour of the *sanah* is much like that of the earth upon which it dwells; it is about ten inches long, very rough, the head roundish, with rather bright eyes, its tail long and spiny; not uncommonly one of them may be seen backing out of its hole, the thorny tail first.

The hunters of this lizard, who belong to a tribe called Chooras, are so fond of it that they take much trouble to get as many as they can, and seldom come back from the plains unsuccessful, though they may have to hunt a good while. It is their plan to seek the lizards in daylight, when they are generally lurking near their holes. Their equipment for a lizard expedition is a strong girdle, a coarse bag, a stout mallet, and a pointed piece of hard wood.

Reaching a likely spot, the men first advance cautiously, and, if lizards are about, they watch them retreating to their holes, and also search for holes where the lizards may be at home. The next thing is to strike heavily upon the ground near the opening, which sends the sand in so that the animal cannot escape. Then the lizard is drawn from its retreat by making a hole with the pointed stick, the captures being carried home in the girdles or bags.

Sometimes they boil these lizards, and eat them with curry, or they may bake them; occasionally, after being dried in the sun, they are kept for the use of those travelling. From the body is also obtained an oil or salve, which is applied to the skin, in the belief that it gives strength and power to persons who are weak through illness. The lizard's skin, suitably prepared, makes purses or small wallets.

J. R. S. C.

SIX LINES OF WISDOM.

BEAR to be beaten; soothe the pain,
Remembering it is thy brother's gain;
A fool can know success is sweet,
It takes a man to hail defeat.
Lose well; and losing win a prize
Beyond all words—like sunset skies.

THE SIBYL OF ST. PIERRE.

(Continued from page 96.)

CHAPTER XIII.



THE cabin at Black Rock stood in a small enclosure which had once boasted a gate. Nothing remained of this now, however, saving one fragment of a rusty hinge, and the tiny garden patch lay unprotected from the incursions of any chance comer, whether beast or human being.

A cocoanut tree and two bread-fruit trees shaded the tiny dwelling, making a pleasant canopy to shelter Mother Maddy from the fierce glare of the sun, when she chooses to leave the stuffy interior of her small habitation and to sit out of doors.

She was squatting beside a kettle containing her dinner, which was bubbling over a little fire of sticks made in the enclosure before the door, and was intently conning that same manuscript book which Andrew so ardently desired to possess.

At the sound of merry voices and laughter, however, she rose stiffly, and thrusting the volume out of sight in the rags covering her bosom, stood leaning on her staff, awaiting the approach of her visitors. She looked even more worn and fragile than when, at carnival time, she had braved the fury of the mob, lashed to madness by her prophecies of coming disaster. But in the fierce eyes hidden away under her bushy eyebrows there was a light of steady purpose which somehow belied Gusty's assertion concerning her speedy demise.

Kitty and Roddy reached the cabin first, and saluted the old woman in the off-hand manner peculiar to their kind, asking questions about the fire and the pot, and displaying keen interest in a new adornment she was wearing, of gold and silver coins threaded on a cord and bound about her head.

'What makes you so poor, Mother Maddy, when you have all that money hanging in your hair?' demanded the practical Kitty, as she surveyed the miserable rags which scarcely covered the old woman's shrunken limbs.

But before Mother Maddy had thought of a suitable reply Alice appeared in sight, and she turned from the children to greet the young lady, with a curious change coming into her face and figure.

Instead of stiff erectness, there was a cringing, pleading wistfulness about her form, and a yearning, appealing look in her face, which went straight to the heart of Alice, who was pitiful and kind, as all good girls should be.

'Gusty came to tell us how ill you are, and I came off at once to bring you something nice,' she said, with a nod and a bright smile, as she lifted the lid of the little covered basket, showing the dainty food within.

'I am not ill in body, only in mind, and the heart within me is sick even unto death, only I cannot die,' the old woman replied sadly, whilst an unwonted tear gathered in each eye, then rolled slowly down her wrinkled cheeks.

'What is your trouble? Try to tell me—then perhaps we can help you in some way,' Alice said gently, greatly relieved to find the old woman only melancholy, and not violent as she had feared.

'I have warned the people, and they will not believe. I have spoken good words to them, and they will not heed. Yet when destruction drops upon them, like the lightning from the thick cloud, they will howl and cry, saying no voice was uplifted to warn them,' the old woman said, lifting up her hands with tragic gestures, and pitching her voice in the shrill, high key peculiar to her when greatly excited.

'Then, if they will not listen, why wear out your strength in warnings that are useless?' asked Alice in soothing tones, anxious to allay the rising excitement.

'Because the time is drawing near, and every day brings the fulfilment closer at hand. Missy Alice, you are bonny, and you are true, yet the heart within you is as far from me as the heart of the veriest unbeliever who ever harkened to my words,' she said, pointing a withered finger at the girl, who had hard work to keep from shrinking back in visible alarm.

'Perhaps, Mother Maddy, I might believe in your prophecy if only I knew what it was,' she answered bravely, though her rising colour and quick, panting breath displayed her inward agitation.

The old woman flung up her hands with a moan of pain, then asked in a fierce tone, 'Would you believe me if I told you the moon should be darkened, day be turned into the blackest night, and even the pure wind of heaven turned into a poison-blast that brings death to thousands?'

'I should want to know first what evidence you have of such a terrible disaster,' Alice replied, the warm red of her face changing to white at the lurid picture.

'For years I have feared its coming, but its nearness I failed to learn until just before the happy time of carnival,' Mother Maddy said, her shrill, strident voice getting entangled in a sob.

'How did you find it out?' Alice asked, anxious to humour the poor old crone by letting her tell her story of the evil she feared.

'Years and years ago a wise man dwelt in Martinique,' began the sibyl, with an intonation which implied, she thought, very little of the wisdom and learning of the island's present-day inhabitants.

'Yes?' Alice nodded encouragement to her to proceed, at the same time glancing round with an anxious wonder where Kitty and Roddy had run off to, reflecting, however, that it might be quite as well for their juvenile nerves to be spared Mother Maddy's harrowing recitals.

'This man,' continued the old woman, dropping her strident voice to an impressive undertone, 'was learned in the lore of the mountains and the hidden forces pent up in their lofty peaks. He tramped the island from Pelée to the Pitons, exploring all the dark valleys and gorges, listening to the sounds of earthquake rumbling in the deep caverns hidden away in the hills, and then he lighted on the cave of the Demon's Mouth, tasting the icy cold waters in the little pool, and taking note of the yellow splash on the roof above.'

'But the water at the Demon's Mouth isn't cool, it is horribly hot,' corrected Alice with a shiver, thinking of poor Derry's plunge into its yellow depths.

'It was cold, icy cold,' asserted the sibyl, with mournful emphasis. 'And the wise man said that if ever the water grew warm and thick and yellow then must the people of Martinique beware, for the pool was the child of the mountain, and as the child, so would the parent be.'

Alice shivered until her teeth chattered, it was all so realistic and terrible, whilst the solemnity of Mother Maddy's manner carried conviction with it.

The cabin at Black Rock was so situated that in a break between the magnolia-covered hills the cloud-capped crest of Pelée was plainly visible. The girl's gaze turned towards it now, whilst all the powers of reason within her did battle against the probability of Mother Maddy's prophecy being true.

Was it fancy, or did the clouds really cluster closer about the mountain peak to-day? Alice remembered how she used to think that Pelée reached to heaven, and that dying was but to scramble up the emerald slopes of the mountain, and enter in at the golden gates of Paradise. But she was a little child then, and ignorant of all the terrible possibilities pent up in those towering heights.

'You are beginning to believe?' asked the old woman in a glad whisper, whilst the weird light in her eyes softened into a pitiful yearning gaze as she saw how troubled Alice had become.

'Oh, I do not want to believe—it is too awful!' cried the girl.

'That is what they say, those careless ones who sit at ease. Then, when I sound the note of coming woe, they rise in anger and try to kill me for disturbing their peace.'

'Tell me more. When will it come, this disaster which you fear?' Alice interrupted feverishly.

'I do not know. It may be to-morrow, or next week, a month hence, or even a year. But however it may tarry, it must shortly come, for the wise man's words will of a verity be fulfilled that when the Demon's Mouth spits steam and scalding water, then will Pelée smoke and swallow the town,' said Mother Maddy, tossing her arms up and shrieking out the weird prophecy at the top of her shrill, high-pitched voice.

Before Alice could answer, Kitty and Roddy came rushing back at a break-neck rate, crying out in a frightened, incoherent fashion that the plantation hands were coming up the hill, armed with knives and machetes, to kill Mother Maddy for having looked with an evil eye on Bimbo.

'Nonsense, you silly children—they must have been looking for a big snake!' Alice cried, sharply, quite unable to bring herself to believe that the children could have heard aright.

'It is quite true, Alice. And listen, here they come,' said Kitty, turning pale and clinging to her sister's frock, as a murmur of voices and the subdued thud of unshod feet were heard coming up the hill towards the cabin under Black Rock.

Roddy burst into a howl, and flung himself into the arms of Alice, but Mother Maddy stood stiff and rigid, like a figure carved in stone.

(Continued at page 110.)



“‘The wise men said if ever the water grew warm and thick and yellow, then must the people of Martinique beware,’ answered the Sibyl.”



“ ‘Corporal of the guard, I am the new recruit.’ ”

THE MAJOR'S SNAILS.



H! gasped Jean, 'it's a fine thing to be a soldier!'

He was an overgrown country lad who had come to the market town to sell a few sheep for his father, and when taking his ticket at the station he had been much impressed by the fact that a showily dressed dragoon had only had to pay about one-third of the fare for the

ticket for which Jean himself had just been charged the full amount. 'It's a fine thing to be a soldier!' he repeated. 'That's the life for me! A grand uniform, and everything half-price!'

He felt even more convinced of this on the following day. The autumn manoeuvres were on, and as Jean was carting turf in the field he heard a clattering of horses' hoofs down the lane, and a company of dragoons dashed past—lances flying, arms glittering—all perfectly dazzling to the simple country lad. He must be a dragoon!

To make a long story short—he enlisted, and one morning found himself before the open door of the guard-room of a certain Dragoon regiment. His heart beat a little as his eye caught through the doorway a vision of soldiers sitting and talking to each other in somewhat subdued tones, and at the further end of the dingy room a man—whom Jean took for an officer, but who was in fact the Corporal of the Guard—a very grand man indeed, at any rate in his own estimation, with his waxed moustaches, his well-polished boots, and his tall figure, well set off by the handsome uniform he wore.

'Now for it!' said Jean to himself as he presented himself in the doorway, and taking off his round cap, said politely, 'Good morning, gentlemen all. I am the new recruit!'

The Corporal put down the newspaper he had been reading, and glared at the new-comer.

'What's your name?' he said fiercely.

'Jean Chapet, at your service,' answered Jean trembling, he hardly knew why.

'Then, Jean Chapet, I have to inform you that one does not enter a guard-room as if it were a public inn. Go out this instant, and come in properly. Say "Corporal of the guard, I am the new recruit!" Now then, sharp.'

Jean obediently did as he was told. He left the room, and re-entering said humbly enough, 'Corporal of the guard, I am the new recruit!'

He was, however, considerably taken aback when the Corporal in reply shouted out, 'What do I care whether you are the new recruit or an old deserter! Sit on that bench there, and wait for the officer of the week.'

One of the men, after eyeing Jean from top to toe, now came up, and asked incredulously, 'Did you volunteer to serve?'

'Yes,' said Jean, beginning to feel he had done something stupid.

'For five years,' answered Jean.

'For five years!' exclaimed the dragoon, slapping his sides, with derisive laughter. 'Five years, mates!' he repeated for the benefit of the company generally. 'He is a greenhorn!'

The men all burst out laughing, as if this were a truly excellent joke, and only stopped at the entry of an officer—a dapper little man, with a glass in his eye, and a big sword dangling by his side.

'Got any prisoners, Corporal?' he inquired. 'Some one extra is wanted at the stables.'

'Prisoners?—no, Captain, there are none in the guard-room to-day; but here is the new recruit—he can't begin soldiering too early. Will he do?' said the Corporal, pointing out Jean.

'Oh, yes, he will do, Corporal—send him,' said the Captain, without so much as deigning to glance at Jean.

(Concluded at page 114.)

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

19.—GEOGRAPHICAL CHARADE.

An ancient city, wall'd around,
Where relics of old times are found;
With bridge and castle, cross and fane,
And many a place of work and gain;
Where British and where Roman hands
Have wrought of old; where fighting bands
In civil strife have done their worst;
Find out its name—for 'tis my first.

Our happy childhood's dear delight,
The scene of many a gambol bright;
A restful spot for young and old,
In spring-time gay with green and gold;
My second may be seen each day
By those who tread the King's highway.

A noble lord, who wrote advice
In style most polish'd and precise;
An upper garment worn by those
Whom fashion guides in choice of clothes;
Another town, of good repute:
All these in turn my whole will suit.

C. J. B.

20.—HISTORICAL ANAGRAMS.

1. LIGHTNING fore lance, E. An illustrious lady who tended sick soldiers.
2. Roll me, evil crow. A statesman and ruler who refused to wear a crown.
3. Ape on, no noble part, A. A great emperor who caused the deaths of multitudes of men.
4. He starts a curl. A monarch who was deprived of life by his own people.
5. Come at basket, H. An archbishop who was murdered in a cathedral.
6. Sot suit tea. An impostor who ruined many innocent persons.

C. J. B.

21.—METAGRAMS.

1. An outer covering of certain fruits.
2. The intellectual part of man.
3. Benevolent.
4. To make prisoner, to tie.

22.—RHYMING PUZZLE.

I AM a word of five letters, rhyming with rain.

1. Am I a means of travelling? No, not a —
2. A carpenter's tool? No, not a —
3. A weight-lifter? No, not a —
4. A country of Southern Europe? No, not —
5. To pretend? No, not to —
6. To rule? No, not to —
7. A sanitary contrivance? No, not a —
8. Killed completely? No, not —
9. To clarify? No, not to —
10. An injury to the muscles? No, not a —
11. The organ of thought? No, not the —
12. A mark, or blot? No, not a —
13. A young countryman? Yes, I am a —

C. J. B.

[Answers at page 123.]

ANSWERS.

16.—The Guinea-pig (which has no tail).

- | | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|-----------|
| 17.—1. Bohemia. | 7. Ladoga. | |
| 2. Crete. | 8. Morecambe Bay. | |
| 3. Derbyshire. | 9. Roumania. | |
| 4. Nevada. | 10. Rotterdam. | |
| 5. Grantham. | 11. Leamington. | |
| 6. Hurstmonceaux. | 12. Southwark. | |
| 18.—1. Trap. | 4. Trent. | 7. Wheel. |
| 2. Brook. | 5. Wheat. | 8. House. |
| 3. Shark. | 6. Spike. | 9. Scot. |

HOW A MASSACRE WAS PREVENTED.

DURING the reign of Queen Mary it was proposed to execute a number of rebels in Ireland, and a certain Dr. Cole was entrusted with a dispatch to this effect. He set out with his dispatch-box at once, and on his way stopped at Chester, where he put up for the night at an inn kept by a Mr. Edwards and his wife. His presence was announced to the Mayor of the town, who at once came to pay his respects to the Queen's messenger.

The doctor was rather garrulous and self-important, and he was so full of his mission that he opened the dispatch-box and showed the Mayor his orders, saying that a number of the Queen's enemies were to be executed. Mrs. Edwards was in the room at the time, and was struck with horror when she remembered that her own brother, who lived in Dublin, was one of those on whom the blow would fall. She seized the opportunity which occurred a few minutes after, when Dr. Cole left the room for a moment to escort the Mayor out of the house, to remove the packet of letters from the box and substitute for it an old pack of cards.

The next morning Dr. Cole went on his journey, and reached Dublin in safety, without again looking at his dispatches. But when he came to open the box before the Lord Deputy and the Privy Council, imagine his surprise and confusion when he found

nothing but a well-worn pack of cards! In vain he protested that he had had the dispatches, and told their contents. The authorities could do nothing without a surer authority than his word, and he was obliged to go back to London for fresh orders.

But now the good result of Mrs. Edwards' trick was apparent. In his absence Queen Mary had died, and Elizabeth was on the throne. The new Queen thought differently on the matter, and Dr. Cole got no further orders. A little while afterwards the mystery was unravelled, and Mrs. Edwards was rewarded by a pension of forty pounds a year for life, for an action which, in the former reign, would most probably have brought her to the stake.

J. H.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

True Tales of the year 1804.

IV.—THE FAITHFUL MOTHER.



AN extraordinary instance of motherly love was shown in May, 1804, near Carlisle. A farmer's boy, as boys will, went birds'-nesting, and succeeded in finding the nest of a thrush, or song-thrush, with three young birds in it. He had to drive the mother-bird away to reach the nest, and, not content with taking one or two or even all the eggs, he took the nest, birds

and all, and prepared to carry it off with him to his home, a couple of miles away.

The old bird, who of course flew off the nest at his approach, had already shown her displeasure at the intruder's boldness by loud chattering, and had even ventured to peck at the boy's hands and flap her wings in his face. But when she saw that her efforts were of no avail, and that her loved young ones were being cruelly carried off before her eyes, her cries became heart-rending. She followed the robber, flying all round and over him with increasing boldness, and even attempting to sit in the nest as he carried it.

The boy at last grew weary of avoiding the mother-thrush's attempts at rescue, and put down the nest to see what would happen. In a moment the bird had dropped into it and was once more sitting among her young ones. There she stayed until her enemy once more picked up the nest, though she allowed him almost to lay his hand on her before she moved.

This manœuvre was repeated several times on the way to the farm-house, and all attempts to get rid of the bird proved fruitless. At length, however, she was obliged to desist for a time, for the boy arrived at his home and took the nest inside, laying it on a window-ledge, where it could be seen but not reached by the poor mother. She waited her time, nevertheless, until the window happened to be opened, and then she at once flew in and settled on the nest once more.



"The old bird followed the robber."

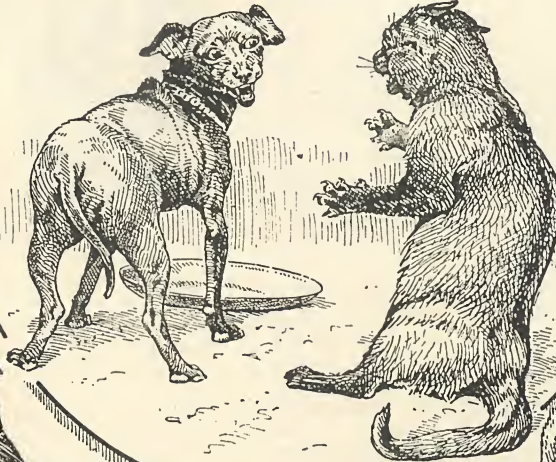
Constancy such as this deserved to be rewarded, and the nest was put outside again, near the house, where the faithful mother could be seen rearing her young ones until they were old enough to find another home.

The thrush, one of the finest English song-birds, is also one of the most rapid builders, and often makes

two or three nests and brings up as many families in the course of a single season, so that one might not expect to find maternal love very strongly developed. What makes this instance more remarkable is the fact that the thrush, though common enough, is usually very shy of approaching human beings too closely.

A
CAT & DOG
LIFE

"YOU SEE, HE DRANK MY MILK, AND I LOST
MY TEMPER, AND —



OF COURSE —

WE PARTED
IN ANGER,
BUT —



— HE BEGGED MY PARDON,

AND —



— WE ARE BETTER FRIENDS THAN EVER."

CHAUCER'S BIRDS AND FLOWERS.

CHAUCER has been called the father of British poetry; and though there were notable poets before him, he has a special position in the long line. He lived five hundred years ago, but his work is fresh still, and he had a sharp eye for the beauties of nature. Certainly, he spent most of his time in London or its suburbs; yet his house in Aldgate, during the fourteenth century, was not far from many trees and gardens, as London was then; it is said, too, that he often went along the Strand, to the little village of Charing, or to rural Westminster. Here he ended his life, in a little abode under the shadow of the Abbey.

Chaucer seems to have loved the daisy above all the other wild flowers which he knew, growing as it did in the meadows about London. It is strange that he should never have named the primrose or the violet. Probably he was drawn to the 'sweet' daisy—the eye of day, as he calls it—by the history of the plant. He had read the French romances, in which this flower was taken as an emblem of true love, and it was also linked with Marguerite de Valois, a much-admired French princess. In his 'Priest's Tale,' Chaucer names several herbs and trees which were beautiful or useful: the laurel, or sweet bay, which afforded a fragrant oil and a perfumed water, its berries being good against pestilence, or the bites of venomous creatures.

He describes a centaury, evidently the pretty pink kind, common about some of our woods. 'This is wholesome, but not at all toothsome,' writes he.

The wild fumitory he names as used against witchcraft, the fumes of the burning plant being supposed to drive away evil spirits. We discover from a passing remark that Chaucer was acquainted with the fact that the juice of a dock-leaf, well rubbed in, relieved the pain caused by nettle-stings. 'Catapuce' is rather puzzling; it seems to be the caper spurge, a species full of milky juice, which is caustic and poisonous. Under the name of gater or gatre berries, he mentions the fruits of the wild cornel, the dogwood of the hedgerows, a shrub which our ancestors used for several purposes. The valerian he calls 'setewall,' and joins it with the common liquorice, the roots of both making a good drink for coughs.

Chaucer must have well known the city sparrows, the ancestors of those which are noisy now in the planes and elms, and that live on amid the smoke. He heard birds, as he tells us, singing upon the tiles over his chamber—not chirping merely—in the early mornings of spring; their notes reminded him of the angels.

Our poet liked the 'small fowles' (fowls, i.e., birds). He speaks of the robin by its old name of ruddock, and he also names the dove, the throstle, and the nightingale. Amongst the larger species, the owl, the crow, the swan, and the falcon attracted him, and he expresses the pleasure he found in seeing Chanticleer, red-combed, walking with his party of hens. Chaucer also refers to the ponds full of fish, which he saw in some gardens, and in his time there were plenty of deer in St. James's Park.

J. R. S. C.

THE SIBYL OF ST. PIERRE.

(Continued from page 103.)

CHAPTER XIV.



MAURICE was feeling more worried than he had even chosen to admit to Alice, for plantation feeling about the disappearance of Bimbo was running very high indeed, and at any moment the smouldering fire might break into open flame.

No trace of Bimbo could be found anywhere. He had just dropped his shovel and disappeared as utterly as if the ground had opened and swallowed him. There was money owing to him, but he had not claimed it. Nor had he returned to the wife and three black babies who waited so vainly for his coming.

How much Maurice longed for his father's riper judgment at this juncture no one could even guess, for he was careful not to burden Alice with more troubles than he could help, and Andrew had been detained in St. Pierre for the last two nights, owing to the dangerous illness of M. Duval, his employer.

He had not even the comfort of a neighbour close at hand to consult in an emergency, for most of the plantations lying nearest to Glen Rosa were in the control of syndicates, and managed by coloured overseers; whilst M. Fausset, the planter who had undertaken the care of the sugar-pressing for Mr. Rowan, was a hard-headed, hard-hearted little Frenchman, who would have probably suggested shooting Mother Maddy as the best way out of the trouble.

So great had been the murmuring against the old woman on that particular morning that voices were not even hushed when Massa Maurice was by, a sure and certain sign that the trouble was on the point of overflowing into actual hostile demonstration.

A quiet, indolent race were those dwellers in the fair Caribbees, light-hearted and happy when things went well, and not easily stirred to anger. But sometimes when, as now, a great provocation came upon them, they would be caught in a whirlwind of rage, rising in the fierceness of their ungoverned passions, and utterly destroying the object of offence.

It was such an outburst that Maurice was fearing now, and his errand back to the house, when he met Alice and the two children on their way to the cabin at Black Rock, was to get his father's six-chambered revolver, which he intended to wear openly in his belt, as an intimation that he was not to be trifled with.

During his absence, brief though it was, the crisis came, for Bimbo's wife, a copper-coloured giantess, came rushing into the cane-piece, where the hands were working, a wailing infant at her breast, two toddlers clinging to her scanty, bright-hued petticoat, whilst she shouted in her high-pitched treble for

vengeance on the witch who had destroyed her husband.

It was just the final touch which fired the train. Teresa had rushed shrieking into their midst day by day, yet they had not risen before, because the sense of provocation had not been sufficient to stir their lethargic natures into action.

But to-day was different. And when Teresa in her shrill treble proclaimed that the babe was dying because the evil eye of the witch had fallen upon it, every worker, black and coloured, seized the first weapon which came to hand, and shouted with a great shout that they would go and kill the witch.

Maurice heard the shout just as he emerged from the lemon orchard with the revolver stuck in his belt, and hurrying up the rise took the next slope at a run, hoping that he might be in time to avert the catastrophe he feared.

He could hear the shrieks of Teresa, and the lusty crying of the black baby, rising above the angry murmur of the hot-headed sympathisers, but he could not reach them in time to turn them from their purpose, for in going for a weapon he had been left in the lurch and could only follow in the rear, when he should have met them from the front.

Suddenly he remembered that Alice and the little ones had gone to see Mother Maddy that morning, and at the recollection a groan of anguish burst from his lips.

He had heard stories in plenty of deeds of violence committed by field hands under the influence of a wave of passion like this, and had often shivered over recitals of how they mowed down every obstacle that stood in the way of their vengeance.

If Alice was there when they reached Mother Maddy's cabin she would boldly array herself on the old woman's side, and dare any of the infuriated mob to lift so much as a finger against the helpless old woman who had so enraged them.

The thought of it gave wings to the feet of Maurice, as he tore along the track through the cane-brake, his gasping breath showing how great was the effort he was making in that torrid heat.

'O God, let me be in time!' he kept crying in his heart, as he forced his way along the weed-encumbered path, a grim thought lying behind his frenzied prayer, that if he arrived too late for succour he yet would be in time for revenge, should any ill have befallen his sister.

He had hitherto been guided by the shouting, and the lusty yelling of Teresa's babies, but all that clamour had ceased now, and he could hear nothing saving the rattling of the bamboos as they shivered in the hot breeze, and the shrieking of a family of macaws discussing fruit prospects on the topmost branch of a banyan-tree.

Did it mean that the enraged mob had achieved their revenge, or what?

Maurice stopped suddenly, whilst a wall of blackness gathered before his eyes, blotting out the sunshine and the happy fields basking in its warmth and gladness. There was a surging in his ears, too, like the sound of many waters, and a sick giddiness made him stagger and reel like a person in an earthquake shock. He was very close to the cabin now: a dozen

steps or so further on and he would be in full view of it, and of all which might be happening there.

But he could not—dared not—take that dozen steps, through fear of what might stand revealed.

'What a miserable, wretched coward I must be!' he exclaimed, as he struggled with his weakness, and strained his ears for some sound which should give him courage to go on.

'Do you call yourselves men, and yet come with knives and *machetes* to harm a helpless woman, whose only crime is that she is old and feeble?' asked a stern young voice, in sharp clear accents, breaking the silence which had so unnerved and frightened Maurice.

The sound restored his strength like magic. 'I am coming, Alice!' he shouted, sending his voice forward with a glad confident ring which was a thanksgiving in itself, and then he ran on over those dozen fateful steps, and round the corner into full view of the fenced enclosure before Mother Maddy's abode.

He had not come too soon, for the angry crowd, silenced at first by the fearless front presented by Alice, and cowed by her taunting, ringing scorn, were beginning to murmur loudly at this unexpected obstacle in the way of their desires, and to edge nearer the little group with a threatening menace in their attitude.

It was such a feeble force that opposed itself against their bristling *machetes* and glittering harvest knives. Alice stood in front, shielding Mother Maddy behind her back, with Kitty white-faced but dry-eyed clinging to one hand and Roddy holding fast to the other.

No one had heard Maurice shouting in the rear; perhaps his voice had not been as loud as in his own ears it had seemed; no one dreamed that succour was near, and emboldened by the frail character of the defence opposed to them, the angry plantation hands were gradually moving closer up, urged on by the furious Teresa, who was bidding them push the white missy aside and kill the witch without delay.

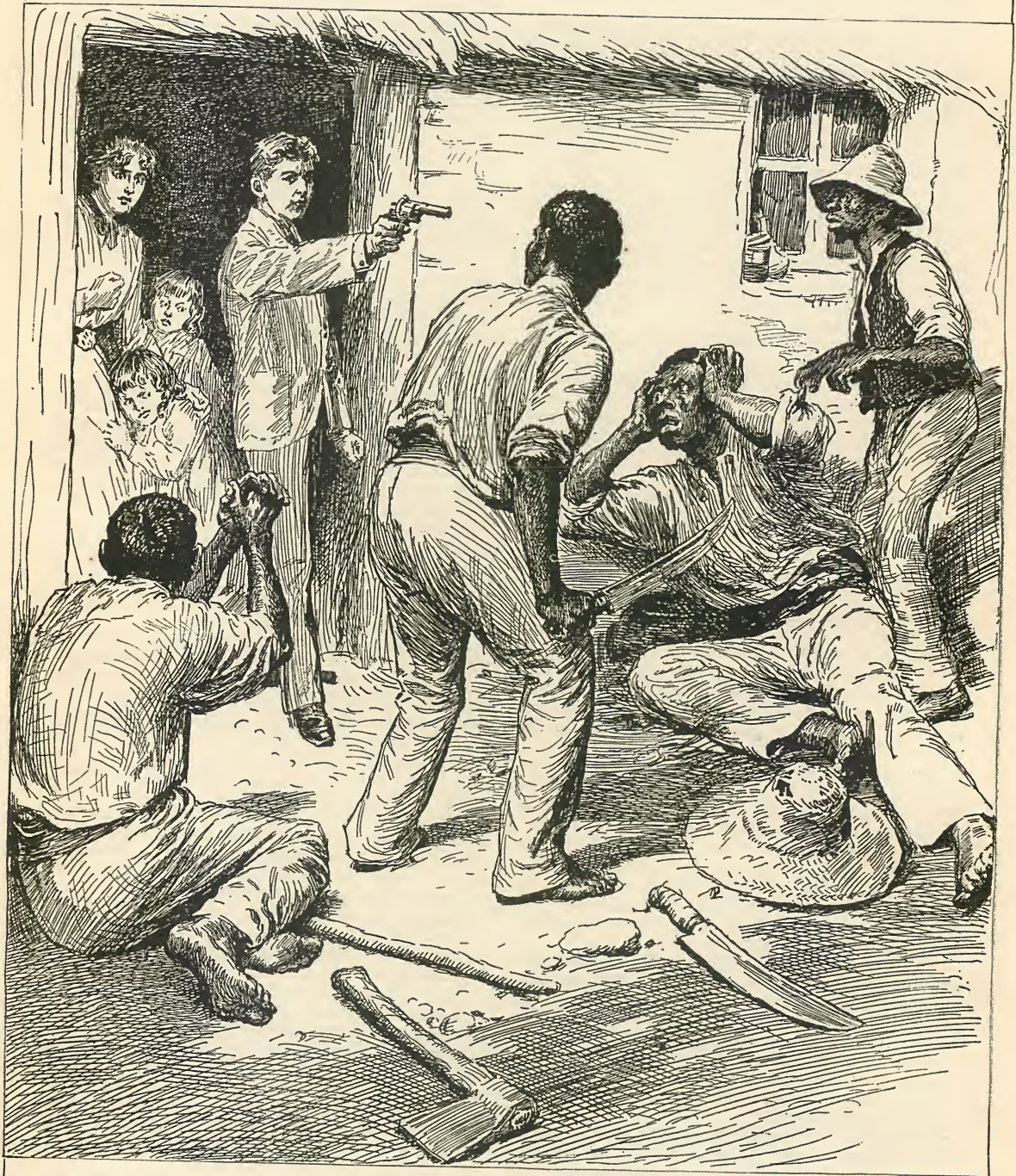
'Do you hear, children, they will hurt Mother Maddy if you do not cling closely to her. Be brave, darlings, and God will help us to save her,' said Alice, in clear ringing tones, and the two little ones, reassured by the confidence in her tones, clung with all their might to the scanty rags covering the old woman's trembling form.

'God will not save her; the witch must die!' shrieked Teresa, flinging up her unhappy infant until it yelled with fright and pain.

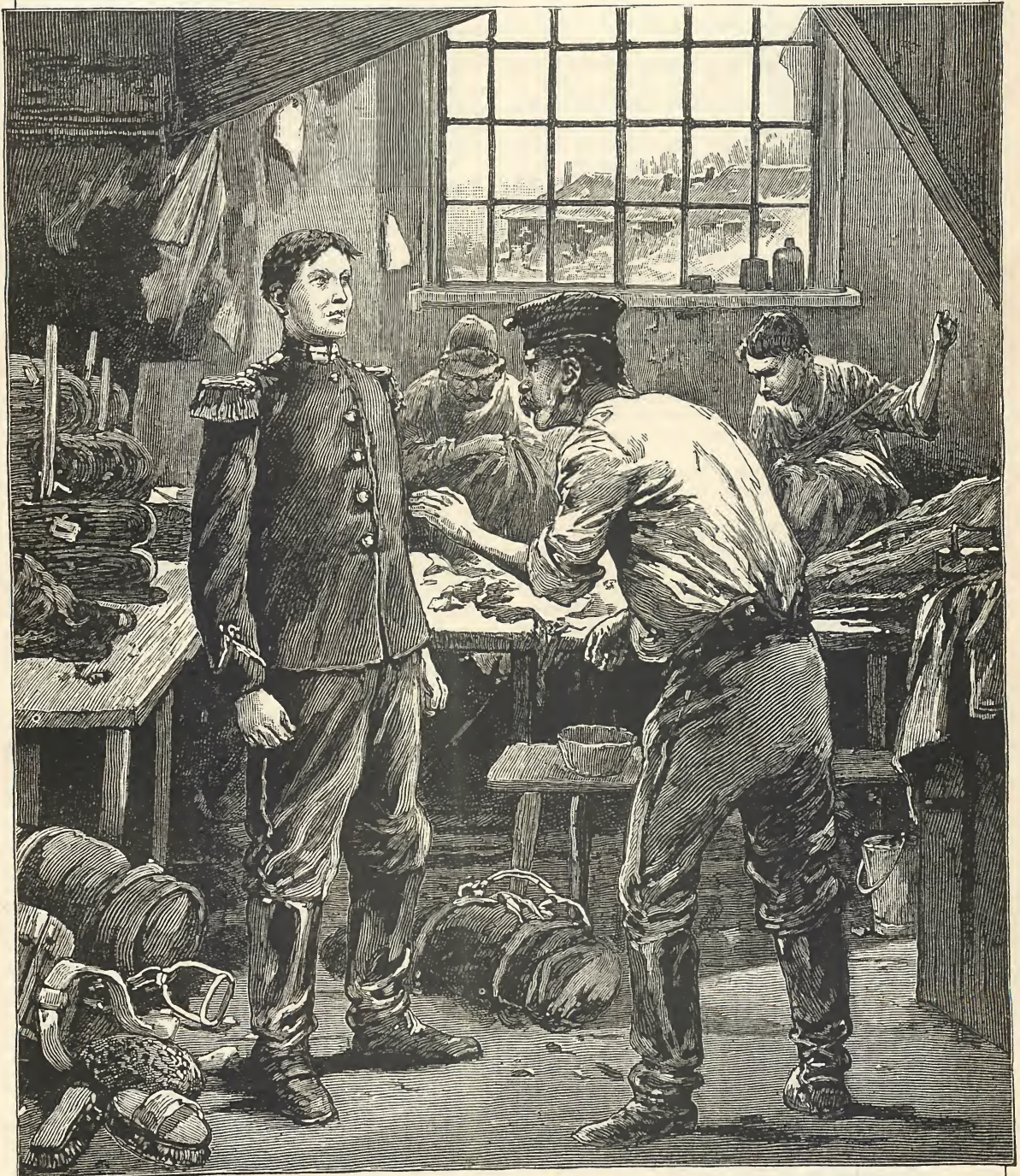
Just then a brawny negro laid his hand on Alice to drag her away from the object of their vengeance, but before his heavy black fingers could tighten their grip on the white sleeve of her frock, a shout from the rear warned him to desist, and a sudden unexpected thrust sent him sprawling, whilst Maurice, with a vigorous kick at the prostrate foe, sprang forward and reached his sister's side, pulling out his revolver and facing the startled group, who had already fallen back a step or two.

'The first move forward and I fire,' he said sharply, pointing the weapon full at Uncle Pete, who was a notorious coward.

(Continued at page 118.)



“The first move forward and I fire!”



"Jean was delighted to find he was so soon to be, outwardly at least, a dragoon."

THE MAJOR'S SNAILS.

(Concluded from page 106.)

FOR the next couple of hours Jean was kept hard at work cleaning out some extremely dirty stables, and the poor lad could not help thinking that, after all, his toil in the open fields, with the blue sky above him, was a more enviable task than his present one.

By-and-by he was ordered to attend at the garrison clothing establishment to receive his uniform and accoutrements. Jean was delighted to find he was so soon to be—outwardly, at least—a dragoon, and he went across the barrack square willingly enough.

In the middle of the square, the Major, a native of Burgundy (a district famous for its edible snails) was asking anxiously, 'Has any one seen my orderly?'

'Yes, Major,' answered a young sub-lieutenant; 'he has just gone across to the tailor's to have a button sewn on.'

'Had he my snails with him?' eagerly questioned the Major; 'he was to fetch them from the station. Had he a parcel, do you know?'

'He had, Major,' said the sub-lieutenant, promptly.

'That is all right,' said the Major, with a relieved sigh, for a certain kind of snail, properly cooked, is esteemed a great delicacy, and the Major was fond of good living. 'I had ordered some special ones to be sent to me: they are to be stewed in wine. I have a few friends coming to me to-night, and if you have no better engagement, I shall be pleased to welcome you also,' said the Major, with a friendly nod to the young officer. 'I can promise you a good dish of snails, at any rate.'

'Much flattered, Major!' said the sub-lieutenant, bringing his heels together with a click, as he made a ceremonious little bow. 'I accept with pleasure. It is not often one gets a dish of snails in barracks.'

At the tailor's, sure enough, Jean found the Major's orderly. He was standing up whilst the tailor did something to his uniform, and at his feet, tied up in his big regimental cloak, was a big bundle of snails which were to furnish the chief dish at the Major's banquet.

'Now then,' said the tailor's assistant to Jean, 'now for your uniform! The cloak first.' A heavy blue cloak, which had evidently done duty with several previous recruits, was now handed to Jean, and he was instructed to place it on the floor, and after he had received various brushes, mess-tin, stirrups, and so on, he had to knot them all up in the blue cloak to keep them together whilst his uniform was fitted on him.

'Now,' was the next order, when the business of the uniform had been got through, 'take up your cloak with the brushes, &c., and put it on your bed. Show him the way there, Rausson,' said the tailor to

a private who had come in on some business, 'and then take him across to the armoury.'

'Come on!' said Rausson gruffly, and Jean, picking up his cloak, did as he was bid. Unfortunately, however, he by mistake picked up, not his cloak, with the brushes and mess-tin, but the Major's orderly's cloak containing the precious snails, and put the cloak on the straw mattress which lay on a small iron bed, alongside of some thirty or forty others in the long barrack-room.

'You will have to straighten all your things the minute you have got your arms,' said Rausson, 'but for the present they will be all right on the bed.'

It was some time before Jean returned to the barrack-room, for he lost himself in the big square, and was perpetually opening wrong doors and going along passages where he had no business. When he finally entered the right room, what a scene of riot and confusion met his eye! Dragoons in various stages of undress were scrambling hither and thither; some stood on their beds, others on the table, one was flat on his chest under his bed, his great boots stretching far out behind him, and several others seemed to be scrambling up the walls!

'What is all this row about? Do you all want to spend the night in the cells?' called out the Sergeant, who had just entered the room.

'It is the snails, Sergeant—that is what the men are after,' explained the Lance-Corporal, excitedly.

'Snails! what snails?' roared the Sergeant. 'Let me see the man who has dared to bring snails here! Show him to me!' said the Sergeant, fairly beside himself with rage; 'I'll snail him!'

'It seems to be the new recruit,' said the Lance-Corporal; 'at all events, there are any amount of snails in his cloak, and lots more are crawling all over the room.'

'Me!' stammered Jean, in utmost confusion. 'I had no snails in my cloak, only brushes and a mess-tin.'

'You will sleep in the cells to-night, that is certain!' said the fiery Sergeant, when just at that moment up came the Major's orderly with Jean's bundle, and he also hurled execrations on the poor wretched lad.

'You a dragoon, you head of a turnip, you?' he almost screamed out, as he flung Jean's cloak at him. 'I'll teach you to carry off the Major's snails, and give me a hunt all over the place for them!'

Indeed, the hunt was still to be continued, for those snails seemed everywhere, and it took the men the best part of an hour before they were all found and carried off at last to the Major's kitchen.

'It's an odd life, that of a dragoon,' said Jean to himself, at the close of that eventful day, 'and I have five years of it yet to endure.' S. C.

THE CONTENTED MAN.

An Arabian Fable.

A RICH man applied to an Arabian doctor for a prescription which would restore his body to health, and give happiness to his mind. The physician advised him to exchange shirts with a man who was perfectly contented with his lot. The patient

set out upon his journey in pursuit of such a person. After many months spent with no success, he was told of a certain cobbler, of whom every one had spoken as a model of contentment and happiness. Following the direction given, the traveller found the cobbler enjoying a comfortable nap on a board. Without ceremony he aroused him from his slumbers, and asked him whether he was contented with his lot. The cobbler said that he was quite contented.

'Then,' said the seeker after happiness, 'I have one small boon to ask at your hands. It is that you exchange shirts with me, that I too may become contented and happy.'

'Most gladly would I agree to your request,' replied the cobbler, 'but—'

'Nay, refuse me not,' cried the other; 'any sum you name shall be paid at once.'

'I seek not thy wealth,' said the cobbler, 'but—but—'

'But what?'

'The truth is, I have no shirt!'

THE HIGHLAND PLAID.

MANY girls, and not a few ladies, wear plaid dresses, for this Scotch material is very popular. At first 'Plaid' was not the name of a stuff; it meant only an outer garment, and a very important one, too, in the daily life of the Highlander of the olden time.

Plaids were worn by the people in many districts of Scotland. To shepherds, and others who had to be much in the open air, it was a most useful article: it served instead of a cloak and umbrella, or even, if large and thick, answered for bedding. Wrapping himself in his plaid, the Highlander could sleep comfortably on the heather of a hill-side.

This garment was made of tartan, which was usually a woollen cloth, having upon it a design or pattern of various colours, the crossing and re-crossing of the threads producing a number of squares, large or small, which had a pleasant effect, even if the colours were not bright. Dark tints of green, brown, or purple were much liked, probably because men clad in such tartans might escape notice amongst the bushes and heath in the conflicts once so frequent in the Highlands. Many tartans bear the names of the different clans by which they were chiefly worn; indeed, it is supposed that every clan had its own tartan, but in course of time they got rather confused.

Various tartans were made in Lowland looms, and had names given them which are recent. It is not known when the Highlanders began to wear the tartans—perhaps two or three centuries ago. The oldest plaids seem to have been those made of grey cloth, or one chequered with brown and white.

A full-dressed Highland man had a very fine appearance, especially if he wore the plumed bonnet. Sometimes the plaid was fastened to the kilt, or frock, by means of a belt. In the usual way the plaid was secured round the body with a large brooch, part of it being allowed to fall back over one shoulder.

J. R. S. C.

ON MANY WATERS.

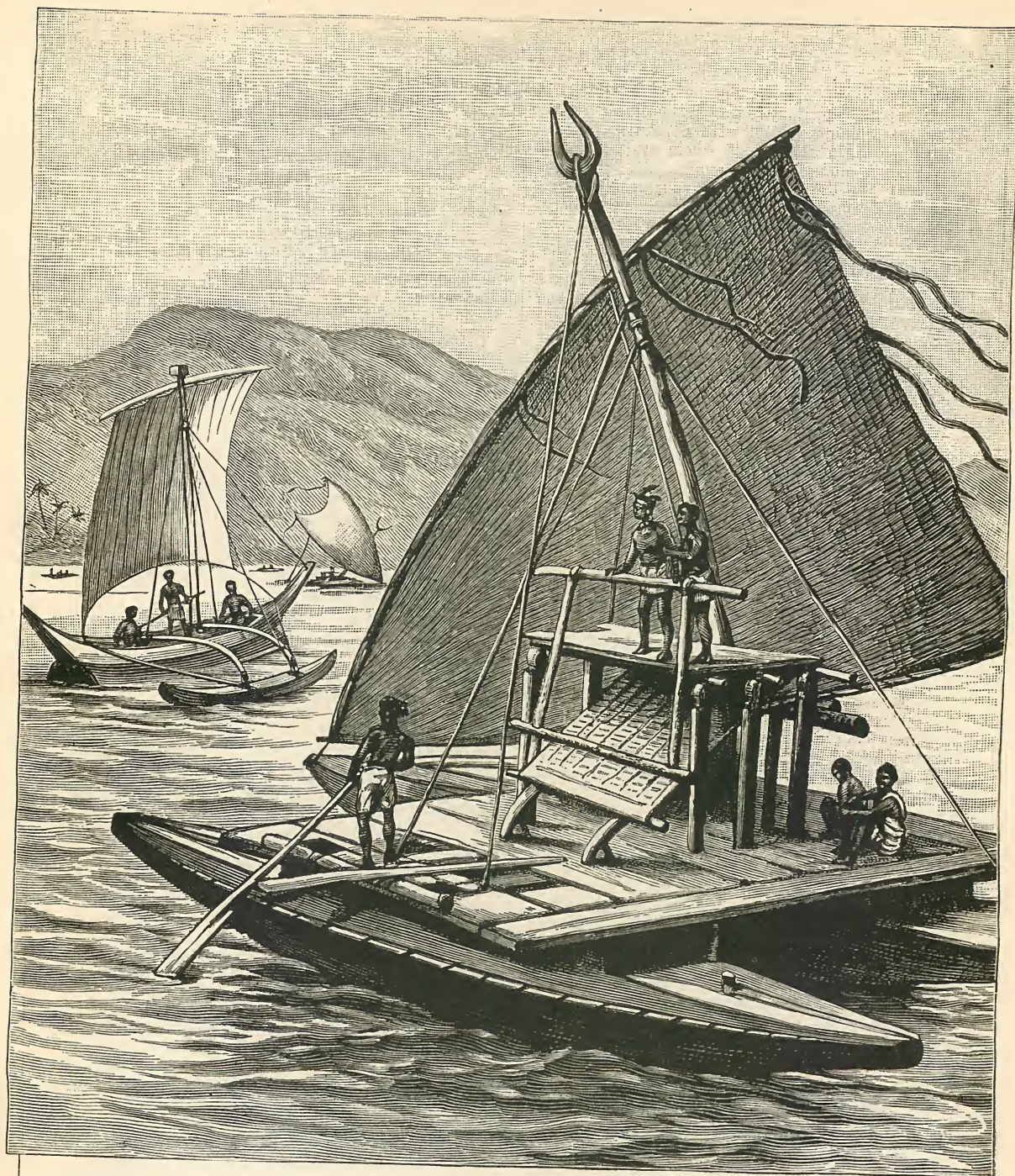
IV.—THE IVAHAHS AND PAHIES OF THE SOCIETY ISLANDS.

IF you imagine a horizontal line on a chart of the world drawn between Northern Queensland, in Australia, and Bolivia on the west coast of South America, you will come across a group of islands, called the Society Islands, which with many others not far distant form what is known as Polynesia. The principal of the Society Islands are Tahiti and Hauihine, and any one who has read Captain Cook's *Voyages* will know a good deal about the first of these, which Cook calls Otaheite. Nowadays the inhabitants have become fairly civilised under the teaching of missionaries, and build comfortable houses, but their chief talent lies in boat-building, and they use both wood and iron as cleverly as our own educated artisans. Of late years they have copied the fashion of European boats, and turn out capital small schooners, but there is little doubt that their own native boats were much better suited to battle with the heavy surf which beats incessantly on the coral reefs with which each island is surrounded.

Ivahaes are long thin boats, a good deal narrower than pahies. The pahie is about three feet wide and from thirty to sixty feet long, while the ivahah, though frequently as much as seventy feet in length, is seldom over two feet wide. The stern and head are both higher than the body of the ivahah, the stern often rising as much as seventeen feet in height. For greater convenience two would often be fastened together by strong beams of wood, and on these a platform of wood or bamboo stood across the double ship, raised from it sufficiently high to enable the rowers to sit underneath. On it a rough shed was built to serve as a house, or else the warriors took their stand there armed with spears and slings, for although these savages were expert in the use of bows and arrows they made no use of them in war, but kept them as pastimes for peaceful times.

The shape of the pahie is very peculiar, because the sides at the water-level are double as wide as at the top, and then rapidly close in to make a sharp keel or bottom, rather in the shape of a sharp-pointed soda-water bottle. The mast is very high, being about five-sixths of the length of the vessel, and the matting sail is still higher. This is fixed in a frame of wood which surrounds it on every side, so that it can neither be reefed nor furlled, and when either of these processes is necessary it has to be cut away and sent overboard. However, in the lovely climate which these islands enjoy storms are rare, and the great sails, as well as the chains and plumes of feathers which adorn the mast, are seldom damaged by weather.

The pahies are often used double, in similar fashion to the ivahaes, and look something like the paper boats made by folding a square of paper and bringing it out into two sharp-pointed boats fastened together. When they are sailed singly, a huge log of wood is used, attached to poles and put



Ivahahs and Pahies.

into the water to windward, to keep the boat upright.

These boats are treated with great care by their owners, and kept on shore each in a house of its own. To make these, poles are let into the ground in two lines and drawn together by cords at the top, so as to form a long archway. This is then closely

thatched down to the ground, so that the precious boat is sheltered completely from the elements, of which the most to be dreaded is the sunshine. These pahies are exceedingly good surf-boats; but, as has been said, the native vessels are now rapidly being superseded by schooners built on European lines.

HELENA HEATH.



"The mouth of the pot being too small, the dog could not withdraw his head."

A CHANGE OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

A GREAT emperor who had conquered many lands was at length defeated and taken prisoner. He was sitting on the ground, and a soldier was preparing some coarse food for him. As this was boiling in one of the pots used for such purposes,

a dog put his head into it; but the mouth of the vessel being too small, he could not draw it out again, and ran away with both the pot and the meat. The captive monarch at once broke into a fit of laughter. One of his guards asked him what cause could induce a person in his unfortunate position to be so merry. He replied, 'It was only this morning,

before I was captured, that the steward of my household complained because three hundred camels were not enough to carry my kitchen furniture; how easily it is now borne by that dog, who has carried away by himself both cooking instruments and dinner.'

H. B. S.

A STRANGE USE FOR A CHURCH BELL.

IN the year 1895 things in Rhodesia were very much in their infancy; there was, of course, no railway, and a telegraphist there describes the difficulty he had in restoring the broken telegraph wire between Umtali and Chimoio:—

'I worked last night at my battery and have at last been successful in setting up communication with this station and Chimoio, but it was very hard work, as I had practically no tools and very poor material.

'A rather amusing incident occurred during the process; I looked about for a good piece of iron to make an earth-plate, and I was lucky enough to find a triangular piece, which was just what I wanted; so I promptly annexed it.

'The English clergyman, happening to pass by whilst I was superintending my "boys" putting the plate into the hole, stopped to see how I was getting on.

'I showed him the beautiful piece of iron I had chanced upon. But I was taken aback when he said excitedly, "That is my church bell, or rather what I strike instead of a bell, as I have none!"

'However, we settled a compromise: I am to have his "bell" until next Sunday, when I have promised to have it dug up, and ready for him to summon his flock. That will give me three clear days to find a substitute, and in that time I am sure to find something that will answer my purpose as well.'

S. C.

THE SIBYL OF ST. PIERRE.

(Continued from page 111.)

CHAPTER XV.



MASSA MAURICE. Massa Maurice, mercy, mercy! Me only come for to see what de udders be for comin' up to do,' yelled Uncle Pete, falling flat on the ground and squirming like a very big black-beetle.

'Mercy, mercy!' cried half-a-dozen more, whilst Teresa and her screaming infant, with the two pickaninnies clinging to her ragged petticoat, beat a hasty retreat, followed by the whole of the hands, saving the two prostrate on the ground.

'Get up, you two,' said Maurice, emphasising his command with a prod of his boot-toe in the heaving

side of the big negro he had toppled over in his first fierce onslaught, and who was known on the plantation as Charley.

'You'll no shoot us, Massa Maurice?' pleaded Charley, wriggling violently but not attempting to rise, whilst Uncle Pete howled like a big baby, rubbing his woolly black head the while, under the impression that he had already had a bullet through his very thick skull.

'Not if you behave yourselves. Though if ever I see you dare to lay a finger on my sisters again, I'll shoot without taking the trouble to knock you down first. Now then, up you get!'

There was no gainsaying Maurice in this new sternness of aspect, and the two big muscular blacks scrambled to their feet, standing before him cowering and shamefaced, like schoolboys in fear of the cane.

He looked at them for a moment in scornful silence, the revolver still pointed in business-like fashion where it seemed most needed. Then with a quick movement he swung himself round towards Mother Maddy.

'There has been enough of this nonsense,' he said, his words dropping from him with the quiet firmness of a man twice his years, 'and now I want to know what you have had to do with Bimbo's disappearance?'

'Hi, hi, hi!' cackled Madiana, in mocking laughter, raising her bowed form to its full height, and shaking out her ragged draperies with the air of a princess. 'But suppose I do not choose to tell you, young master, what then?'

'Then I shall take my sisters and my little brother safely home to Glen Rosa, and leave you to meet the fate you deserve. I shall not raise a finger to save you from the violence of the plantation hands, nor shall I trouble to avenge you by handing them over to the authorities, if they beat the life out of your poor old body. Now, choose.'

But the impressive sternness of Maurice's manner was entirely lost on Mother Maddy, who still held herself erect with the grand air of power, which gave such a touch of dignity to her ragged old personality. She laughed again with a maddening, defiant chuckle, which made Maurice feel that he would like to shake her from sheer exasperation.

Then Alice interposed, laying a coaxing hand on the old crone's arm, and speaking with beseeching entreaty: 'Dear Mother Maddy, do tell my brother what you know of Bimbo, and then I will believe what you say about the mountain, and I will do my best to warn the people of danger that is coming.'

A marvellous change came over the face of the ancient sibyl: all the scornful defiance went out of it, and was replaced by an incredulous joy, which quite transformed it.

'You will believe?' she gasped. 'Then I have not toiled in vain, and when Pelée smokes and destroys the town, some will escape of those I have striven to save!'

'But you must tell us first what you have done with Bimbo,' Alice reminded her, in gentle tones.

'Hi, hi, hi! Bimbo will come back, but not yet; when the moon is at the full he will return, bringing with him the price of his journey in gold. Then will he come and not before. Bimbo followed when I looked. So now I will look on these men also,' and as she spoke, the sibyl turned to Uncle Pete and Charley with a smile of invitation, raising her bony, wrinkled hand and beckoning them to come nearer.

This was too much for the overwrought nerves of the pair, and with a howl of terror they turned and fled together, bumping into each other as they ran, and only intent on escaping beyond the sound of Mother Maddy's derisive, cackling laughter, and the sight of her beckoning hand.

Roddy gave a little cry of fear, and crept closer to his brother, but Kitty stood her ground unflinchingly, looking from the troubled, reproachful face of Alice towards the wrinkled features of Mother Maddy.

But now that the ordeal was over, the old woman sank with an exhausted air on the low bench just outside the cabin door, and although Alice plied her with the dainty food brought from Glen Rosa, she seemed too ill and feeble to eat it.

'Try and take just a little,' coaxed the girl, entreatingly.

But Mother Maddy turned away with the quick petulance of a spoiled child. 'I have no need of food. I am weary, and want to think; leave me,' she said, with a gesture of dismissal.

'Oh, Maurice, how can we leave her like this? The hands may come back, and do her some harm,' said Alice, appealing to him.

'There is not much fear of that. They will be in the fields and I shall be with them; besides, Gusty will be back soon,' he replied. 'Come along, Alice, there is nothing to be learned by staying, and plainly we are not wanted either.'

'We will come up again this evening, when the hands have left work, and see what can be done for you,' said Alice, bending with a pitying air over the panting, exhausted old woman, and then they all went away down the slope through the lonely cane-piece, Alice and the children to find poor distracted Teresa, to whom they told the news of Bimbo's well-being, making the pickaninnies happy with some of the food Mother Maddy would not eat. But Maurice went back to the plantation whither the hands had returned to work, and for the remainder of the day superintended their labours with the revolver plainly displayed in his belt.

That evening failed, as the previous ones had done, to bring Andrew back from the town. But Derry rode over on Andrew's pony, to bring them the tidings of M. Duval's death, that worthy merchant having passed away on the previous evening. Mr. Hamlin, in giving permission to Derry to ride out to Glen Rosa, had also told him he might remain until the evening of the next day, so that the Dutch boy's gravity at the nature of his errand was much tempered by the prospect of his holiday so unexpectedly gained.

It was quite dark before Maurice was free to make his second journey to the little cabin at Black Rock; then, as Kitty and Roddy were safely in bed

and asleep, Alice and Derry went with him, to keep him company, so they said, and prevent his being lonely on the way.

There had been no more trouble with the hands since the outbreak of the morning; they had accepted with perfect confidence Mother Maddy's statement, that Bimbo would return when the moon was at the full, an event which would take place just a week later. If he should fail to return at the time named, there would doubtless be trouble with them again, but until that time should arrive they would probably remain quiet, their indolent natures rendering them averse even to the trouble of an active riot.

Derry was full of school news, which, interesting as it was to Maurice, yet seemed to emphasise the difference between his present hard-working life, and the careless ease of his school days, when the only responsibility resting on him had been that of keeping a good place among his fellow-scholars.

'And I suppose Stebbings will get the scholarship right enough?' said Maurice, suppressing some rising of regret at being put out of the running.

'No. At least he won't get it yet,' returned Derry, with a chuckle. 'Mr. Hamlin has a suspicion that something is wrong somewhere, though he can't put his finger on the spot, and so he has cried the running off for the present, and vows he won't have it settled till next term.'

'Hurrah! So there is a chance for me still—if I go back to school next term, that is,' Maurice said, with a quick wonder in his mind as to whether he really wanted to go back, or whether after all he would not rather be a planter like his father, and spend his days in making other people work.

'I'm not so very sure you will stand much chance now,' Derry replied, wagging his head in a dubious fashion. 'For Cranford and Walsh are both working hard for it, and they ought, if they only try hard enough, to be more than a match for you, or Stebbings either.'

'I wonder you have never thought of trying for it, Derry; you have such a good chance, living at school as you do, and with no time wasted in going to and fro.'

'Oh, I am going to be a boat-builder, like my father, and live all my days at Bottom,' retorted the Dutch boy, with calm indifference; then he cried out sharply, 'Oh, I say, what is that—a bonfire?'

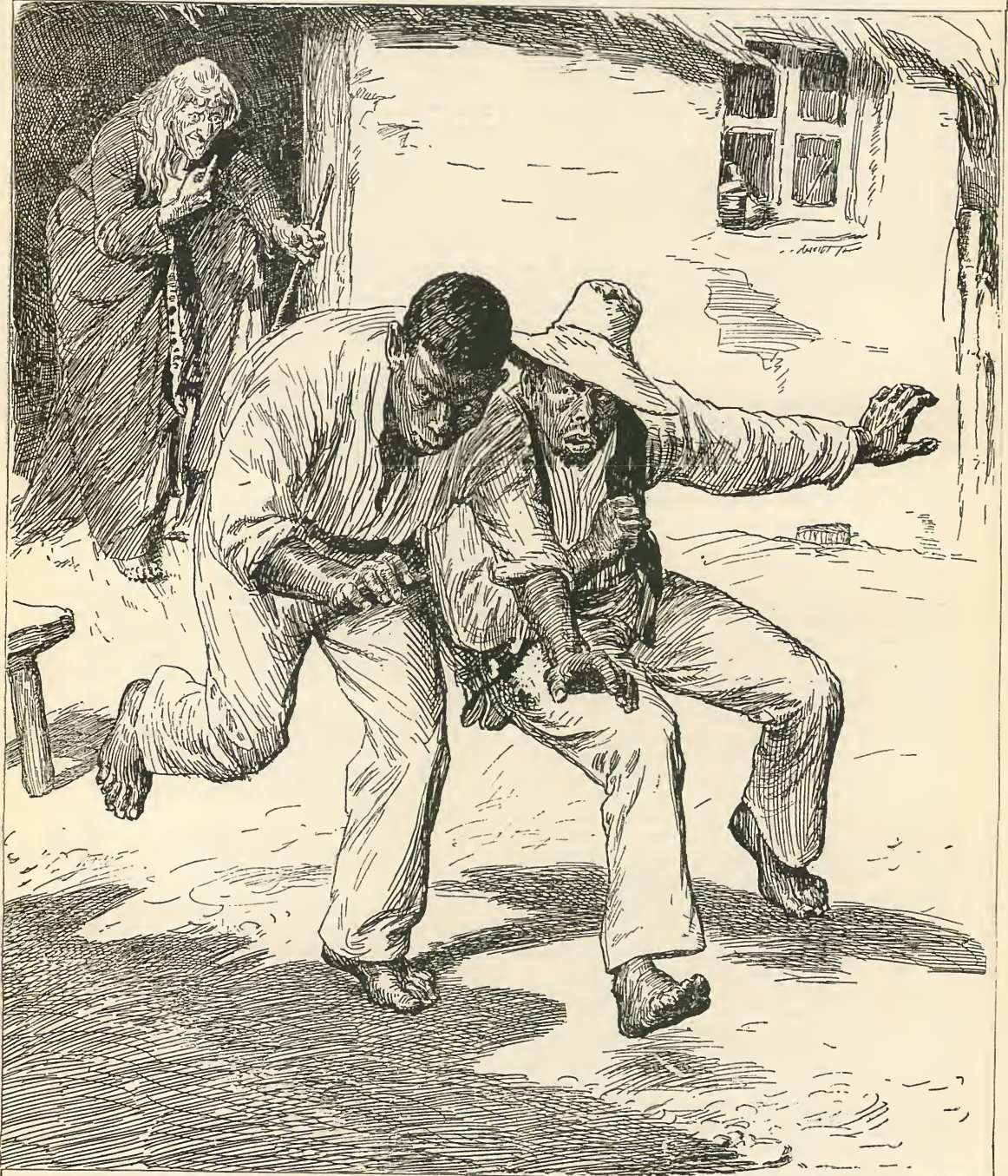
'It is Mother Maddy's cabin, and she may be burned to death!' shrieked Alice, setting off at a run up the slope, followed by the two boys.

But when they reached the place, there was only a big heap of glowing embers to mark the spot where the tiny house had been.

'Maurice, who could have done it? The poor old thing must have been burned in her bed,' sobbed Alice.

'It wasn't our people—of that I am certain,' he replied. 'For they were all about the huts when I came away, with Teresa and her babies amongst them.'

(Continued at page 126.)



"The Sibyl turned to Uncle Pete and Charley, beckoning them to come nearer, but they turned and fled."



"Wait a year and it will grow into a fine fowl."

TIT FOR TAT.

A RATHER simple countryman had been induced by a man who imagined himself very clever to promise a fine hen of a particular breed in exchange for what was said to be a very splendid rosebush.

When the rosebush was brought, it turned out to be nothing more than a sprig with a little root. The countryman grumbled, but the other said that he had only to wait a few years and it would be a very fine bush. He then claimed the hen, but the countryman went to his fowl-house and brought out an egg.

'That is not the fowl you promised me,' said the other.

'No,' said the countryman; 'but you have only to wait a year and it will grow into a fine fowl.'

H. B. S.

HAMPTON COURT GARDENS.

SURELY it is not easy to point out a pleasanter place, in which to pass the hours of a summer afternoon or evening, than the gardens of Hampton Court Palace. They are in themselves beautiful, with a touch of the old-fashioned style, which adds a charm. Close to them rolls Old Father Thames, his waters as yet undefiled by the smoke and dirt of London. Then again, like others of the old palaces which are linked with the history of our Royal Family, strange scenes of the past are recalled by the walks of Hampton Court. We can almost fancy we see people in the dress of Tudor and Stuart times walking amongst the trees, or sitting quietly in some shady nook. With the songs of birds, there seems to mingle the singing of some madrigal or glee, and the music of the harp or lute. Hampton Court has been for years past so divided that it furnishes rooms for a number of people, and the Sovereign bestows, from time to time, suites of apartments upon officers' widows, or other persons who have served the country.

Cardinal Wolsey was the builder of the oldest part of this Palace. He bought an old manor-house, and spent a great sum of money upon a splendid mansion, so grand, indeed, that his king was envious. Knowing the character of Henry VIII. too well, Wolsey thought it might be safer for his own neck to make the King a present of Hampton Court, which he accordingly did, but he appears to have lived there sometimes. 'Traces of Wolsey's handiwork are yet to be seen about the gardens of the Palace, which he first planned. It is said that he arranged the line of trees, which extends out from the centre, and had the canal dug along the middle avenue. Also he contrived what was formerly called a wilderness—that is, a sort of irregular shrubbery, and the famous Maze. Mazes afforded much fun hundreds of years ago, and they do still. It is not only the task of finding your way into the middle, there is getting out again, which may be quite as difficult. Many more trees have been planted since Cardinal Wolsey's time. Those he had put in the grounds were mostly limes and yews. He also formed ponds for gold and

silver fish, having fountains, it is supposed; but these may belong to the reign of Queen Elizabeth. She adorned the Palace, we know, with pictures and other choice things.

Charles I., or perhaps his son, added the semi-circular garden on the east front, and we are told that it was when Charles II. happened to be strolling in Hampton Court garden, that he praised the English climate, saying it was pleasanter for out-door exercise than that of most countries of Europe. But the great improver was William III. and his Queen: they employed two very famous gardeners, Loudon and Wise. Part of their work was a Dutch garden, with pyramids of green, beasts and birds formed from shrubs, and borders of such handsome exotic flowers as would grow with attention in shady nooks near the Palace.

Several of the greenhouses contain large orange-trees, aloes, and other foreign shrubs, in tubs—many of them of great age. The most remarkable growth in this garden is the great Vine, which is of the black Hamburg sort. It was planted in A.D. 1769, the cutting being taken from a large vine at Valentine House, in Essex, so that it has flourished now for quite one hundred and thirty years, but lately it is said to be rather declining. Many cuttings have been taken from it. Some are growing in these islands, others have been carried to distant countries. The good King, George III., enjoyed the fruit of this vine during his long reign, and I believe its grapes were supplied to the table of Queen Victoria, who exceeded his length of reign. Neither bunches nor grapes are large, but the yield has been extraordinary. It is presumed the roots draw nourishment from the banks of the river. Fruit to the weight of twelve hundred pounds, and more, has been taken off this old vine in one season. Several of the branches have extended to the length of one hundred and fifty feet.

From the Lion Gate we reach the famed chestnut avenue of Bushey Park. Beautiful at all times, these lines of trees are specially to be admired when the flowers are in bloom, and trains are run from London on what the notices call 'Chestnut Sunday.'

J. R. S. C.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

23.—DECAPITATIONS.

1. I AM a bright and beautiful, but dangerous, object. Behead me, I am infirm and halting; again, I am a spirit in a foreign tongue; I am an interesting personal pronoun.

2. I am lost and wandering; behead me, I am useful in the house; again, I am a line of light.

3. I am a wide gap; behead me, I am to attain; again, I am every single one.

4. I am the top of a liquid; behead me, I am a quantity of paper.

5. I am the art of delineating figures; behead me, I am uncooked.

6. I am sometimes very refreshing; behead me, I am a place for skating; again, I am a fluid.

C. J. B.

24.—CHARADES.

(A.)—CHOOSE a rich dress of corded stuff,
My first you'll hold then, sure enough.
When high winds blow, o'er roof and wall,
My second has a chance to fall.
My whole's a thing that crawls and creeps,
Or hides away, and snugly sleeps.

(B.)—The merest speck, the smallest grain,
May cause my first distress and pain;
My second makes the weary slave
Long for a safe and quiet grave;
My whole grows in a sheltering fringe
That 'tis not safe to cut or singe. C. J. B.

[Answers at page 138.]

ANSWERS.

19.—Chester-field.

- | | | |
|------------------------------|---------------------|-------------|
| 20.—1. Florence Nightingale. | 4. Charles Stuart. | |
| 2. Oliver Cromwell. | 5. Thomas à Becket. | |
| 3. Napoleon Bonaparte. | 6. Titus Oates. | |
| 21.—1. Rind. | 3. Kind. | 5. Find. |
| 2. Mind. | 4. Bind. | |
| 22.—1. Train. | 5. Feign. | 10. Sprain. |
| 2. Plane. | 6. Reign. | 11. Brain. |
| 3. Crane. | 7. Drain. | 12. Stain. |
| 4. Spain. | 8. Slain. | 13. Swain. |
| | 9. Strain. | |

WONDERS OF LITTLE LIVES.

IV.—COCKCHAFERS; COLORADO BEETLES.



NE of the largest and commonest of our British beetles, the Cockchafer, fortunately for us, does not often unduly force himself upon our notice. On the Continent it is otherwise. There, increasing in vast numbers, this beetle becomes a scourge. In some years they appear in countless myriads, the adult beetles stripping the trees of their leaves, whilst the larvæ, or undeveloped young, attack the roots, not only of the grass of pastures, but also of both field and garden produce, so that whole districts are laid waste by them. It is probable that these vast armies would never assume such proportions if the ruthless slaughter of insect-eating birds were checked.

The full-grown beetle is of a rich golden-brown colour, and clothed in a delicate downy covering worn over the hard mail. The wing-cases, it should be noticed, or shields, which represent the front pair of wings, do not, in the cockchafer, extend quite to the end of the body, which ends in a sharp point,

but they are much larger than in many beetles, such as the 'Devil's Coach-horse' for example, in which they are so small that the hind wings, which they are intended to cover, have to be carefully folded up by the aid of the tail, as in the earwig and 'Devil's Coach-horse.' But the most remarkable thing about the cockchafer is the structure of the antennæ. In the male these terminate in a wonderfully beautiful arrangement of plates lying side by side like the leaves of a book. These plates can be opened out much in the same way as the leaves of a book might be opened by bending back the covers till they meet. The antennæ of the female are precisely similar to those of the male, but much smaller.

The larval cockchafer is large, fat, and fleshy, and is peculiar in that the tail is doubled up under the body, so that the creature cannot support itself on its short, stumpy legs, but is obliged to lie always on its side. This feature is common to the larvæ of all the beetles related to the cockchafers—which are known as leaf-horned beetles on account of the peculiar form of the antennæ or 'feelers.'

But to return to the larva, or imperfect insect. Hatched in about six weeks from an egg laid in May, the young cockchafer takes about three years to attain its full growth. In the July of its third summer it digs down about two feet into the ground below, and then makes an oval chamber and lines it with a gummy secretion which keeps the walls from tumbling in. This done, it comfortably changes into what is known as a chrysalis. A month later it emerges from its case a full-grown but soft-skinned beetle. It is, however, by no means ready yet for active life, but remains in its underground chamber till the winter is past. About the end of April, nearly three years after its escape from the egg, it is hard enough to emerge, and its first work is to make a tunnel up which it can crawl to the open air. Emerging at last, and for the first time in its life, into the sunlight—for it must be remembered that for three years it has lived underground—the full-grown beetle basks awhile in the gentle warmth, then, stretching its wings, takes its first flight and makes for the nearest oak, elm, birch, or chestnut-tree, there to make its first meal of juicy green leaves. It has but a short time longer to live, and much to do. Only eight weeks more. It seems strangely disproportionate, this three years of childhood and eight weeks of adult life! Courtship, feeding orgies, and provision for the next generation are all crowded into this short space. At last the final egg is laid, and the drama of life is over, to be lived again by another generation.

Ancient records show that some two thousand four hundred years ago the Greek boys used to amuse themselves by tying a string to the leg of the cockchafer and then liberating it, a practice known as cockchafer spinning, and one which has, we regret to think, not yet died out. The infliction of deliberate pain on such feeble folk shows a cowardly and brutal character.

Rather striking in appearance, from its yellow colour and dark green stripes, the Colorado beetle is nevertheless one of the most dreaded enemies of the



A—Colorado Beetles.

B—Cockchafers.

potato-grower. In America it occasionally becomes a plague, attacking the potato-fields in immense armies, which carry everything before them. Our own country has more than once been threatened with a like invasion, and consequently fines have been inflicted for the possession of the Colorado beetles; it was held that if these gained their liberty the most serious consequences might follow. How well these fears are grounded we may gather from the fact that the Colorado beetle lays from five hundred to one thousand eggs, from ten to forty at a time, on the under-surface of potato leaves. These eggs hatch in about a week, and the larvæ are full grown in from fourteen to eighteen days. The following ten days are spent in the ground in the form of chrysalis, and at the end of that time the perfect beetle appears. This cycle of events may take place as many as four times in a year! The adult beetles of the final brood pass the winter underground, and resume in the spring their work of destruction.

The Colorado beetles have many enemies. Ladybirds and many other species of beetles devour their eggs and larvæ, and of the latter, those which escape the ladybirds and beetles may fall victims to various parasitic flies which slowly feed upon their internal organs. The adult Colorado beetle is greedily eaten by crows, quails, ducks, and chickens.

The nearest ally of the Colorado beetle in this

country is a small beetle known as the Turnip-flea, from its fondness for the turnip, and its habit of jumping flea-fashion. Terribly destructive to turnips, both in its adult and larval condition, this beetle is much dreaded by farmers.

W. P. PYCRAFT, A.L.S., F.Z.S.

OTTER-HUNTING.

IN the streams in the wilder districts of Archangel, one of the Russian countries, otters are still plentiful. Men chase the animals armed with guns, going along in a flat-bottomed boat. Occasionally, the otter has been shot by sportsmen in Britain, though it is more usual to follow the animal with hounds trained for the purpose. When one of them finds he is being pursued, he takes to the water directly, diving for a long distance, but he is obliged at last to come up and breathe. Should the dogs overtake him, he will plunge under water with one that has attacked him, endeavouring to drown his foe. An otter is able to bite sharply, inflicting serious wounds on either man or dog.

Fish being the otter's chief food, it is adapted to swim after them and catch them. Its loose-jointed legs can be turned in any direction, and the broad feet have webbed toes, and the tail makes a good rudder. What it captures the otter brings to dry



Otter-hunting.

ground, eating the head and body, but leaving the tail end. Its eyes are small, and nearer to the nose, which is black, than in most animals; it has long whiskers. The skin is protected by a double fur; the outer coat is of stiff, shining hairs, rich brown in colour, the under light grey, very fine and soft. Young otters are born in spring, the mother hiding

them near the edge of the water amongst weeds; she feeds them carefully with fish till they can begin to hunt for themselves. If taken while quite young, otters may be trained to catch fish; if they are first taught to fetch and carry other things, they will afterwards bring fish out and lay it down untouched.

J. R. S. C.

THE MISER AND THE THIEVES.

A Brahmin Fable.



N a village lived an old miser whose riches were very great. One evening two rascals, one named Pry and the other Try, came close to the miser's house when he was indoors, and began the following conversation under the miser's window, in a low tone, but loud enough for the miser to hear.

'Brother,' said Pry, 'is this the place where the miser lives?'

'I have heard folk say so,' replied Try.

'Where does he keep all his money?' asked Pry.

'Oh, in a big chest downstairs,' answered Try.

'Is he not afraid that folk will break in and steal his chest?' continued Pry.

'No, because he guards the spot where it lies hidden away,' replied Try.

'Well,' replied Pry, 'I will tell you a secret. As I was in the market to-day, I heard a band of thieves whispering together. They said that to-morrow night they were going to break into the miser's house, strangle the old miser, and turn up every stone in the building till they found the chest, in order to force it open and divide the money among themselves.'

'Had we not better go in and warn the old miser about the coming danger?' asked Try.

'No,' answered Pry, 'let the stingy fellow alone, he will think that we shall expect a reward, and he may suspect that we belong to the thieves. Let him alone I say; he has not thought of others all his life, and now others will not trouble themselves about him.'

The two friends then slowly crept away from under the window, and watched the house at a little distance off.

The miser had heard every word spoken, and determined to remove his money-chest to a safe place. He therefore takes a lantern and goes out into his garden, and begins to dig a large hole. When the hole is finished, the miser returns to the house, fetches out his heavy money-chest, and buries it—covering the hole over with soil, and scattering ashes over it as if nothing had happened. After this, he goes to bed. All is now quiet; our two friends, Pry and Try, come quietly to the spot, dig up the money-chest, and take it away. The old miser gets up in the morning, looks out of the door, and sees that the hole has been opened. He rushes to the spot, and—oh, horror!—the chest is not there! He goes forthwith to the magistrate, and tells him about his loss.

The magistrate does not like misers, and says to him: 'Those men under your window were the thieves; if you were foolish enough to listen to their cunning talk by taking your money out of the house and burying it in your garden, I do not see how you could prevent the thieves taking it away.' So saying, he left the old miser to his own reflections.

MORAL: A generous man will ever be blessed by Heaven, but a miser will find no pity either in this world or the next.

THE SIBYL OF ST. PIERRE.

(Continued from page 119.)

CHAPTER XVI.

SO fierce was the sudden conflagration that the ruins left after the fire had died out were little more than cinders and fine ash. But this Maurice had carefully raked over and sifted, being anxious to discover if any traces of human remains were to be found.

The only relics which could be identified, however, were some of the gold and silver coins which had formed the chaplet worn by poor old Mother Maddy on that eventful day.

Alice and the two children wept over these tragic mementoes when they were found on the following day, for Mother Maddy, troublesome and eccentric though she was, had been a familiar figure, interesting on account of her reputed age and former greatness, and to lose her in this sad way was harrowing in the extreme.

Maurice, however, shook his head doubtfully; privately he could not bring himself to believe that she was dead, because, in that case, there must surely have been some fragments of bones to be found among the ruins of the cabin; but the most careful search revealed nothing further, so he deemed it better not to say anything of his suspicion, that the sibyl might be only hiding, and the cabin fired as a ruse to cover her trail.

Considerable speculation as to the doer of the deed was rife in the district. M. Fausset, as the nearest authority, rode over to Glen Rosa to investigate the matter; laughed in his loud coarse way to think that any one should concern themselves in any way over the fate, known or unknown, of a coloured person; declared that Mother Maddy must have set fire to her bed with a spark from her pipe; then, having delivered this decision in his most imposing voice, mounted his horse again and rode away.

The plantation hands at Glen Rosa, however, held a very different opinion as to the cause of the tragedy. Gusty had been seen, so some of them declared, going up through the plantations about an hour before sunset; and what was more likely than that he, through accident or otherwise, had set fire to the hut wherein Mother Maddy lay sleeping?

This belief was the more readily accepted, because, since that time, Gusty had been seen by no one, and although he had always been of an erratic and wandering nature, his absence at such a juncture was startling enough to ensure the very worst of motives being imputed to him.

But despite the unrest and upset of the fire, the removal of Mother Maddy served to clear the air of the mutiny against law and order, which had been so rampant among the plantation hands. No one was afraid of being ill-wished, or drawn into danger and death through the beckoning hand of a witch, and consequently the ignorant coloured folk settled down into their former ease-loving existence, and Maurice found half his cares slip from him by reason of the calm which followed the storm.

Tidings of the safe arrival in Scotland of the travellers had reached Glen Rosa, together with the happy news that the doctors thought well of Duncan's chances of recovering his eyesight. There had been great rejoicings at this news, for the burden of their brother's infirmity had always rested like a heavy weight upon the other children, and the prospect of its being removed made them very happy.

Kitty and Roddy at once held a sort of triumphal procession round the plantation, consisting of themselves, five dogs, three goats, a big white Brahma rooster as tame as a kitten, and all the coloured children big enough to take part in the show; for banners and flags they had parti-coloured rags and great branches from the flamboyant-tree, gay with bright red blossoms.

Alice and Maurice, though quieter in their methods of displaying their satisfaction, were no less happy than the others, and at once set about arranging a festival for the plantation hands, a little feast spread on the green lawns about the house, to be followed by music and dancing.

Great was the bustle, indoors and out, preceding this merry-making, and when all the preparations were completed, and the guests began to assemble, the chattering and laughter, with the bursts of admiration over the skilful and pretty arrangements, were such as to make an outsider believe that the party must be quite three times as big as it really was.

Then Maurice, as master of the ceremonies, made a speech—a maiden effort, this—in which he said how glad he was to make merry with them that day, and he was sure they would all work better together in the days to come for the pleasure they would share this evening.

Quite a storm of applause was evoked by this, and many were the comments of 'What a fine young man Massa Maurice has growed,' and 'A chip off the ole block for sartin; young massa just like ole massa; hip, hip, hurrah!' and so these happy children of the sunny south moved in and among the bright-hued flowers, as carelessly gay and light-hearted as if they had never known a sorrow or a privation in the whole course of their existence.

Maurice mentally contrasted this scene of jollity with that grim day such a little while ago, when he had of necessity carried firearms in order to cow these turbulent, revengeful spirits into a semblance of order and good behaviour.

Uncle Pete and Charlie were both expert performers, one on the fiddle and the other on the banjo. When the orchestra—consisting of these two—struck up, the dancing began, and the merry chattering and laughter died down to a murmuring undertone, or broke out in intermittent flashes, for dancing to most of them was a serious business, requiring concentration and skill in its performance.

These dances consisted, for the most part, of graceful swaying motions of the body and gestures of the limbs and head, all done in perfect unison, to the accompaniment of rhythmic music.

When the dancers were tired, there followed vocal music, sweet and quaint, consisting mostly of

Creole songs, which had descended through generations of plantation hands from the times when the planters owned slaves.

A light-coloured Creole girl, with a plaintive, melodious voice, had just sung a wild, thrilling air with a mournful cadence in its oft-repeated chorus:

'My love he is a bounden slave,
An' can't return to me;
We're separate until the grave
Shall make the poor slave free,'

when Teresa, who had been the gayest of the gay that evening, rushed up to where Alice was standing, and, flinging herself on the ground, burst into a perfect passion of weeping.

'Missy Alice, Missy Alice! de moon is at de full to-night, an' Bimbo ain't come home!' she wailed, rolling over and over in the dust in the violence of her woe.

The face of Alice, which had been happy and lightened with smiles, grew instantly overcast and troubled as she stooped to console the sobbing woman at her feet.

'Perhaps he has been delayed, or poor old Mother Maddy might have meant that he would come when the moon was just past the full. I would not lose heart yet, Teresa; he might even come to-night, you know,' she said, glancing up at the brilliant full moon, which made the open spaces almost as light as day.

Just then Andrew appeared on his short-legged pony, having just ridden out from the town, and his coming created a welcome diversion, for Teresa's friends were beginning to gather round, joining their lamentations to her own, and so turning the festive gathering into a scene of active grief.

Andrew had not been out to Glen Rosa for a week, and knew nothing of the good news so lately received from the travellers: he was in consequence very surprised at the merry-making which he found in progress. When he learned its cause, he set them all off dancing again, imparting so much zest and enthusiasm into the performance, that peals of laughter resounded on all sides, every one declaring that 'Massa Andrew wor just too funny for anything, an' we's just fit to bust wi' laughin'.'

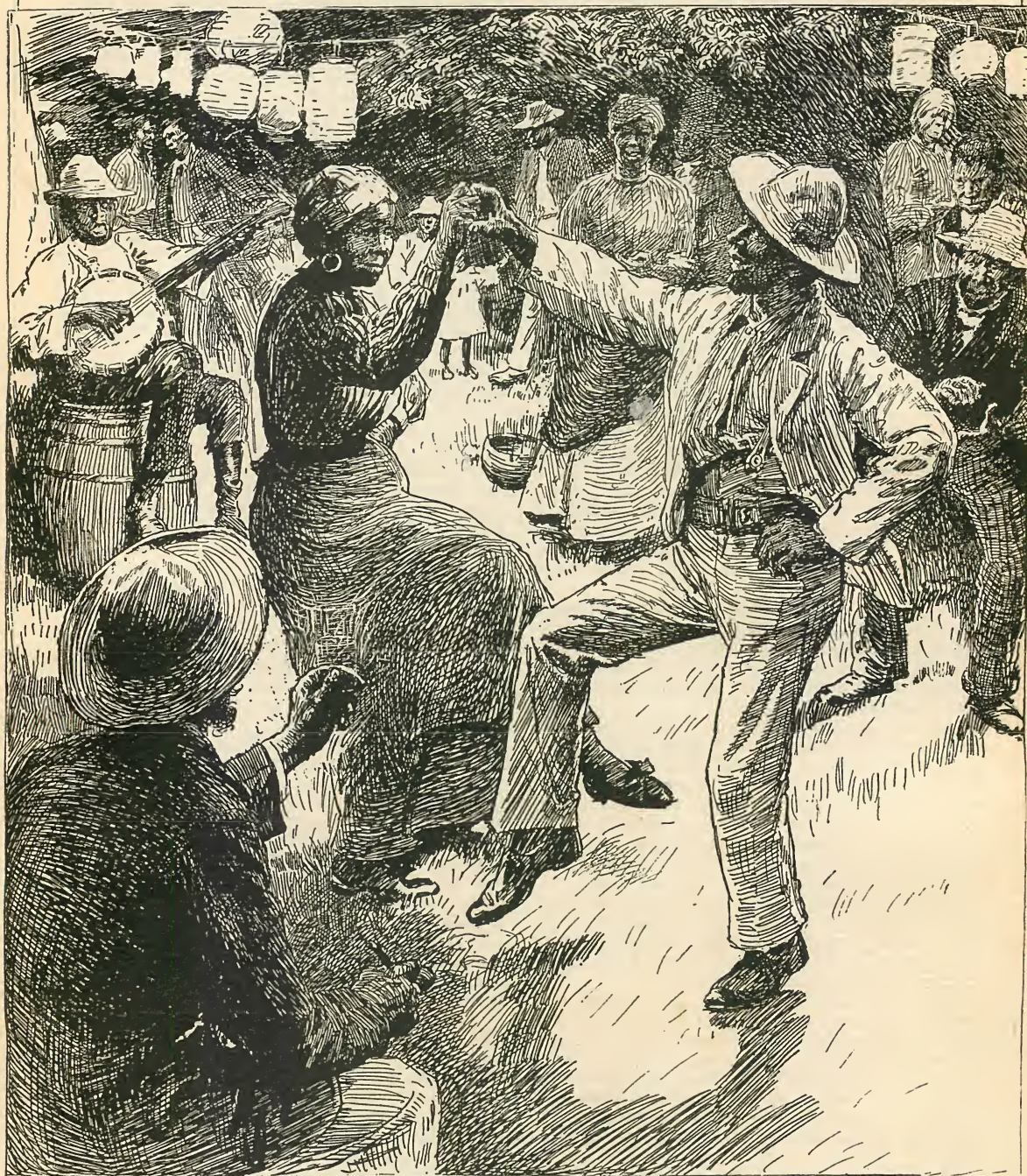
When the frolic was at its noisiest, Andrew came round to that part of the lawn where Alice was still administering comfort to the distressed and tearful Teresa.

'Why, Teresa, what is the matter now—hasn't that good-for-nothing husband of yours turned up again yet?' he inquired jocosely.

'Oh, oh, oh! My Bimbo dead for sartin, Massa Andrew, for de moon is at de full to-night, an' he not come back to me; de witch ill-wished him out o' life; she beckoned him an' he died,' sobbed Teresa, with a violent relapse into hysteria.

'No, that he didn't, for it was only yesterday that I saw him coming off the boat at St. Pierre,' asserted Andrew, in a positive tone.

'Are you quite sure, Andrew?' cried Alice, in surprise, for privately she had begun to fear he never would return.



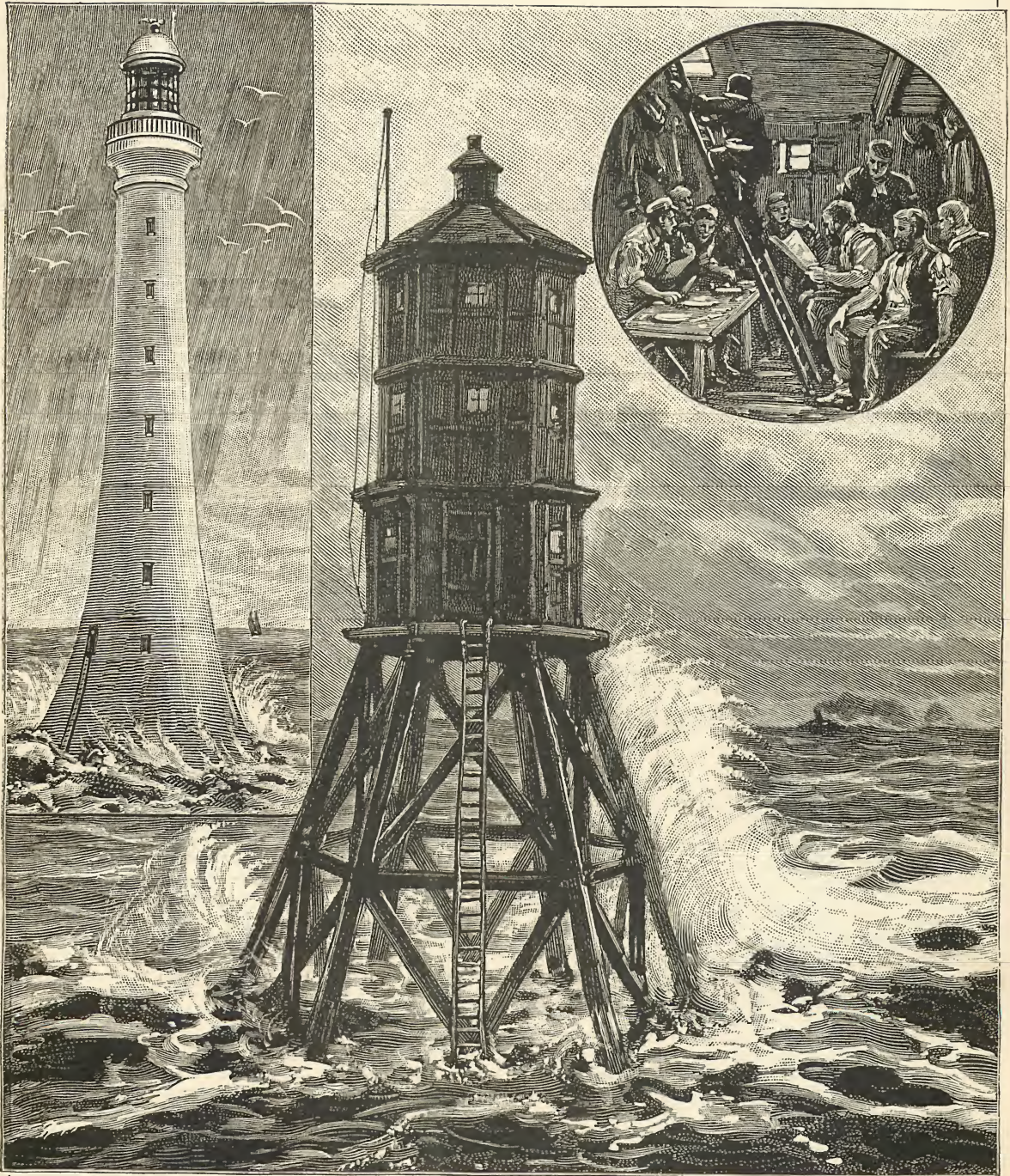
“When the orchestra struck up, the dancing began.”

‘I am certain of it; I was down on the quay invoicing hogsheads of molasses when the boat came in from Fort de France, and Bimbo came off with the other passengers, looking as well-to-do and

smart as you please. “Bong swor, M’sieu Andrew,” he said, as he passed me, trying to look as if he did not know a word of English, and did not want to, either.’
(Continued at page 134.)



THE SCARECROW.



Skerryvore, the Giant.

DANGER SIGNALS.

IV.—SKERRYVORE, THE GIANT.



It is like climbing up the neck of a bottle,' said the pilot of Skerryvore, 'and it will take plucky builders and cunning engineers to master such a rock.'

And there is no doubt whatever that the pilot was right. But as both the necessary qualities he referred to were near at hand, the rock was mastered.

The Skerryvore is a reef about a mile long, haunted by all kinds of sea-birds, lying off the western coast of Scotland and south of the desolate island of Tiree, ten miles away. Its loftiest point above high tide is sixteen feet, but this only represents a pinnacle some five feet square. The rest of the reef is only five feet high.

When Robert Stevenson had finished the Bell Rock lighthouse on the other side of Scotland, he came to look at Skerryvore, for the Commissioners of the Northern Lights, with such an able engineer at their elbows, were becoming ambitious, and desired to conquer as many of these dangerous places as possible. A few of them accompanied Stevenson when he went to make notes. So did Walter Scott, and *he* has told us what the visit was like. The little yacht that carried the party from Tiree was tossed about in such an alarming way that the Commissioners came to the conclusion that it was not really necessary for them to see the reef.

'Mr. Stevenson,' said they, 'we shall be quite willing to leave the matter in your hands. It is a little rougher out here than we like, and if you say it is possible to build a lighthouse on Skerryvore, and tell us what it will cost, your decision shall be accepted.'

But Stevenson reassured them, for he much preferred that they should see the reef themselves. And they did see it. With great difficulty, led by the engineer, some of the party scaled the smooth and slippery rock. As they did so a number of seals dived from their resting-places into the foaming water, only to rise again and eye the invaders with inquiring glances.

But almost before their first surprise was over, Stevenson and his friends had retreated, and the white wings of the little yacht disappeared in the direction of Iona. That was in 1814, and the seals and sea-birds were not disturbed again for twenty years. Then, in the summer of 1834, came Mr. Allan Stevenson, son of the engineer who had accompanied Walter Scott, and from the first day of his arrival the seals received notice to leave their ancient homes.

But Skerryvore was not like other rocks. Several attempts were made before the men succeeded in landing, and when at last they began to use their tools, they had to sharpen them very frequently, for the stone was four times as hard as Aberdeen granite. Gunpowder was used to shatter it when

possible, but Mr. Stevenson had to be very careful in doing this, because he found it likely to crack the rock where he did not wish it to be cracked, and so afford a very insecure foundation for his lighthouse. Three years after the first blow was struck, there was very little change to be seen; but when the material on which we work is very hard, it always takes a long time to make any impression. There were only five months in each year when it was possible to remain on the reef, and many days even then were lost on account of tempestuous weather. The men (thirty in all) worked from four o'clock in the morning until nine at night, and their sufferings must have been great when we remember that their nights had to be passed in the little storm-tossed vessel anchored near the reef. Hard work by day, and sea-sickness by night, was not a very pleasant variation, and there is no wonder that they did all they could to hasten the erection of the 'barrack,' a curious round wooden dwelling, twelve feet from side to side, on the top of strong iron legs fifty feet high. The legs were fastened firmly to the rock, so that there might be no tossing about when once they got in *there*. The barrack was up at the end of the third season, and they all left the rock one September day, happy to think that they would have more comfortable quarters when the work began again.

Work began again in the following April. Out from their various homes the workmen came more readily than ever, for though the dangers which assailed them every day would not be less, their hours of rest would be full of comparative comfort. With feelings of interest they cast their eyes over the water to catch the first glimpse of Skerryvore. But when the whale-like ridge of rock came in sight, every face was filled with a blank dismay. Not one vestige of the barrack was to be seen. Over the place where it had stood the white spray was leaping as though in triumph at the victory it had gained.

But it was no use grumbling; Mr. Stevenson sent back to Glasgow for the necessary material to build another with, and while some of his men were chiselling away at the stubborn rock he started the new barrack, and in due course completed it, none too soon, for the spring of 1844 was extremely stormy. One day, the weather having driven the men from the rock, they climbed into the barrack, little thinking how long they were to remain there. The party numbered thirty, and to understand their position you must know what their lodging was like. The barrack itself consisted of three stories, each story being one room, and the piles on which it was built sloped together like a pyramid, the point at which they met being immediately under the floor of the top room. This room was therefore unencumbered by the supporting beams, and was used for the sleeping apartment, while the two rooms below were, of course, considerably curtailed by the beams passing through them. The bottom chamber was a kitchen and storehouse, where sufficient food for forty men was kept. Though the space was very much confined, it was certainly pleasanter than being rolled and lumped about on board ship.

But the sea was going to have its way again, and, having destroyed one barrack, seemed determined to make prisoners of these invaders of its realm in their own castle. For when the morning came and they peeped through their tiny windows, nothing was visible but a leaping, foaming world of water. Through the iron branches of this ocean nest, the billows broke in a terrific roar, and with every thud the erection vibrated from base to summit.

Would it stand the strain? With wistful eyes they looked in the direction of the mainland, the nearest point of which was ten good miles away. But the storm-mist had come down and nothing met their gaze but sky and water. Over the Skerryvore the waves ran deep, and only for a moment would the highest point become visible. Through the chinks in their walls the hurricane blew in keen, cold puffs, and ever and anon some blustering wave forced itself through in hissing drops of salt water. With no space for exercise the men began to feel the effects of the cold, and there was nothing for it but to go to bed. Day after day, night after night, the fury of the storm continued, and often as they lay some heavier gust than usual would send a shudder through the building, and remind them vividly of the fate of its predecessor.

One night in particular their anxiety became intense. At the darkest hour a crash like thunder seemed to echo to the sky, and the barrack shook beneath the blow of a tremendous wave. The men leapt from their beds, expecting every moment to be engulfed. But the sea had done its worst, and the barrack stood. Little by little the storm subsided, and one morning, a fortnight after their trials had begun, they looked out on to a calm and sunny sea, and saw the relief-boat dropping anchor off Skerryvore.

Two months later the round foundation-pit for the tower—forty-two feet across—was completed, and the Duke of Argyll came to lay the first stone. Before the winter arrived the tower had grown to a height of eight feet two inches, all in solid granite, and containing half as much material as the whole of the Eddystone built by Smeaton. Now the worst part of the battle was over, and when the tower stopped growing in 1844 it had reached a height of one hundred and fifty feet—the tallest lighthouse in the British Isles. It is forty-two feet wide at the base, sixteen feet at the summit, and weighs four thousand three hundred and eight tons—an infant in 1840, a giant in 1844.

JOHN LEA.

BABY HIPPOPOTAMUSES.

A BABY hippopotamus that opens its eyes upon a life in England is likely to have trying experiences, and is rather fortunate if it grows up. When the first baby appeared at the Zoological Gardens in February 1871, on the second day Mr. Bartlett noticed that it was lying seemingly asleep, and that afterwards it tried vainly to rise. He thought it advisable to carry the little animal away from its mother. One of the keepers was sent into

the house, in the hope that he might remove the baby hippopotamus while the parent was in the bath, but she rushed at him before he could shut the gate between the bath and her house. As she stood gnashing her teeth in a threatening attitude, it was evident another plan must be tried, and Mr. Bartlett recollected the great dislike the hippopotamus has to the ordinary garden hose. He directed another keeper to bring it forward and place it to bear upon the tank. When she was entering the tank he pumped the water over her face and eyes; this caused her to dive, and before she could recover herself Mr. Bartlett rushed in and secured the baby. He was surprised to find how big it was; it actually weighed almost one hundred pounds, and was as slippery as an eel. Placed on soft hay in a warm room, the animal seemed to revive, and took goat's milk freely from a large feeding-bottle, but it died in a few days' time. It is not certain whether the mother hippopotamus would have succeeded in bringing up her baby if she had been allowed to persevere.

Another, born in January 1872, had also a very brief life. A third, born on November 5th of the same year, was called Guy Fawkes; it proved to be a female, and grew to the full size of a hippopotamus—in fact, became much larger than its mother. Miss Guy took to the water very well, and enjoyed bathing in the large tank, though sometimes she got into difficulties, perhaps from her fatness. One morning she tried to leave the tank at the corner near the giraffe-house, and the steps being smooth, she failed to secure a footing, so after a struggle she tumbled back into the water. Her mother saw she was in trouble and frightened; coming to her assistance she encouraged her baby, lifting its head upon her neck, thus keeping it well out of the water. In a little while, having rested, the mother left the pond, and Guy attempted to follow her, but slipped again, falling into deep water. She now appeared exhausted, and the keeper became anxious; however, the old hippopotamus returned to the tank, talked to her child we may suppose in their language, and both had another rest. Upon the third attempt being made, with a good deal of splashing, Guy got upon dry land.

Guy was about eight months old when she was introduced to her father, Obaysch, as he was called. He was eating his breakfast of fresh grass, when the door of his den was opened, and the mother with her young one peeped in upon him. At once he stopped eating, and trumpeted loudly. Guy went up to him cautiously, and their noses nearly touched, but her mother rushed forward and challenged her partner, Obaysch retreating to a short distance while she began eating his grass. Presently they raised themselves upon their hind legs and began to fight, clashing their teeth and striking at each other desperately. Guy Fawkes kept at a safe distance to the rear of her mother, who, after a struggle, managed by a dexterous push to send Obaysch into the tank, where she mounted guard over him, holding him a prisoner. Some other encounters occurred, but in time they got over these domestic difficulties, becoming quite a happy family.

J. R. S. C.



Cossack Bridges.

COSSACK BRIDGES.

THE Cossack soldiers in Siberia are expert builders of perhaps the most remarkable bridges in the world.

These bridges are composed solely of the soldiers'

lances bound to their cooking kettles. Seven or eight lances are placed under the handles of a number of kettles, and fastened by means of rope to form a raft. Each of these rafts will bear the weight of half a ton.

S. C.



“He pushes her along in her perambulator.”

AN ELEPHANT NURSE.

WHEN we see an elephant with a baby or young child, we naturally think there is a contrast, perhaps a comical one, between the big quadruped and such a small specimen of humanity. Nevertheless,

though elephants are not all of the same character, and a few have disagreeable tempers, one has rarely been noticed that would be spiteful to a child. Indeed, usually elephants are remarkably kind in their treatment of children, and will bear from them what they would resent if it was done by a man.

Of course, elephants will not stand everything, and should a mischievous youngster stick a pin into an elephant's trunk or give his ear a rough pull, it would not be wonderful if the elephant were offended. Still, he will not mind a bit of fun, and will take part in a game of ball, or give his pull in a tug-of-war, where he is likely to prove winner.

At the Museum of Natural History, Glen Island, New York, there is a well-known elephant, which often acts as nurse to the little daughter of the curator. He pushes her along in her perambulator, and is fond of playing with her. Before he came to America, this animal had been employed as attendant upon children in the family of the Nizam of Hyderabad. Amongst the Eastern folk, a tame elephant surrounded by children is a usual sight in some towns, and it is remarkable how carefully he will walk so as to avoid stepping upon any of them. A traveller tells us that he was stopping at an inn, and saw the keeper of an elephant bring out a black baby and put it before him, ordering him to watch over it and keep the flies off. This the animal did for quite two hours, whisking the insects away while the infant slept peacefully. Then we read that there was an elephant in a menagerie to whom a little girl belonging to the place came daily, just at his dinner-time. If she did not arrive, the elephant was uncomfortable, and would not eat.

Elephants have been known to be very attached to animals much smaller than themselves—occasionally to a dog, which we should hardly have expected. In Massachusetts, an elephant formed a strong attachment to one, and seemed always happy when this dog was in his company. One day the dog's master corrected him for some fault, and the elephant was terribly excited when he heard the dog whine. Another time, it happened that both animals were being taken across a river in a ferry-boat with other passengers. Some of these began teasing the dog, much to the anger of the elephant, who at once resolved to punish them. Extending his trunk into the stream, he took up large quantities of water, which he discharged on the deck of the boat. So persistent was he, that the men were obliged to resort to baling to prevent the ferry-boat filling.

CRIS.

THE SIBYL OF ST. PIERRE.

(Continued from page 128.)

CHAPTER XVII.



THE merry-making came to an end very soon after the arrival of Andrew on the scene, and the revellers departed in high spirits over the evening's gay doings.

The main topic of conversation as they dispersed to their various cabins was, of course, the re-appearance of Bimbo in the land of the living, and many were the wondering comments as to what he

had been doing with himself away from his former friends and fellow-workers.

Teresa was not there to take part in the gossip, her cabin lying in an isolated strip of garden ground on the side of Glen Rosa furthest from Black Rock, and she had started thither with her children directly after Andrew had told her of his meeting with her husband, refusing all offers of companionship from her neighbours.

'I've got some news to tell you,' Andrew remarked, in a casual tone, when the lawn was cleared of the last merry-maker, and Kitty and Roddy had been carried off to bed.

He and Alice and Maurice were all stretched in long bamboo chairs on the verandah, enjoying half an hour of luxurious ease before retiring for the night.

'More news, and is it good?' Alice asked, in a languid tone.

'That depends upon how you take it,' he rejoined soberly.

'Well, I don't feel equal to much active demonstration, of rejoicing, after all I've gone through already to-day, so I hope if it is anything very special you won't be offended if I take it quietly,' Alice said, with a stifled yawn; she had been working so hard all day, that she had used up all her enthusiasm as well as all her strength, and nothing seemed worth having or doing, save bed and sleep.

'Shall I wait until morning before telling you?' he asked with a twinkle of fun in his grey eyes, for Alice hated to be kept in suspense of any kind whatever.

'No, indeed. Do you want me to have nightmare or anything of that sort? But be a good boy, and make your confession quickly, for I really am fearfully tired,' she replied, not troubling to suppress her yawn this time.

'Madame Duval has decided to carry on her late husband's business herself, and has offered me the post of traveller,' he said simply, yet with an unconscious note of triumph in his tone, which showed how much the offer of advancement meant to him.

'Hurrah! Bravo, old fellow. She couldn't have done better! I hope you accepted forthwith?' exclaimed Maurice, springing up from his chair to clap his cousin on the shoulder in bear-like congratulation, a little surprised at the same time at the dubious expression on Andrew's face.

'I should have done if Uncle James had been at home.'

'That need make no difference. I'll give you my blessing, and wish you well, my boy,' retorted Maurice, with such a grandfatherly air that both the others burst out laughing.

Andrew, however, became quickly grave again, and said quietly, 'You seem to forget that the duties of a traveller are to travel, and I might be sent to New York, or Paris, or London, before Uncle and Aunt return; then who is to look after you children here at Glen Rosa?'

'Children, indeed! How many times am I to remind you, Mr. Andrew Mackern, that I am a year older than you, and ten years wiser?' Alice retorted,

with pretended indignation, springing from her chair and sweeping him a stately curtsey, after the fashion of a bygone age.

'I have never doubted the superiority of your intellect, nor have I forgotten the boasted fact of your seniority; but I cannot see my way clear to leaving you young ones unprotected, whilst Uncle James is away,' Andrew said, in such a melancholy tone that the others would certainly have laughed at him, only they were so much in earnest in trying to overcome his scruples.

'Have you been able to protect us, as you call it, so far since Father and Mother went? It seems to me, that in the rumpus we had about old Mother Maddy, it would have gone ill with us, if we had not been able to take care of ourselves,' Maurice said, with so much irony in his tone that Andrew winced under the thrust.

'But, of course, we know that Andrew was not to blame over that business; sickness and death are matters which no one can foresee, and it would have been brutal indeed to have left Madame Duval alone in her trouble,' interrupted Alice warmly, her eyes filling with tears at the thought of the poor little French lady's bitter sorrow.

'And to my way of thinking, it would be nearly or quite as brutal to leave her in the lurch now,' said Maurice. 'It is evident she trusts you, by the fact of her offering you the berth, and if you refuse to take it she may not know where to turn for a reliable person, and she could hardly do the travelling herself. If you have to go to the ends of the earth before Father comes back, there are plenty of English in St. Pierre to whom we can apply for help and consolation, if we chance to encounter a difficulty too big for our French neighbours to settle.'

'We might even request the English consul to come and take up his abode at Glen Rosa, pending our getting into smoother water again,' suggested Alice, with a merry twinkle in her eyes. Then, changing her tone as she saw how troubled and perplexed Andrew still looked, she added seriously, 'I think for your own sake you ought to take this promotion; don't you remember what Shakespeare says in *Julius Caesar* :—

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

'You might have waited years for a chance of promotion equal to this, and I am sure your real duty to yourself should outride any fancied duty to us.'

'Bravo, Alice! When all other trades fail, I will take you on a lecturing tour through the States; we should get a hatful of money, for you can put a thing so neatly,' Maurice exclaimed, patting his sister on the head, and considerably ruffling her hair by the operation.

'Meanwhile we shall be wise to go to bed; unless you intend to sit up all night, that is,' she replied, laughing at the idea of posing as a stump orator.

Maurice and Andrew soon followed her example, and in a very short time the house at Glen Rosa was

wrapped in profound repose; even the dogs snoring loudly in their dry comfortable quarters under the house-verandah, whilst the full moon shone gloriously out of a violet sky, and the lesser constellations twinkled and sparkled in countless numbers strewn like golden dust on the dark floor of night.

Suddenly Alice, who was a light sleeper, awoke, roused by a swaying, swinging sensation, whilst the crockery on the bamboo washstand shivered and rattled as if violently shaken.

'An earthquake!' she faltered to herself, and was about to spring from her bed and give the alarm, when a look at Kitty sleeping by her side made her hesitate. Perhaps there would be no more shocks, and the little girl was always so fearfully alarmed at earthquakes, that the fright of being roused suddenly from her sleep would be certain to make her ill for a day or two.

But there was no more sleep for Alice that night; instead, she lay broad-awake and shivering with apprehension as the hours stole slowly by, until the moon set, the stars paled, and morning came to relieve the tension of her strained waiting.

Feeling miserably unrefreshed, she rose and went in search of Maurice, intending to ask him privately if he had been disturbed. But he had already left the house, and started off for a round through the plantations, whilst the morning was still cool and fresh. Andrew was not yet out of his room, though he called out to her that he would not be five minutes, when she paused under his window, to ask if he meant to stay in bed all day.

But breakfast was ready when he appeared, and as Kitty and Roddy were at table, she could not speak of her fright before them.

'Alice, I have been thinking over all you said last night, and I think I shall take it,' Andrew said, as he sat down to make a hasty meal before leaving for the town.

"Wiser determinations come with morning light." Of course neither Maurice nor I really doubted but that you would take the appointment, only we did our best to help you in coming to a right decision,' she answered brightly, yet with a sudden sinking at heart. It had seemed so easy last night to bid Andrew take the post; but this morning, with the remembrance of the terror which had roused her from sleep fresh in her mind, she shrank with instinctive dread from the thought of his going away.

She was just debating with herself as to whether she would call him into the next room, and ask him whether he considered the earthquake shock of the previous night had anything to do with the fulfilment of Mother Maddy's weird prediction, when a negro boy appeared before the house, leading the short-legged pony, and Andrew rose hastily from the table, declaring that he must be off without a moment's delay.

'But you will be over again this evening?' she asked, following him out to the door.

'Certainly, unless indeed something unexpected happens,' he rejoined, lifting his hat to her as he rode off, and little dreaming of all that would happen before they two should meet again.

(Continued at page 142.)

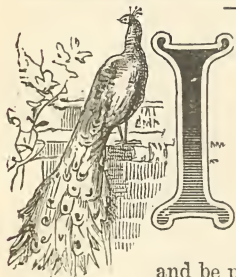


Andrew leaves Glen Rosa.



“Down would drop a fine squirrel.”

THE GIFT OF FRIENDSHIP.



IT is not generally known that very few people have the power of making animals behave towards them absolutely naturally and without fear. Most of us can induce a cat or dog or even some of the tamer birds, such as the robin or the London pigeon, to come and be petted and stroked, and to let us touch them. But not many can extend this power to other animals, or can do more than just touch their dumb friends. The gift of complete friendship with animals seems to be bestowed upon but few.

A gentleman living in the Lake District in Cumberland possessed this gift in a very remarkable degree. When he left his house in the mornings, birds would fly round him, and if he stood still and produced a piece of cake or a lump of sugar, the robins and sparrows would settle gently on him in twos and threes and eat the delicacies he provided. But a still more surprising thing often followed. He whistled softly, and rattled his breast-pocket, where some nuts and sugar were carefully stored beforehand. There would be a gentle scurrying noise in a neighbouring tree, and in a few moments down would drop a fine little squirrel, which perched on his shoulder and had a happy meal off the contents of the pocket. The animal would plunge its head deep into the pocket in search of food, though, in spite of all this tameness, it would never allow its friend to touch it with his hand.

This pretty scene used to be enacted day after day. Very little trouble had been needed to make the creatures friendly. Their tameness seemed to be due simply to that mysterious gift of sympathy with the dumb creation, which so few of us possess. If any of the readers of *Chatterbox* find that they too attract animal friends so easily, let them make a good use of their power, and do all that they can to show kindness to animals, and to encourage it in others.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

25.—FLORAL ARITHMOGRAPH.

I AM a word of eleven letters, the name of a handsome garden flower.

1. My 1, 3, 8, 9, 11, are a girl's name; and so are my 2, 3, 10, 4, 5.
2. My 1, 2, 9, 5, are anxiety and trouble.
3. My 1, 6, 2, 3, are fuel of fire.
4. My, 1, 2, 3, 7, will attract attention.
5. My 2, 3, 5, are a common beverage.
6. My 9, 10, 1, 5, are the food of a large part of the human race.
7. My 3, 11, 4, 5, are an ornamental trimming.
8. My 10, 5, 4, are very cold.
9. My 9, 5, 2, 7, are actually existing.
10. My 3, 6, 4, 2, 7, belong to a place.

C. J. B.

26.—SOWING AND REAPING.

The things 'sown' are the syllables of a word, the whole of which is 'reaped.'

1. I sow the dust of the desert, and a salt spring; and reap something for lunch.
2. I sow a vehicle, and a verb; and reap a shipload.
3. I sow a bird, a small fruit, and a stupid person; and reap a delicious sweetmeat.
4. I sow circular motion, and agitated air; and reap a natural phenomenon.
5. I sow shop furniture, and part of a window; and reap a warm covering.

C. J. B.

[Answers at page 154.]

ANSWERS.

- 23.—1. Flame, lame, ame (the French for soul), me.
2. Stray, tray, ray.
3. Breach, reach, each.
4. Cream, ream.
5. Draw, raw.
6. Drink, rink, ink.
- 24.—(A.) Rep-tile. (B.) Eye-lash.

APRIL WEATHER.

A PRIMROSE was nodding its welcome to spring,
'Oh, fair is the morning,' said she;
'The lark from the meadow is rising to sing,
And there goes the earliest bee.
I watch for the swallow from morning till night,
And now I can see him at last;'
And softly she felt, with a silent delight,
The fan of his wing as he passed.

A robin, intent on domestic affairs,
Just paused for a moment to sing:
'What radiant sunshine! what beautiful airs!
I really do think it is spring.
The hawthorns are leafing in meadow and lane;
The wind seems to come from the west;
And though it may change to the winter again,
I think I shall finish my nest.'

The lilac, the chestnut, the willow, the lime,
Their little green banners hung out,
And sighed to the sun, 'What a beautiful time!
We hope there's no danger about?
We hope that the winter (the horrid old thing)
Has taken his frost and his snow,
And will not come back just to bother the spring—
It is one of his habits, you know.'

* * * * *

But over the seas in a land far away,
The east wind was muttering low:
'If April is pleasant in England to-day,
I really think I ought to go.'
So ere the morn ended, he came in a blast
That chilled all the creatures he met;
The birds and the blossoms cried sadly, aghast:
'Oh, the spring has not come to us yet!'

And over the meadows the bitter wind flew
 To drive down the rain with a hiss,
 And peevishly grumbled: 'Well, I never knew
 A country so wretched as this.'
 He never once thought (as we know that he might)
 That people as peevish can bring
 A mood that will take from the heart its delight,
 And blight the best beauties of spring.

JOHN LEA.

'WITHOUT FEAR AND WITHOUT REPROACH.'

Tales of the famous Knight, Bayard.

IV.—THE CITIZENS OF VOGHIERA.

BAYARD had said to Ludovic Sforza that the Lombard forces could not long withstand those of the King of France, and Sforza soon found that it was no idle boast. The Battle of Binasco was followed by another engagement in which the French proved victorious; the rebel army was completely routed, and Sforza himself was made prisoner and taken to France, where he died after some years of captivity.

When the war was ended, and peace was restored to the country, the King presented the Count of Ligny and the other French generals with towns and lands in the Duchy of Milan as reward for their services, as was the custom of those times.

The towns of Voghiera and Tortona, among others, fell to Ligny's share.

Now these towns had followed the example of Milan in revolting to Sforza, and fighting against the King of France, and for this disloyalty, Ligny resolved to punish them. He therefore set out to pay a visit to his new possessions, and Bayard went with him as his standard-bearer. The Count took with him as his lieutenant another famous knight named Louis d'Ars, and several other officers.

It was not long before rumours of the Count's threat, that he would put all rebels to death by fire and sword, reached his new subjects, and filled them with alarm. When they heard further that Ligny had set out, and had actually reached Alessandria, on his way to visit them, their terror knew no bounds. The townsmen of Voghiera consulted together as to the best way of appeasing their lord's wrath, and finally agreed that a deputation of their number should go out to meet Ligny and seek to propitiate him with humble words and gifts of silver and gold. For this purpose they selected twenty of their most important citizens, who forthwith set out upon their errand.

The Count and his followers were within two or three miles of Voghiera when this deputation met them. But Ligny, instead of stopping, as they expected he would, to ask them their business, took no notice of them, but marched straight on at the head of his company towards the town.

At this unexpected treatment, the deputation were greatly disturbed. Full of alarm, they followed Ligny very humbly into Voghiera, and seized the first possible opportunity of speaking to

Captain d'Ars, whom they begged most piteously to intercede for them.

'Kind sir,' said they, 'we implore your help in our perplexity and distress. We went out, as you saw, to meet the Count and to assure him of our penitence and loyalty, and lo! he would not even look at us! If you have any influence with the Count, we entreat you to use it for us. He cannot refuse to hear us if one so great in honours and favour will speak for us.'

D'Ars, who was a kindly and generous knight, agreed to do what he could for the poor citizens.

'Come back to-morrow,' said he, 'and make your speeches to the Count. In the meantime, I will entreat him on your behalf.'

The lieutenant was as good as his word, for when the deputation had departed, somewhat comforted by his kind words, he went straight to Ligny and begged his forgiveness for the penitent townsmen.

The next day fifty of the principal citizens appeared before Ligny, and falling upon their knees before him, cried out, 'Mercy!' One of their number then came forward and received the Count's permission to speak.

'Most noble lord,' said he, 'I am speaking for all your subjects in assuring you of our deep regret for what has passed. That we joined the forces of Ludovic Sforza is true, but it is no less true that—whatever our actions have been—our hearts were never for a moment disloyal to King Louis of France, whom God preserve. Your lordship must see that this town is quite unfit to resist a siege, and that in submitting to Sforza we were taking the only means of saving our helpless fellow-citizens from slaughter. We are humbly penitent for our seeming disloyalty, and beg your lordship's acceptance of these goblets and dishes in token of our undying faithfulness to your service and to that of the King of France.'

At the close of this speech, the deputation approached Ligny, and bowing low to the ground presented for his acceptance a quantity of gold and silver plate, beautifully worked and very precious.

But the Count treated their speeches and gifts alike with the utmost disdain, and answered them very angrily, 'Insolent varlets that you are! Have you not already insulted your King sufficiently by your disloyalty, that you seek to bribe his officers with gifts and lying tales? Go! leave my presence! And pray to Heaven that I may not hang you all as such traitors deserve!'

Ligny's words so terrified the poor townsmen that they remained as if rooted to the spot, unable to move or speak, until d'Ars, true to his promise, came forward and eagerly besought the Count to have mercy upon the penitents. His sympathy gave the citizens fresh courage, and when he promised loyalty and devotion in their name, they found their voices again and cried out as one man, 'It shall be as the captain says, if it please your lordship.'

The good Count, deeply moved, bade them rise.

'Go,' said he; 'you are pardoned for the sake of the Captain d'Ars. As for your silver, you do not deserve that I should take it.' Then looking round him, his eye fell upon Bayard, and he added, 'Piquet, I make you a present of it for your kitchen.'



"Ligny took no notice of them, but marched straight on."

'I humbly thank you,' replied Bayard; 'but God forbid that the wealth of traitors and unfaithful subjects should be mine: it would but bring me ill-fortune.'

With these words he distributed the silver among those present, keeping back not a single piece for himself, and then left the room.

This generosity astonished all the company, for it was well known that Bayard was at that time so poor that he did not know where to turn for a piece of money. His praises were on every tongue, and the Count was no less pleased with the noble young knight for this fresh proof of his honour and good feeling.



"Soon they arrive in conveyances of every imaginable kind."

As a reward for his generosity, Ligny, on the following day, presented Bayard with a gorgeous dress, a handsome steed, and a purse containing three hundred crowns; but this too lasted him a very little time, for the young knight was so generous that he shared everything among his companions, and was soon as poor as he had been before.

SCENES FROM ROUMANIA.

ALTHOUGH Roumania is one of the countries of Europe, and the Crown Princess is an Englishwoman, a grand-daughter of Queen Victoria and niece of our King Edward, the manners and customs of the people differ so much from our

own, that in visiting the country we find ourselves surrounded by conditions not unlike those which we imagine as having existed in England during the middle ages.

The population mainly consists of nobles, peasants, and Jews, who do almost all the trade.

When a Roumanian lady finds the time hang heavily on her hands — perhaps she has no guests to entertain, or perhaps her lord is away hunting, or what not — she sends a servant to the nearest town to command the attendance of the Jewish shop-keepers. Soon they arrive in conveyances of every imaginable kind, dressed in their quaint long robes and close-fitting black caps, and bringing with them their most tempting goods—silks, satins, embroideries, Oriental rugs, lovely Bohemian glass, and costly jewellery. These are displayed in one of the large saloons for the amusement of the ladies of the house, who recline on low couches indolently inspecting the goods as they are unrolled and spread out before them.

It by no means follows that purchases are made. If any article specially strikes the fancy of the lady of the house, she waves her hand as a signal that it shall be put aside for her; but it often happens that the merchants return home without having sold a single article.

This, however, they do not mind, as it is to their interest to please and propitiate the noble families, and sooner or later, when the castle is filled with guests for some great hunting or shooting expedition, they are sure to receive large orders for all kinds of goods which they can supply almost at their own price.

The Roumanian houses, like those in many other countries on the continent, are so built that every room on the same floor opens into those on either side by wide doors placed in the middle of the walls, so that by throwing these doors open a large and noble suite of rooms is formed for the entertainment of guests on special occasions.

In Roumanian houses every apartment can, if necessary, be used as a bedroom at night and reception-room by day. The beds are arranged on hinged boards of polished wood fastened to the walls, which can be folded so as to form a dado. In this way the room can be used for receptions, and thus it is possible to entertain a larger number of guests at the same time than could otherwise be done.

In one way particularly the habits of the people recall the old feudal times. The principal kitchen of the castle is always very spacious. Near one end is a large stove, reaching almost to the ceiling and so placed as to divide the kitchen into two parts. Any poor woman left a widow, or any peasant on the estate who through old age or infirmity is no longer able to maintain himself, asks, and receives, permission to live *behind the stove*.

This request is never refused, and so it is by no means uncommon to find more than one poor family, surrounded by what remains of their meagre possessions, living behind the stove, and receiving for their daily food the broken meats which come from the family table.

E. CARRUTHERS.

THE SIBYL OF ST. PIERRE.

(Continued from page 135.)

CHAPTER XVIII.

NOT more than a quarter of an hour after Andrew rode away from Glen Rosa, Maurice came home to breakfast, wearing a very disgusted expression on his face, and being unmistakably out of temper.

'What is the matter? don't you feel well?' Alice inquired, in sisterly concern, for he was not wont to be so irritable.

'It isn't a question of health, for I'm as fit as a fiddle; but I'm so annoyed, I just don't know what to do with myself, and the plantation will get such a bad name, that we shall not be able to get hands for love or money,' he said crossly, making a savage attack on his breakfast, as if he considered the plate of corn porridge chiefly to blame for the contrariness of things generally.

'But what is it all about, and why will the plantation get a bad name? We have always treated our people well, and I am sure they were happy enough last evening,' she replied, putting an appetising dish of scrambled eggs before him, with a dish of delicate bread-fruit cakes.

'Yes, that is just the worst of it. Here they were last night dancing, singing, feasting, and being made much of; then this morning, Teresa and her pickaninnies are missing, the wildest reports are afloat, and our people are huddled in whispering groups, declaring that the woman and her children have been carried off by a witch, and wondering if their own turn won't come next.'

'Has Teresa gone?' cried Alice with something very like consternation in her tone.

'Yes, cleared out, bag and baggage; the cabin is stripped of everything easily portable, and the wonder to me is, how she could have managed to get everything packed up, and herself clear away from the place in such a short time,' Maurice answered, pushing his empty cup up for more coffee.

Alice refilled it in silence; then, as she was passing it to him, burst out excitedly: 'Maurice, you may be sure Bimbo came here last night, and for some reason or other carried off his wife and children.'

'Why couldn't he do it openly then? that is what I want to know. These mysterious disappearances throw our people into a perfect panic of fear, and things have come to such a pass that old Anthony refused to pasture the cows up under La Guerin this morning, unless I sent some one with him, through a dread of being ill-wished or meeting a witch,' Maurice said, impatiently.

'What did you do?'

'Had the cows left in the home paddock and sent Anthony hoeing with the other hands; and now I must be off after them, or a fine time they will be having of it, lounging round and doing nothing at all,' he said, rising from his hasty breakfast and preparing to betake himself to the fields for the day.

'There was an earthquake shock last night, Maurice; did you hear it?' Alice asked, after a swift glance around to see that the children were out of hearing.

'Are you sure?' he demanded, turning upon her with a quick look of terror in his eyes, for although earthquake shocks were of frequent occurrence in the island, they never failed to inspire dread and awe in the hearts of the inhabitants, no matter how slight they might chance to be.

'I am positive it was that. I was awakened by a swaying, swinging motion that turned me sick, and all the crockeryware on my washstand was shaking violently.'

'Did you tell Andrew?' he asked again, suppressing a shiver with difficulty, for he was thinking of Mother Maddy's weird predictions.

'I had no chance—he was late at breakfast, and had to hurry; besides, the children were here, and you know how frightened Kitty is at the mere mention of a quake. But he spoke of coming home this evening, and so we can tell him then. It made me feel rather bad, because I could not help remembering Mother Maddy's warnings of coming disaster, but as there was only the one shock it did not seem worth while to rouse the house.'

Maurice nodded. 'Just as well not to say anything about it, and after all it may not be followed by any more. Now I must be off to look after the hands, and if they are settling down to work all right, I may take a turn up to Teresa's cabin again in order to see if there is any clue to which way she went.'

'Oh, Maurice, let me come too! Perhaps I can help you, and Kitty and Roddy don't need so much oversight since poor old Mother Maddy died,' Alice said, eagerly, the prospect of even such a small outing being welcome in her dull, stay-at-home days.

'Come by all means; we will have the ponies out and ride up, for it is going to be hot to-day, and no mistake about it. But if I were you, I wouldn't be quite so certain of Mother Maddy being dead. I have never felt sure of it, and I shouldn't be surprised to see her roaming about the plantations any day,' Maurice said, and then vanished in pursuit of his troublesome workpeople, leaving Alice with matter in plenty for meditation.

He was back again in less than an hour, then the ponies were brought round, and the two started on their ride up to Teresa's deserted cabin.

The morning was fair and fresh, with a promise of heat later on; the ponies went at a great pace across the cane-pieces whence the cane had already been cut, and through the avenues of feathery plumes as yet untouched by the keen *machetes*.

On some plantations the cabins of the workers were clustered together, these groups of dwellings being known as 'quarters.' But on Glen Rosa they were dotted about in isolated positions, some at one end of the estate and some at another, but each one standing in its own little enclosure of garden ground, which showed good tillage or bad in accordance with the industry of its occupant.

Teresa's garden was so choked with a luxurious growth of brilliant tropical weeds that the little cabin in the centre was almost lost to view under a mass of gorgeous-hued climbers, the place wearing an air of utter desolation and neglect.

Brother and sister dismounted, and fastening their

ponies to a post, proceeded to a minute investigation of the small abode.

It was the usual style of cabin, containing a bed, a bench, and a few wooden pegs inserted here and there in the rough boarded walls.

The bed-frame had been left behind and the bench also, the latter being a snare and a delusion: containing only one sound leg and two broken ones, it usually stood in a corner propped up and supported by the wall, but now it was lying on its side, with all its infirmities revealed, looking as if some one had by ill chance sat down upon it and been toppled over.

Some object, lying half hidden under it, caught the quick eye of Alice, and she pounced upon it, holding it up to view.

'Maurice, look. Isn't this like that thing Mr. Winters gave you so long ago? I wonder where Teresa got it from, or what possible use she could have for a combined button-hook and corkscrew?'

'Why, that was the thing I gave to Gusty after our adventure at the Demon's Mouth. How did it get here, I wonder? I say, Alice, the plot thickens, and one is almost tempted to think Gusty must have kidnapped and carried off Teresa and her babies,' said Maurice with a laugh at his own small joke, for Teresa was a fury, and almost a giantess too, so that to coerce her would not be an easy matter.

Alice was opening her lips to reply when there came a sudden tremor of the solid earth under their feet—a long, sickening roll, followed by a violent oscillation.

The ponies, tied to the post, plunged madly, straining to get away; but brother and sister had fallen on their knees, clinging to each other until the movement should cease.

A minute it might have lasted, perhaps less, but to the two crouched in the empty cabin it seemed like an hour of agonising suspense, and then, with a simultaneous cry, they rose to their feet and stumbled out through the crazy doorway to the open air.

'Oh, Maurice, the children! Poor little Kitty will be almost frightened to death,' panted Alice, in whom the maternal instinct was strong.

'We will ride back like the wind in a minute,' he said, lurching heavily, and looking so ghastly that Alice was frightened.

'What is it, dear?' she asked, slipping her arm round him under the impression that he was going to fall.

'Only a horrible sensation of nausea, a feeling quite too bad to be described, but I am better now,' he answered, pulling himself together with an effort and trying to mount his pony, but failing in the attempt.

'Alice, you will have to help me, and when I am once up, ride on as fast as you can to Glen Rosa, and I will follow somehow,' he gasped, groping blindly like one who cannot see.

Between pulling and pushing she got him into the saddle; then, with a brave word of cheer, sprang upon her own pony, and was off through the cane at a gallop.

(Continued at page 150.)



"She was off through the cane at a gallop."



“ ‘ I wish to see my mother. ’ ”

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

True Tales of Events of the year 1804.

V.—A HERO OF THE CATAMARAN EXPEDITION.



BOULOGNE in 1804 was perhaps the busiest and liveliest town in the whole of France, for it was here that Napoleon fixed his headquarters for the expedition he was raising for the invasion of England—that little island, begirt by stormy seas, on which he had for years cast envious eyes.

The old town seemed a sort of ant-heap, with soldiers for ants—so many thousands were there of them, running gaily hither and thither; some at work on the great batteries which protected the coasts; others building huts, laying out streets, bringing in provisions; and, in short, doing the hundred and one things necessary to lodge, feed, and protect a huge army. There was cheerfulness and activity on all sides. The soldiers—well fed and well cared for—worked with a will, for they one and all worshipped the great General who had led them to so many victories, and the proposed invasion of England was extremely popular with all ranks.

'It will be successful, of course; our First Consul knows not defeat; and think of sacking London!' Such were the remarks to be heard on all sides.

Certainly the preparations that Napoleon had been three years or more in making were on so vast a scale that it did seem as if defeat of such a host must indeed be impossible.

There were assembled here some hundred thousand men, ten thousand horses, and four thousand pieces of cannon—all ready for service at a moment's notice, whilst ready to convey them across the thirty miles or more of the 'silver streak' was a vast flotilla of flat-bottomed boats, manned by sturdy rowers, whose strong arms would easily propel the heavy boats through the waves. So much for the land forces, and the shipping was on an equal scale.

The quays at Boulogne were very large, but large as they were they were quite insufficient to accommodate all the vessels that were ranged there, and these had to be stacked nine deep, the first one only touching the quays; the others being placed as close as they would go, in order to facilitate the embarkation of men and horses.

By Napoleon's express orders there were daily practices of this embarkation, and by means of this constant repetition, both men and horses were got on board the ships with surprising rapidity. 'A horse with a band passed round him,' says a writer of the time, 'was raised by means of a pulley, transmitted nine times from one ship's yard to the next, as he was borne aloft in the air, and in about two minutes it was deposited in the ninth vessel.'

At length all was ready; every possible contingency had been provided for, and Napoleon, standing outside

the little hut he had had built for him on the bleak heights of Boulogne, exclaimed as he gazed across the Channel, 'It is but a ditch! It can be leaped by one daring enough to try! Eight hours of a calm night and we are the masters of the world.'

But surely, one might say, in making such a boast, Napoleon must utterly have forgotten to take into his reckoning the British fleet, so constantly cruising up and down the Channel, and still fresh from the glories of the victory of the Nile.

Napoleon was too great a leader to forget such a formidable hindrance to his cause. But those were not the days of steam and electricity. The largest ship of the line, as well as the smallest cruiser, was then perforce dependent on the winds, and in a calm they were unable to manœuvre at all. Calms in summer-time are not uncommon in the Channel, and it was for such a calm that this vast army was now waiting. Then the rowers could propel their flat boats on to the foreign shore; and, once landed, victory was certain. When had Napoleon known defeat?

Nor was it the French alone who felt so confident of their success. Strange as it now seems to us, who know that this proposed invasion never took place, there was hardly a household, high or low, in the southern coast of England, where preparations were not made in case of the French landing. Even King George at Windsor did not feel safe, and had settled to send his wife and family to Worcester in the event of the French invasion. 'I should feel happier,' he wrote, 'to know my family were beyond the Severn,' though the brave old man had no thought of personal flight, but intended himself to lead an army against 'the Tyrant.'

Our Navy, however, was, as now, our first line of defence, and the year 1804 is memorable for an expedition called the 'Catamaran Expedition,' which, by means of fire-rafts and explosive vessels, was to set fire to and utterly destroy the large fleet of gun-boats which were anchored outside Boulogne, to protect the shipping so tightly wedged together in the harbour.

Lord Keith was in command, and it was a very responsible post, for there was no little danger connected with the management of these new-fangled fire-ships.

Our sailors, however, were all eager for the job, and none more eager than a sturdy young fellow, Giles Upcher by name, the son of a boatswain who had lost his life some years before on another vessel under Lord Keith's command.

Giles was one of the first to volunteer for the Catamaran Expedition, rather to Lord Keith's dismay, as he knew the young man to be the sole support of a widowed mother, so he sent for the lad and began:

'Now then, Giles, about these fire-rafts. Can you not leave that business to those who have not got a widowed mother at home?'

Giles pulled his forelock in token of respect, as he answered:

'Your Honour, Mother would be ashamed of me if I did not offer for the best job going.'

'The best job being the most dangerous, of course,' said Lord Keith, with a gratified smile at the good

feeling amongst his crew. 'Well, then, you shall go, Giles, and I trust you may return in safety and unharmed.'

'Thank-ye, sir,' said Giles, again saluting. 'A British sailor takes a deal of killing, and it's not a catamaran that will finish Giles Upcher,' and with these words he left the cabin.

So Giles took part in the Catamaran Expedition, and was in one of the first boats, with a crew as eager and determined as himself to work destruction to the French.

All their hopes were doomed to disappointment, however, and the Catamaran Expedition, of which such hopes were formed, may be said to have literally ended in smoke.

Most of the fire-vessels that reached the enemy's lines obstinately refused to explode, and those that did were easily extinguished. In fact, these 'catamarans' did more harm to the British than to their foes, or, at any rate, Giles had good reason to think so, for the vessel he was on somehow blew up, and when he came to himself he found he was on a French man-of-war, with strange-speaking folk all about him, and that very evening saw him lodged in the damp cell of a Boulogne prison.

Prisoners of war were everywhere harshly treated in that day, and Giles suffered slow starvation for some weeks, till a happy chance threw the means of escape within his reach.

The jailer who brought his daily pittance of bread and water was seized with a fit as he entered the cell, and as he lay on the ground, Giles stripped him of his outer garments and laid him on his straw bed, 'to finish his fit comfortably,' as the young fellow quaintly put it. Then dressing himself in the jailer's clothes, and jingling the keys at his girdle, he passed unnoticed through the jail precincts and was a free man once more.

Giles' keen eyes at once swept the landscape, and in another minute he was making for the forest on the outskirts of the city. In the forest he could snare birds and rabbits for food, and there, too, he would find the means of building some sort of boat or raft to take him back to old England.

In a few days he had somehow constructed a little skiff of the branches and bark of trees, and upon this frail float, which would scarcely bear up his body, he ventured out into the channel, on the chance of being picked up by some cruiser.

So he was, but, alas! it was by one of the enemy's cruisers, and by Napoleon's orders the British sailor was brought before him to be questioned as to his intentions.

'Did you really intend to brave the terrors of the ocean in so frail a skiff?' said Buonaparte, looking sternly at the sailor, whom he half thought to be a spy.

'If you will but let me,' said Giles, 'I will immediately embark again on the skiff, and take my luck.'

'Why are you so desirous of returning? Is it to see your sweetheart again?' was the next question.

'I wish to see my mother,' answered the lad. 'She is old, and has only myself to depend upon.'

'You *shall* see her, my brave fellow,' said Buonaparte, seized with one of his rare attacks of sympathy. 'You shall see her this very day, and take her, from me, this purse of gold. It can be no common mother who can have trained up so brave and dutiful a son.'

When next Giles put to sea, it was on a French cruiser bearing a flag of truce, which conveyed him safely to a British man-of-war.

S. CLARENDON.

THE WHEAT AND THE DAISY.

'DAISY, Daisy, at my feet,'
Cried a bearded ear of wheat,
'Aren't you very proud to grow
Close to our distinguished row?
O'er yon meadow, fair and green,
Reapers with their sickles keen,
Ere the autumn, you will see
Come to reap my friends and me.
When in sheaves we proudly stand
Gracing all the harvest land,
Mark me, you will often say
(Speaking of the present day):
"Who am I, that I should be
Reared in such proud company?"'

'Sir,' the Daisy answered low,
'Aren't you very proud to grow
Close beside me, when you hear
Through all seasons of the year,
Though September reapers send,
My long harvest never ends?
When in sheaves you proudly stand
Gracing all the harvest land,
Mark me, you will often say
(Speaking of the present day):
"Many blades have known, I see,
Less exalted company."'

JOHN LEA.

A WOODPECKER'S NEST.

THERE is a poem in which the author describes a time when the country seemed very still; no sound was to be heard except that made by the woodpecker as he tapped the hollow beech-tree. Birds of this kind visit trees, not to eat the wood or its sap, but to obtain the insects that are hidden inside. Hence it is that when the woodpecker taps a trunk or bark, it generally sounds hollow, the insects having eaten some of it away. The more hollow the wood is, the louder the noise made by the bird. Having pecked a hole, it often has to enlarge it by removing chips or bark.

But the woodpeckers do not confine themselves to trees, they also visit telegraph poles, from which they sometimes get their favourite food. Considerable damage has been done recently to telegraph poles in South Wales by green woodpeckers, which have apparently deserted the trees of the district. Though such poles are usually moistened with some substance such as creosote, which is thought to ward off insects,



A Woodpecker's Nest.

yet there must be some in the poles, or the birds would not visit them. An inspector, examining a pole one day, found lodged in a good-sized hole the nest of a pair of woodpeckers. It contained four young birds, which were thriving and about half-fledged.

The number of names belonging to the green

woodpecker is a proof that it must have been formerly a very abundant bird all over the country, and it is still the commonest of our British woodpeckers. We may mention a few that are remarkable—the rain-fowl, or rain-bird, the woodspite, the peck-a-tree, the popinjay and the yaffle. It is a handsome bird, well suited for its mode of life, having very strong



Politics in Bed

feet and claws. Two toes are directed forward and two backward, so that it can take firm hold of a tree, or glide up and down in all directions. Its tail has stiff pointed feathers, and the long tongue is barbed, with a horny tip. The peculiar laugh-like cry of this bird is thought by some people to foretell rain.

J. R. S. C.

POLITICS IN BED.

THERE is a good anecdote related illustrative of the ascendancy of Pitt over the Earl of Newcastle. The Earl was so afraid of taking cold that he often ordered the windows of the House of Lords to be shut in the hottest weather, while the

rest of the Peers were suffering from the want of air. On one occasion he called on Pitt, who was confined to his bed by the gout. Newcastle, on being led to the bed-chamber, found the room, to his dismay, without a fire on a cold wintry afternoon. He begged to have one kindled, but Pitt refused, saying that it might be injurious to his gout. Newcastle drew his cloak around him, and submitted with a passable grace. The conference was a long one, and the discussion continued till the Earl was actually shivering with cold. At last, seeing another bed in the opposite corner, he slipped in, and covered himself with the bed-clothes. A secretary, coming in soon after, found the two ministers in this curious predicament, with only their faces visible, arguing with great earnestness from one bedside to the other.

W. YARWOOD.

A FAMOUS WAR-SHIP.

IN recent years an attempt has been made to raise from the bottom of the sea an old British man-of-war, the *Anson*, which sank in December 1807, off Porthleven, in Cornwall.

Divers have gone down to this ship, which has lain so calmly for nearly a hundred years in the bed of the ocean, and they report that the tough timbers are quite sound, and the guns still remain on the deck just as they were on the day on which she sank with the loss of fifty lives, including her gallant Captain, Lydiard, who was drowned in trying to save the ship's boys.

The *Anson* has a memorable history. As a line-of-battle ship she was with Rodney in his famous victory over the French in the West Indies in 1782; she took part in the famous Quiberon Bay Expedition in 1795, fighting several spirited actions and forcing the *Loire* to surrender.

Then at the beginning of 1800 she was in the Mediterranean, and came under the orders of Nelson. In 1805 she was again sent to the West Indies, and Captain Lydiard, with the captain of the *Arethusa*, received directions from the Admiral to 'reconnoitre' the island of Curaçoa, then a Dutch possession.

These officers had their own views of what this 'reconnoitring' was to be. Whilst the inhabitants of the island, and their Dutch guardians, were drinking in the New Year, and the crews of their two guard-ships and the gunners on their well-armed forts were likewise engaged in merry-making, the two plucky British officers attacked the place, carrying it by storm, and killing two hundred of the defenders, with a British loss of only three.

The island of Curaçoa was supposed to be impregnable, so splendidly was it provided with forts and vessels, but British pluck performed the feat which had been supposed impossible.

It will be a glory for our country if a ship with such a fame as the *Anson* can be raised from the depths of the sea, and once more ride on our waters.

S. C.

THE SIBYL OF ST. PIERRE.

(Continued from page 143.)

CHAPTER XIX.



T was fortunate that Alice was a skilled horse-woman, for no sooner was she in her saddle than her terrified pony, demoralised by fear, took the bit between its teeth and bolted.

But it bolted in the direction of home, and clinging to the creature's neck, Alice kept

her seat somehow, though she bumped and bounced and jolted until it seemed little short of a miracle that she was not flung.

'Steady, Puck, steady!' she contrived to gasp whenever she found enough breath for the exertion, and hearing her voice the sensible little animal began to understand that menace of danger might not be so imminent after all, and to slow its mad gallop down accordingly.

She dared not think of what might be happening to poor sick Maurice in the rear. The frightened, helpless children at home must be her first thought, and afterwards she would go back in search of him.

Her hat had fallen off, her crop of chestnut hair had come unbound, and was streaming wildly down her back when at length she rode up to the house-block at Glen Rosa and dismounted. There was no one visible, though she could hear Rosinetta, the black laundry-maid, singing as she washed the clothes in the shade of the magnolia-trees growing by the pond.

Flinging Puck's rein over the post by the block, she was about to go in search of the children, when they came running up from the lemon grove to meet her, telling her that they were playing at smugglers, and having glorious fun.

The contrast between the peaceful scene upon which she had come and her terrible anxiety on their account was too much for Alice's strained nerves, and sitting down on the step of the house-block she gave way to that true feminine luxury, a good cry.

'What is the matter—did Puck run away with you?' asked Kitty in dismay, looking from the pony, all dusty and flecked with foam, to Alice, sobbing and dishevelled, and coming to a rapid conclusion as to the cause.

But Roddy, who simply hated to be outdone in any display of emotion, promptly flung himself upon Alice, crying loudly, though whether from sympathy or emulation did not appear.

It had, however, the effect of rousing Alice to the necessity of going back to Maurice, in order to warn him to be careful in speaking of their recent experience before the children.

'Yes, Puck did run away with me, and now as punishment for his stupidity I am going to make him take me back to find Maurice, whom we left

ever so far in the rear,' she said, rising from the step and preparing to remount.

'Poor old Puck, you will know better next time,' said the fearless Kitty, bestowing an affectionate hug on the pony; then taking Roddy's hand, she ran off with him to the lemon grove, to continue their play, the small boy's tears having dried as quickly as they had risen.

Back again through the fields of cane rode Alice, meeting Maurice about half a mile from the house.

'What has happened?' he asked, his voice thick and unsteady, his eyes wild through excitement.

'Nothing. The children were at play in the lemon grove, Rosinetta washing clothes at the pool, and no one noticed anything, so plainly the shock must have been very local.'

'I never heard of earthquakes of that description before; do you think it possible we could have been mistaken?' he asked blankly.

'No, indeed. The fact of your feeling so ill would be evidence enough without anything else, and then remember how frightened the ponies were. But let us get on as fast as you can ride, then you had better rest indoors for the remainder of the day, and let the plantation work take care of itself.'

'I'm very much afraid that wouldn't pay,' he retorted, with returning cheerfulness as the horrible sense of nausea resulting from the swaying earth subsided.

He was so far recovered, by the time the house was reached, as to be able to go off at once to his duties as overseer, leaving Alice to her neglected household work.

It was long past noon when Maurice, who had been temporarily absent from the perspiring hands at work hoeing a cane-piece near to the St. Pierre road, came back to the plantation. The place was lonely, the road at that point being nothing more than a plantation track, where dark forests hemmed it in, rendering it wilder and more lonely still.

Suddenly Maurice, who was tramping through a section of uncut cane, and therefore out of sight of what was taking place, heard a loud outbreak of shrieks and cries, followed by sounds of a stampede.

For a moment his heart seemed to stand still, he thought it was another earthquake shock which had frightened them. But in a moment they burst into the narrow path through the tall cane where Maurice was, almost knocking him down with the force of their onward rush; then, thrusting him aside with as little ceremony as if he had been nothing more important than a bundle of bamboo, they streamed past him in a mad rush towards the homestead.

'What is it?' shouted Maurice, feeling sure now that it must be earthquake which had led to the wild stampede, and anxious to discover in what direction it had occurred.

'The witch! the witch! the beautiful white witch, the woman of the beckoning hand!' shouted the frightened workers, as men and women, old and young, they rushed away in search of safety.

Maurice was completely bewildered. 'The witch' might well stand for Mother Maddy, and he had always expected to see her come back again; but

light Creole though she was, by no stretch of imagination could she be called beautiful, and, feeling both puzzled and curious, he made as much haste as he could through the patch of tall cane out to the open ground beyond.

A low whistle of intense astonishment escaped him then, and for the moment he did not wonder at the panic among the ignorant and superstitious plantation hands, for sitting on a felled log at the edge of the forest was a lady of dazzling fairness, clad in a frock of soft billowy whiteness, whilst her long golden hair fell unbound about her shoulders, catching gleams of brightness from the rays of the sun.

As soon as she saw Maurice emerging from the little forest of sugar-cane, which had hidden the retreat of the panic-stricken coloured folk, she lifted her hand and beckoned, smiling on him the while.

Proof though he had supposed himself to be against all belief in native superstition, a kind of awe crept over Maurice, as he looked at the vision of loveliness seated at ease on the log, and almost wondered if after all there might not be some slight substratum of fact in the Martinique legend of the beautiful witch, who smiled on men only to beguile them to their death.

Whilst this hesitation stayed his feet for a moment, the lady beckoned to him again, calling out in French, 'I beg you come to my assistance, for I have hurt my foot.'

A sigh of relief escaped Maurice at this very simple explanation of the situation; he had never heard of a witch hurting herself, so plainly the lady on the log had nothing supernatural about her, and being, by nature and training, chivalrous and kind, he set off with all speed to her assistance.

When he came nearer he discovered that the thin white frock had touches of black here and there, whilst the black trimming on her white hat also betokened mourning.

'I trust you have not met with a bad accident to your foot?' he inquired, taking off his hat as he neared the spot where she sat.

'Oh, no, it is only a little sprain through stumbling over a root in the forest track. But I have lost my way in getting to Glen Rosa; the house was quite visible when I left my chaise, but now it has disappeared.'

'It is not far away though, and you would have reached it by this time, if you had kept to the road; these trails through the cane-brake are so misleading.'

'And your negroes all ran away, shrieking frantically, when I beckoned to them. Why did they go, instead of staying to assist me?' she asked with a pout.

But her anger changed to laughter when he told her they had mistaken her for the fabled witch, and she laughed until the tears rolled down her cheeks. 'Oh, but it is good to be merry again. I have hardly smiled since my dear brother-in-law died,' she said, wiping her eyes.

A sudden thought flashed upon Maurice. 'You are the sister of Madame Duval?' he ventured,



"Suddenly Maurice heard a loud outbreak of shrieks and cries, followed by sounds of a stampede."

bowing again with his hat in his hand. 'I have heard my cousin speak of you—Mdlle. Hortense Beurepas.'

'Ah, yes, that is my name, and you I suppose are M. Rowan, so I may do my errand without going any further. I have driven out from St. Pierre this afternoon, at Madame Duval's request,

to inform you that M. Mackern, your cousin, sailed in the steamship *Star of Liberty*, at noon to-day for New York and Chicago, on very pressing and important business for the firm.'

'Andrew gone?' exclaimed Maurice, with a groan. 'I wonder whatever Alice will say?'

(Continued at page 158.)



Dean Swift humbles the Dublin Printer.

DEAN SWIFT AND THE PRINTER.

DEAN SWIFT was one day visited by a Dublin printer who had just returned from London, and was dressed in a rich coat of silk and gold lace. He seemed so proud of his dress that Swift resolved to humble him. When he entered the room, the printer saluted the Dean as an old acquaintance. The Dean pretended that he did not know him, said that he was an impostor, and bade him leave the house. The printer saw the mistake which he had made, and returning home he put on his usual dress. Then he again went to the Dean, and this time was warmly welcomed.

'Ah, George, said the Dean, 'I am so glad to see you, for there has been an impudent fop here in silks and gold lace, who wanted to pass himself off for you, but I knew you to be always a plainly dressed, honest man, just as you are now.'

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

27.—GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

A BEAUTIFUL watering-place on the English coast: at the beginning of the nineteenth century it was only a small fishing village, but it now contains a considerable number of inhabitants, and is annually visited by crowds of health-seekers.

1. One of the United States of America; it has extensive prairie sections, and very large cotton plantations.

2. A little town in Buckinghamshire, once the home of a well-known poet.

3. An ancient city in Normandy, which has a remarkably fine Gothic cathedral.

4. A city in Canada.

5. One of the 'Forest Cantons' of Switzerland.

6. A river in Central Italy.

7. The largest river in China.

C. J. B.

28.—CHARADE.

1. My first was once exalted as a sign in heaven, and is reckoned bold and fierce, but is often found amongst the simple and meek. It was formerly a means of destruction, employed with great force.

2. My second was once thought to possess magic powers. In one form it gives pleasure to many persons; in another it is an object of dread.

3. My whole is of use to the sportsman and soldier.

C. B. J.

29.—FLORAL ARITHMOGRAPH.

A WORD of ten letters, a spring blossom.

1. My 5, 9, 6, 7, are a female relation.

2. My 10, 9, 6, are a great light.

3. My 10, 2, 5, 1, are a cleansing substance.

4. My 8, 9, 7, are a poor little house.

5. My 10, 5, 3, 7, are a common and useful mineral.

6. My 8, 5, 7, are an article of attire.

7. My 7, 2, 3, 5, are an Indian weight.

8. My 10, 3, 5, 4, are to kill with violence.

9. My 10, 8, 9, 7, are to close.

10. My 10, 5, 1, are the juice of plants.

C. J. B.

[Answers at page 170.]

ANSWERS.

25.—*Calceolaria*.

- | | |
|-----------------|------------|
| 1. Clara—Alice. | 6. Rice. |
| 2. Care. | 7. Lace. |
| 3. Coal. | 8. Ice. |
| 4. Call. | 9. Real. |
| 5. Ale. | 10. Local. |

- | | |
|---------------------|-----------------|
| 26.—1. Sandwich. | 4. Whirlwind. |
| 2. Cargo. | 5. Counterpane. |
| 3. Gooseberry Fool. | |

WONDERS OF LITTLE LIVES.



V.—GALL-NUTS; APPLE MOTHS; ROSE APHIS.

F the 'Common Objects of the Country,' probably few are more familiar than the little nut-brown balls which occur in such numbers on oak-trees. Their nature and origin, however, is by no means so well known. Few, probably, have any idea that within those little wooden balls there

are often enacted scenes of violence, rapine, and murder, that in human society would produce universal horror.

Let us first trace the usual cycle of events which takes place when things run smoothly.

If one of these 'gall-nuts' be carefully examined at the end of the year, it will be found to be pierced by a tiny hole, and if the 'nut' be broken open a small open space will be found within. If, however, it be examined earlier in the year no such aperture will be visible; yet, when broken open, there will be found a small grub or maggot occupying the central chamber which we have just described. How did that maggot gain admittance?

After much laborious and painstaking observation on the part of English and foreign scientific men, this mystery has been solved.

The 'nut' is caused by a tiny winged fly, known as a 'gall-fly,' and is designed to form the gall-fly nursery. In the spring of the year this fly, seeking the nearest oak-tree, deposits an egg within the tiny bud of what, under ordinary circumstances, would become a stem, or branch. From the moment that the egg becomes lodged within it, however, the development of this bud takes an entirely different course, resulting, in short, in the 'oak-nut,' or 'gall-nut.' With the maggot in its centre it gradually increases in bulk till the perfect 'nut' is formed.

We have now the solution of the first mystery, how the grub came to be within the nut without revealing how it got there. The grub, in other words, did not enter the nut, but the nut grew round the grub.

A careful examination of the growing nut and its grub would show that the centre of the nut was of softer tissue than the outside. It is on this highly nutritious, soft internal portion that the

grub feeds. Outside the soft portion, the structure of the nut changes in such a way that a strong protecting case is formed for the tender maggot within. At last, the young insect is full-fed and eats its way out, leaving the hole which we see in the ripe gall-nut.

Not always, however, does the growth of the young fly run its course so smoothly. Secure as it would seem to be within this remarkable nursery, it is nevertheless subject to attacks from two very different kinds of enemies. One of these is a small fly of great beauty, being clad in a livery of golden sheen, and having wings beautiful as mother of pearl. Seeking a gall-nut containing a young fly, this gorgeously clad murderer bores a hole through the thick wall of this strange nursery and, at last, reaching the unsuspecting grub, deposits an egg upon its body. In course of time this egg hatches, and the young usurper immediately begins to feed upon the body of the rightful inmate of the nursery. At last the full period of its growth is reached, but by this time its victim has been devoured. The new occupant of the nursery now undergoes its transformation into a perfect insect like its parent, and then proceeds to gnaw its way to freedom and a new career of brigandage and death.

The other of these enemies of the growing gall-fly is, strangely enough, one of its near relatives. This fly, discovering a gall-nut, and satisfied that its inmate is alive, proceeds to deposit beside it a dozen or more eggs. These, rapidly hatching, produce as many hungry grubs, which proceed, pauper-like, to eat up the food provided for the young gall-fly, so that it ultimately dies of starvation. Thus the poor gall-fly is always threatened with death in one of two horrible forms—to be eaten alive, or starved!

But this strange tale of pillage and murder does not end here; for these hungry invaders, which bring starvation in their train, are themselves preyed upon by yet another fly, and thus is wrong punished and justice done. This little fly, one of the smallest and frailest of all the flies, lays its eggs within the bodies of its victims, and there they hatch, and the resulting grubs feed upon this living food just as, it will be remembered, the gall-fly is devoured. But whilst the gall-fly nourishes one parasite, the grubs now under consideration nourish many.

The number of different kinds of gall-nuts, we must not forget to mention, is almost infinite, and each kind of nut is formed by a different insect; so that, as may easily be seen, the study of gall-nuts is a very wide and very difficult one.

Butterflies and moths, beautiful though most of them are, nevertheless sometimes become pests by devouring our garden produce or crops. The Apple or Codlin Moth is one of these harmful species. The larva, or as we most commonly call it, the caterpillar, feeds on the apple and pear, boring its way into the fruit and rendering it unfit for human food. When it has completed its growth, it gnaws its way out of the fruit. Having gained the open air, it seeks out a comfortable place beneath a tuft of moss or lichen, and there passes into the chry-

salis stage, spinning for this transformation a silken cocoon intermixed with bits of bark, to aid in concealing it from the gaze of the curious. During the time it is lying within this curious case, it is slowly undergoing a great change, turning from a caterpillar into a moth. By the time the warm weather comes the change is complete, and at last, breaking out of its prison, it emerges a full-grown moth. It is not, however, a strikingly beautiful one; nevertheless, its dull livery—grey with a dark blotch at the tip of the fore-wings, and with hind-wings of a dull gold colour—is a sermon in itself, if properly considered. Its sober vestments afford it ample protection from enemies, inasmuch as it so closely resembles its immediate surroundings that hungry insect-eating birds and other creatures pass it by unnoticed.

It is interesting to note that it is only the caterpillar which is destructive. Neither butterflies nor moths have biting jaws, they live only upon honey. Some species, indeed, have no use for a mouth at all, as they do not live long enough to require food. In this respect they stand in strong contrast with beetles such as the cockchafer and turnip-beetle, for example; since in the case of these, both the larva or caterpillar, and the adult beetle, feed voraciously on the crops they attack.

The Aphides or green flies are a feeble folk, yet, in spite of their frailty and their small size, they are capable of inflicting immense damage both in our gardens and fields. Whilst some species possess wings, others do not.

Everybody knows these pests probably. Clustering in hundreds, or thousands, their tiny, soft, and pulpy green or black bodies absolutely conceal the stems along which they spread themselves. Little or no movement will be noticed among them. They are too busily engaged in seeking the juices of the unfortunate plant on which they have fixed to wander. They multiply with wonderful rapidity, so that at the end of a summer the number of descendants left by a single green fly may be reckoned by millions! Almost every plant bears its own peculiar species of green fly. Besides the damage they do in sucking the juices of the plant, they create further mischief, for their bodies exude, in a sort of perspiration, a very sweet juice which, falling upon the plant they attack, affords a medium for the growth of fungi of different kinds, very injurious to plant-life.

The formation of this sweet juice, which is known as 'honey-dew,' causes the aphides to be much prized by ants. In order that they may have a constant supply of this luxury, some species take the greatest pains to collect the eggs and rear the young of these pests. Others make covered ways along the branches where aphides live, and then enclose them as in a stable, where they are jealously guarded. These 'ant-cows,' as they have been aptly called, are induced by their captors to part with the precious juice, a drop at a time, by means of a gentle stroking with their antennæ. This seems to have a stimulating effect upon the 'cow,' and as a result the much-desired honey is produced.

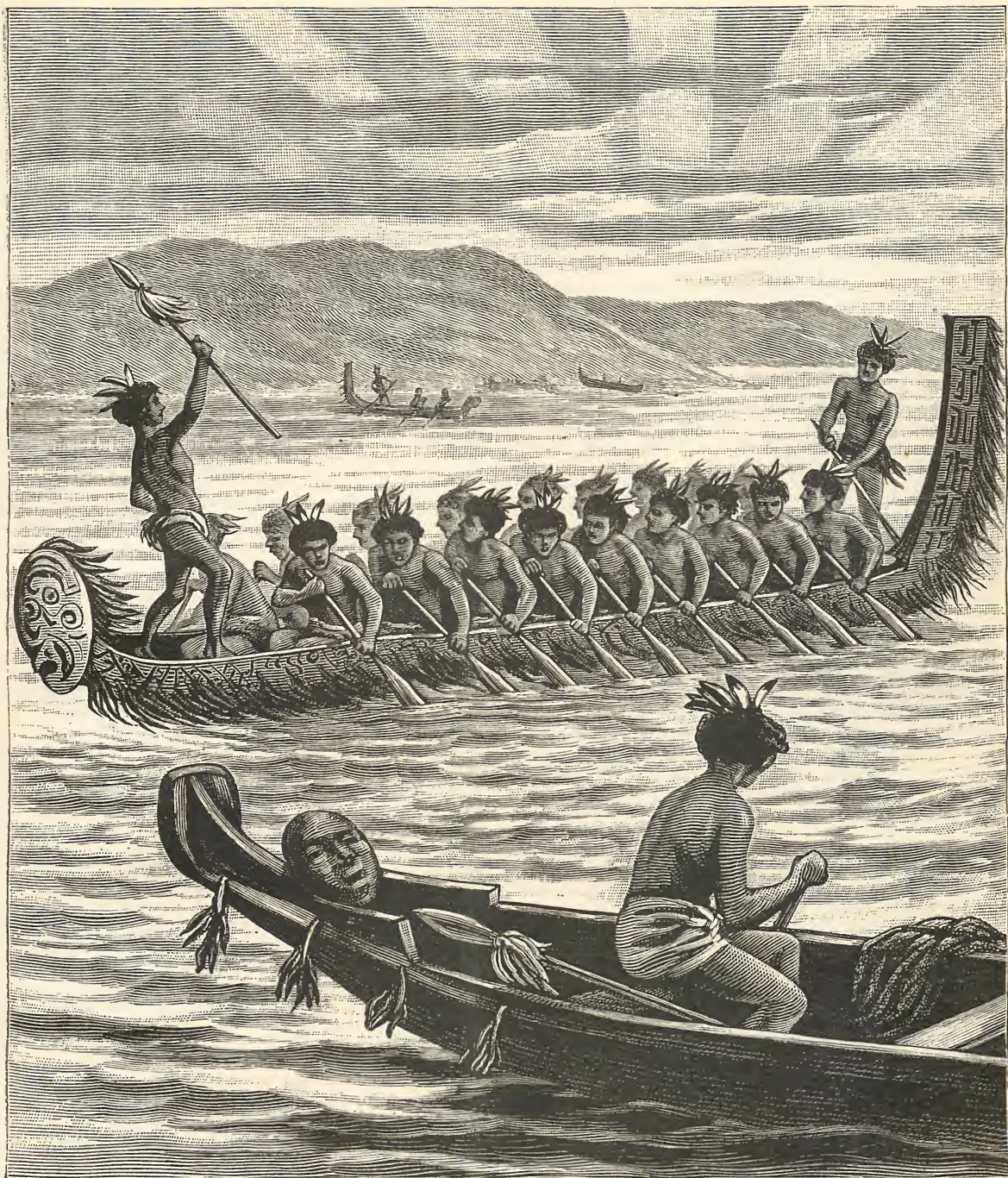
W. P. PYCRAFT, A.L.S., F.Z.S.



A — Gall-nuts and Gall-fly.

B — Apple Moths.

C — Rose Aphis.



A Maori War Canoe.

ON MANY WATERS.

V.—A MAORI WAR CANOE.

PERHAPS one of the most interesting of the dark-skinned nations of the world is the Maori, which inhabits New Zealand, though alas! like most native races brought into contact with white settlers,

it is gradually dying out. Tradition says that the Maoris came some twenty-seven generations ago (about eight or nine hundred years) from Haiwaiki, an unknown island in the Pacific, and of late years discoveries have been made which render it probable that their original home was Easter Island, which lies alone in the South Pacific. Great numbers of huge statues are still to be seen there, the names of

which correspond with those of the ancient gods of the Maoris, and the people still preserve the names of the great canoes in which the journey to New Zealand was accomplished. It would appear that an earthquake, tidal wave, or some other great convulsion of nature obliged them to leave their old home and seek a fresh abiding-place.

The marvel is how such a journey could have been made across such a vast stretch of ocean in open boats, the distance not being less than two thousand miles; but it is an accepted fact that islanders have frequently made voyages of over one thousand miles in their native vessels, and in courage and endurance the Maoris yield to none.

Few things in history are more remarkable than the readiness with which they accepted both civilisation and Christianity, when convinced of their advantages. No doubt this was greatly brought about by the wise conduct of the British Government, which, accepting the fact that the Maoris were the then owners of New Zealand, insisted on colonists paying honestly for every piece of land which they occupied.

The Maoris, though now a peaceful trading community, have been mighty warriors, and took great pride in adorning their war canoes. They are still unusually clever at wood-carving, and houses, furniture, and boats show great skill, both in design and execution. The variety of patterns carved outside the canoe, and its curious shape, are both remarkable. Each end of the boat was decorated with an ornamental projection which stood out above the level of the sides, one being considerably taller than the other; and a fleet of these canoes must have presented a most imposing spectacle. They were usually made out of a single piece of wood, hardened by fire, and sometimes sixty feet or so long by five feet broad. They carried forty to a hundred men. The huge ornament at the stern has been known in extreme cases to project fourteen feet in height above the water, while that at the head stuck out five or six feet from the body of the canoe and four feet or more above the water. They were not good sailing vessels, but could be propelled at a great pace with light paddles. Savage nations are greatly impressed by outward show, and the advancing fleet of Maori boats appearing on the New Zealand shores must have struck terror into the hearts of the ancient inhabitants, and helped to make their conquest an easy matter. Some of these aborigines still survive, living peacefully with their conquerors, and are easily recognised by their much darker complexions.

HELENA HEATH.

MY TIME-TABLE.

SIXTY seconds make a minute,
 How much good can I do in it?
 Sixty minutes make an hour,
 All the good that's in my power.
 Twenty hours and four, a day,
 Time for sleep and work and play;
 Days, three hundred sixty-five,
 Make a year for me to strive
 Right good things each day to do,
 That I wise may grow and true.

THE SIBYL OF ST. PIERRE.

(Continued from page 152.)

CHAPTER XX.



MAURICE was having a hard time of it, and if his patience occasionally gave out, he was to be forgiven his irritability, in view of his great provocation. Some weeks had passed since the sudden appearance of Mdlle. Beaurepas in the cane-piece

had sent the hands flying in a howling panic, under the belief that the plantation was haunted. And though the young lady, at the suggestion of Maurice, had gone on to Glen Rosa, and spent some time with Alice and the children, being driven back to St. Pierre late in the evening, she had not been able to remove the superstitious impression created by her first coming.

The hands united in declaring the plantation haunted, and although Maurice talked until he was hoarse, all his eloquence failed to shake their firm conviction that the young French lady was a being from another world, sent to lure them to destruction.

Of course, under the influence of such terror, they would not work, decamping in ones and twos and whole families, until at length Maurice found himself with old Anthony the cowherd, two small black boys, and the house servants, with which to carry on the work of a big plantation at the busiest time of the year.

His neighbours were kindly, and did what they could to help him. M. Fausset sent a big gang of his own coolies over for a day, and then, when they, catching the infection of fear, proved restive, came himself to oversee the work, threatening to shoot down the first man who showed signs of running away.

But the French planter had his own plantations to look to, and the time he could spare for Glen Rosa was very limited; there was difficulty too in transporting the hands, as well as in making them work when they arrived. Plainly it was of no use for Maurice to depend upon aid of this sort, and yet for the moment he could get no other, whilst every day of neglect spelled ruin to the growing crops.

If only Andrew had been at home to advise him, Maurice felt his lot would have been more bearable, and bitterly did he and Alice regret having so earnestly urged their cousin to accept the offered promotion. No one, not even Madame Duval, had foreseen the necessity of such a hurried departure; but the mail steamer had arrived with the information which caused the journey to be taken just two hours before the *Star of Liberty* sailed, and Andrew had no choice but to go.

It was already the end of April, and although little rain had fallen for some time, with the beginning of May frequent showers might be looked for, and then the weeds would grow apace, quickly overpowering and choking the paying crop, which

had no chance of life unprotected by constant hoeing.

The earthquake shocks were repeated too with greater frequency, and were not now, as at first, confined to small areas. Sometimes a whole day and night would pass without any disturbance, then suddenly the ground would heave and rock in a manner dreadful to experience.

Alice grew pale and haggard under the strain, losing her youthful buoyancy and developing a petulance wholly strange to her serene nature.

All Mother Maddy's predictions of evil had returned to her with overwhelming force, and daily, no matter how hard and laborious her day's work had been, she walked up to Black Rock, in order to get a glimpse of the towering heights of Pelée, between the crowding mountain peaks. But there was rarely anything visible, saving brooding white clouds, which veiled the tall summit from the gaze of anxious eyes like her own.

What was going on up there, she wondered, thinking on the awful possibilities pent up in the great solemn heights, until her fear and dread of the mountain grew almost to monomania, which ended in breaking down her physical health.

Maurice was in a fine state of worry about her, and inclined to tear his hair in despair, at the manifold troubles which had fallen to his share, when one day Kitty came riding down to the plantation, where he and his feeble force were at work, to tell him that the mail was in, and there were letters from Scotland.

'What news?' asked Maurice briefly, pausing to wipe the perspiration from his brow, for since the wholesale defection of the hands, he had not hesitated to work himself with old Anthony and the two boys.

'I don't know,' said the little girl, 'except that it is something extra good, too good to tell, unless you were there to hear it too, Alice said; she is laughing and crying so outrageously that Roddy can't keep up with her, though it is a sight to see him trying at it. Come home with me now, Maurice, because I want to know so badly, and you do look awfully tired. You can ride up to the house with me, Puck will carry us both at a pinch, for I'm not very heavy and you are all bones.'

Maurice looked at his helpers, who were already resting on their hoes, and then he looked at the weeds against which they were waging such ineffective warfare.

'The whole lot of them will lie down and sleep the minute my back is turned,' he said grimly, yet with a desperate longing to go and hear for himself what the good news was.

'Never mind, they will be all the fresher for work when you come back, and it is dreadfully hot any way. Come along, Maurice, dear; I do so very badly want to know what is in that letter,' she urged, in a coaxing tone.

So did he, and inclination in this case proving too strong to be resisted, he shouted an order to his helpers to go on with their hoeing in his absence; then scrambling up behind Kitty, suggested to Puck the desirability of a scamper up the slope, despite the double burden the good beast carried.

Puck was in no way loth, setting off at a tremendous pace, emitting little snorts and squeals of sheer enjoyment, and kicking out a pair of active heels in a fashion which made it doubtful whether Maurice could keep his seat.

But all the Rowan children were good riders, and they all understood Puck's tricks, even Roddy not being afraid to mount and ride the creature. So when Kitty drew rein at the horse-block, Maurice was still perched up behind her saddle, though he quickly sprang down then and lifted her to the ground.

At that moment Alice appeared on the verandah, a transfigured Alice too, for her face was shining with happiness.

'Oh, Maurice, such wonderful news! Father and Mother are coming home at once; indeed, they must have sailed already, as they expect to reach here about the sixth or seventh of May. And Father is going to sell the plantation, because we are all going to live in Scotland, at Glenarchy Castle, where Cousin David Rowan died.'

'Is Father to have that place too?' asked Maurice, in a tone of positive awe, for Glenarchy Castle was a kind of family stronghold, and had been held by Rowans for at least five hundred years.

'I suppose so, since he is going to live there. But you, poor old Maurice, how glad I shall be to see some of your worries taken off your shoulders, and, oh, how truly thankful I shall be to go right away from that terrible mountain, and out of reach of all the weird prophecies concerning it!' she cried, turning to that part of the horizon where the peak of Pelée was hid from view by intervening heights.

'It is no use wearing yourself out in dread of what may never happen,' he answered, seeing how the shadow had come back to her face. 'But I am more glad than I can say about Father coming back, though what he will think of me, when he sees the plight the place is in, is more than I can imagine.'

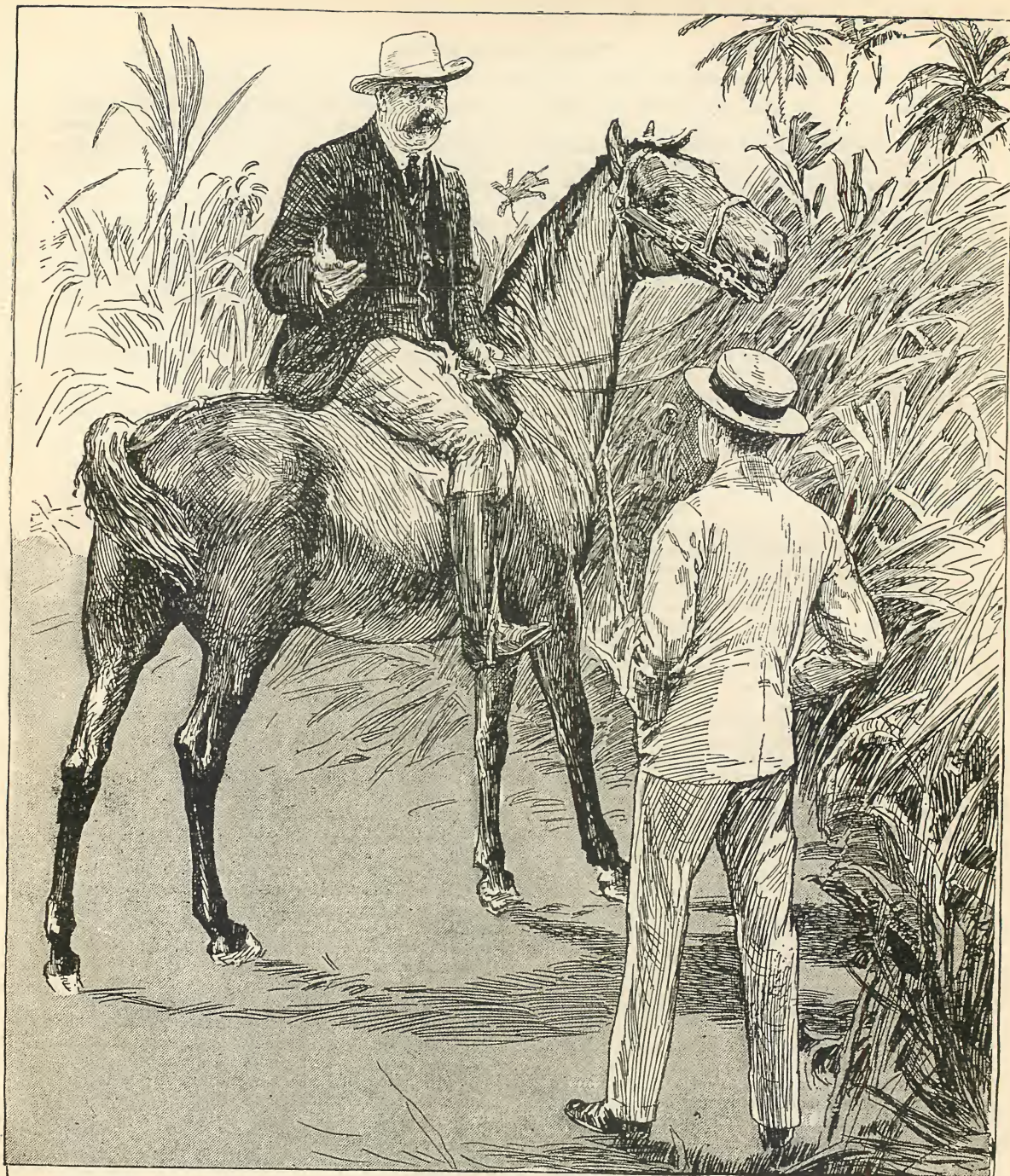
'He will know that you have done your best, of course. That reminds me, the man who brought the mails told us there was a heavy shock of earthquake on M. Fausset's plantation last night, and that all his wells have gone dry.'

'Poor man! well, he can have as much water as he wants from our place; I shall be very glad to show him a kindness after the many he has bestowed upon us, and I dare say we shall get some rain soon,' Maurice answered with indifference, too much taken up with the good news contained in his father's letter to pay much heed to a sudden shortage of water.

But on his way back to his interrupted work, he met M. Fausset himself, riding in the direction of Glen Rosa.

The planter had a worried, harassed look, and although his ruddy face had lost none of its redness, that was only because the colour was burned in by much exposure to the tropical sun, combined with dissipation.

'I am glad to meet you here, as it will save me time, and I want to get to St. Pierre and back before sunset,' he said, reining in his horse and leaning down to speak to Maurice.



"'What is the matter, sir—have your hands been scared like ours?' Maurice asked."

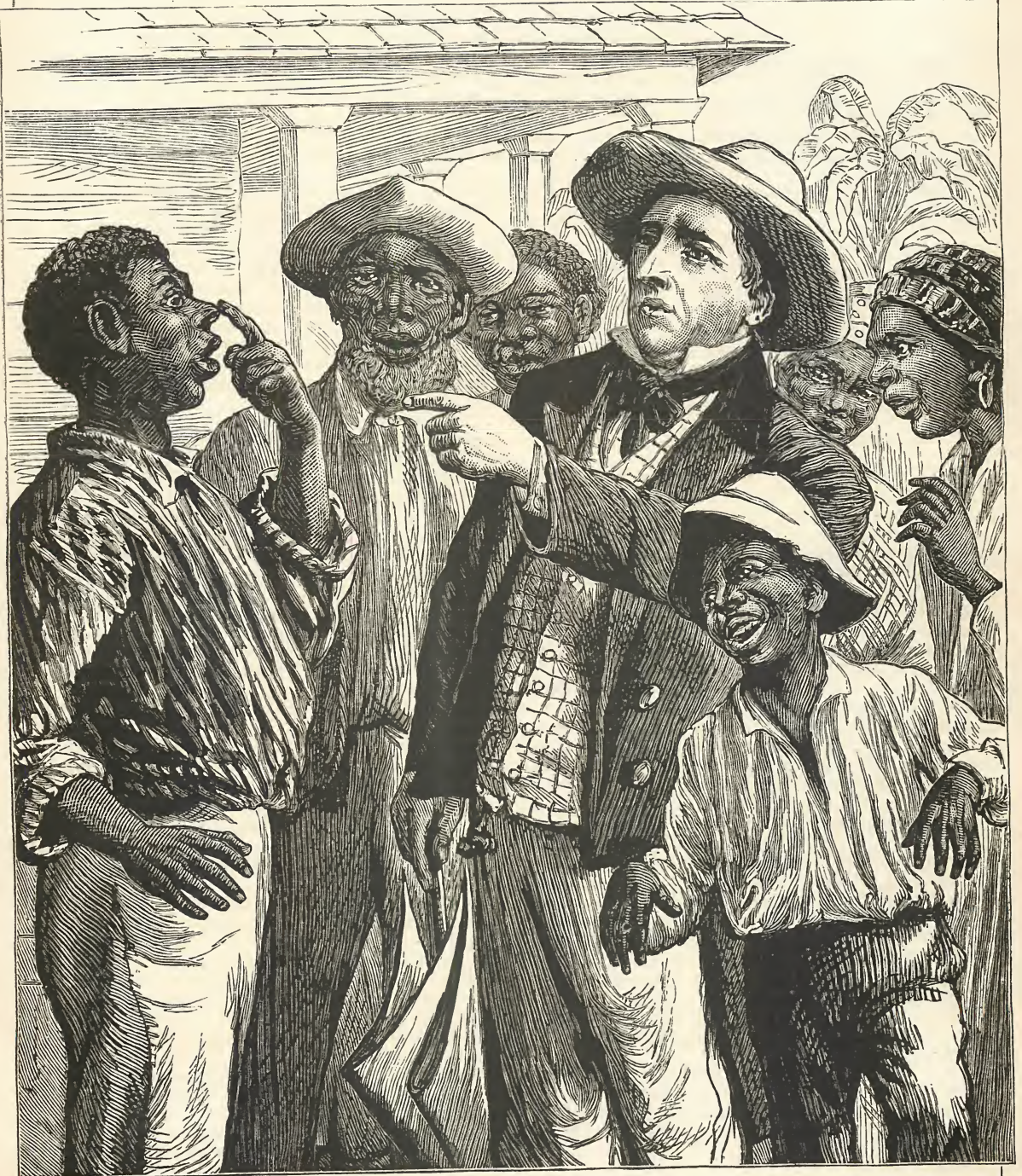
'What is the matter, sir—have your hands been scared like ours?' Maurice asked.

'It isn't only the hands, but all the rest of us. We thought last night the earth would have opened and swallowed us, the rocking was so awful. I felt like running away, only there was nowhere to run to. The blacks were shrieking and yelling with terror, and this morning quite

half of them have gone off to the town, though in times like this the country seems the safest after all.'

'Is any place safe, when you don't know what it is you have to fear?' Maurice asked himself bitterly, as the Frenchman rode away. 'But it won't seem so horrible when Father comes home.'

(Continued at page 166.)



“‘It is you who robbed me.’”

DETECTING A THIEF.

A GENTLEMAN living in the West Indies had a large sugar plantation, with a great number of native labourers employed on it. He found that he was often robbed, and at length, after losing a considerable sum, he called his servants together.

'My friends,' said he, 'I had a wonderful dream in the night. I dreamt that the person who stole my money should have at this instant a feather on the tip of his nose.'

The thief, on hearing this, immediately put his hand to his nose, to see if the feather were there.

'It is you,' cried the master, 'who robbed me!'

The simple negro confessed the theft, and the master recovered his money.

'WITHOUT FEAR AND WITHOUT REPROACH.'

Tales of the famous Knight, Bayard.

V.—THE TREACHERY OF DON ALONZO.

NOT very long after peace was made in Lombardy, and the Count of Ligny had entered into his new possessions, that great and brave soldier died, 'full of years and honours.' The command of his company in the French army was given to Louis d'Ars, who made Bayard Governor of a portion of Ligny's Lombard possessions. In this position of trust the good knight acquitted himself no less nobly than in the field of battle, so that all were satisfied with his government.

Meanwhile war was being fiercely waged between the French and Italians and the Spaniards, who then held a large part of the west and north Italian plains. At first, under the leadership of Count D'Aubigny, the French were victorious, and made a complete conquest of Naples, taking its King prisoner, and occupying the town with their own troops.

At about the same time a treaty was made between King Louis of France, and Ferdinand, King of Aragon in Spain, and for a while all seemed peaceful. King Louis, trusting to the Spanish King's honour, withdrew a number of his forces from Naples. But he soon learned that he had been mistaken in believing Ferdinand to be as honourable as himself, for the treaty was immediately broken, and a large Spanish army, taking D'Aubigny's little force by surprise, drove them—though not without some desperate fighting—to retire to La Pouille.

Bayard was now put in charge of the little town of Monervino, in the district commanded by his old comrade, Louis d'Ars.

While such warfare was raging around him, we may be sure that Bayard was not long content to remain quietly in garrison. Indeed, he very soon called his officers together to plan an expedition against the enemy.

'Gentlemen,' said he, 'we stay idle here too long. Let us go out and seek adventure. Maybe we shall meet with some Spanish scouts and rejoice our hearts in a skirmish with them.'

His words were joyfully received by Bayard's comrades, and, leaving a party behind to defend the garrison, about thirty knights set out, eager for battle and determined not to return until they had encountered the Spaniards.

It happened that on the very same day the Spanish Captain, Don Alonzo de Soto Mayor, being no less eager for the fray than Bayard himself, proposed to his men that they should go out from their garrison of Andri to meet the French.

It was not long before the two forces came in sight of each other. They were well matched, though the Spaniards were slightly superior in numbers.

When the red crosses of the Spanish soldiers came in view, Bayard raised a joyful shout, and, turning in his saddle, cried to his followers, 'Comrades, we are on the point of battle! Let every man look to his honour, and call me a coward and a braggart if I do not do my duty well this day.'

His company were not slow to answer their leader's call. 'To the charge!' they shouted. 'The Spaniards shall not have the honour of beginning the fight!'

Then, lowering their visors, they spurred their horses onward, and with cries of 'France! France!' fell boldly upon the Spanish troop, who for their part received them upon the points of their spears, amid answering cries of 'St. James for Spain!'

The shock of the first encounter was very great, and many knights on both sides were flung from their horses, so that they had much ado, cumbered by their arms and crowded in the thick of the fight, to mount again. For fully half-an-hour the battle raged, each side striving desperately for the victory. But Bayard's daring example so fired his comrades, that at last they broke through the enemies' front, and won the day for France. They took seven prisoners, and left as many dead upon the field, having themselves lost no men. The rest, with Don Alonzo, took to flight.

Bayard, in hot pursuit, called loudly on the Spanish commander: 'Turn, Sir Spaniard! Choose an honourable death rather than a shameful flight!'

Like a lion enraged, Don Alonzo returned to the attack, and engaged Bayard fiercely at the point of the sword. But the Spanish company, unlike the French, had no thought for their leader, and continued their flight at full speed.

Alone, and feeling his weary steed give way beneath him, the gallant Don Alonzo was forced to surrender and to sue for mercy. On learning the name of his conqueror he was greatly relieved, for the Fearless Knight was famous from end to end of all countries round about, and none need feel ashamed to yield to him in single combat. 'My honour is safe,' he cried, 'in the hands of the knight without fear and without reproach.'

Bayard answered him graciously, and proceeded to treat his prisoner with the utmost courtesy, granting him a special suite of rooms in the castle, with every comfort, and saying simply, 'I know that you come of a great and good house, and, what is better still, that you are yourself a brave and honourable knight. I am resolved, therefore, not to treat you as a captive. Give me your word that you will not leave this castle without my leave, and

you shall have no other prison. Here you may take your pleasure with the rest of us, till you have settled about your ransom.'

'Sir Captain,' replied Don Alonzo, 'I thank you for your courtesy, and assure you that I will never depart hence without your permission.'

Thus matters were settled; and Don Alonzo daily took exercise in the courtyard of the castle, and was in all ways treated by Bayard with the courtesy due to a distinguished guest.

But after about three weeks had passed the Spaniard became very weary of even so gentle a captivity, and began to seek about for some means of escape.

An Albanian named Théode was in service in the garrison, and to him Don Alonzo resolved to appeal for help. Waiting his opportunity, he hailed this man as he passed him one day.

'Come hither, Théode!' he called, and when the man drew near, he went on to say, 'You may as well do me and yourself a service at the same time. I am tired of being here, and still more of hearing nothing of my people, and would fain begone. Find me a horse, and I will promise you a hundred crowns for the service. I am under no guard here and can make my escape quite easily to-morrow morning. It is but fifteen or, at most, twenty miles to my garrison at Andri. I can do the ride in less than four hours, and you shall come with me and get your reward.'

Théode was not a very scrupulous person, but he was a good deal surprised at such a suggestion coming from so great a knight.

'Sir,' said he, 'I have heard that you are upon your word of honour not to escape. Our captain would quarrel with you sorely for such a breach of his courtesy.'

'Look you, fellow,' cried Don Alonzo, 'I shall not break faith with your captain. He has agreed with me for a ransom of one thousand crowns, which I shall send to him. I am not bound to anything else.'

'Well, sir,' answered Théode, 'it shall be as you say. I will await you to-morrow outside the castle gates, and you can join me when they are opened. I am your man for the sake of the reward.'

(Concluded at page 170.)

THE REASON WHY.

YOU have seen magnetic toys,
Ducks and fish all hollow,
And the painted bit of steel
They are bound to follow;
Move the magnet here or there,
They will follow anywhere.

Gerald's hands are just like this,
Have some strange attraction,
Dirt and grease, and blobs of ink
Love them to distraction;
Scrub them clean—ten minutes more
They are dirty as before!

E. A. M.

UNABLE TO QUARREL.

TWO friends who lived together were so fond of one another that they had never once had a quarrel. But they saw that other men quarrelled greatly, and they did not wish to be peculiar. At last one said to the other, 'Let us have a quarrel as other men have. I will place this stone on the ground between us and say that it is mine; you claim it as yours, and thus we shall begin to quarrel.'

The other agreed, and the stone was put in the midst between them.

'This is my stone,' said one.

'No, it is mine,' said the other mildly.

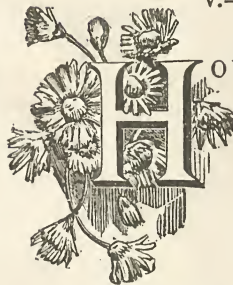
'I tell you it is mine.'

'Very well,' answered his friend, 'it is yours—take it.'

In short, they could not quarrel even when they tried, and they wisely resolved that they would live without doing so.

DANGER SIGNALS.

V.—THE LONGSTONES, FARNE ISLANDS.



HOW could we talk about lighthouses for long without speaking of the Longstones; and how could we mention the Longstones without telling again the story of Grace Darling?

The Farne Islands form a rocky group lying off the coast of Northumberland, close to the noble headland on which Bamborough Castle stands. The castle itself is a busy place, ever on the alert to render assistance to those in peril. Should a vessel be cast on shore, a gun is fired from the castle to inform the people of the neighbourhood—the number of reports being regulated according to the position of the wreck, so that it is like a great voice calling to the rescue, and those who hear it know at once where to go. Then a flag is run up on the tower-top as a signal to those in distress that their danger has been seen, and help will be sent as quickly as possible. Apartments are always ready in the castle to receive shipwrecked people, and here they may lodge in comfort until able to proceed on their journey. In capacious cellars, any property that is recovered from the sea is carefully put away, a note of its receipt being entered in a large register, and when the owner sends in his claim it is restored to him. In countless other ways than these Bamborough Castle relieves the wants of those who suffer in the neighbouring sea, and as all its power to do so comes through the will of the family which owns it, there is little fear that its humane services will discontinue.

Well within sight of its strong walls lie the Farne Islands, with their two lighthouses. The principal



“‘This is my stone.’”

of these stands on the Longstones, and was erected in 1810. In 1815, William Darling became its keeper, taking the place of his father. He brought with him his wife and a family of seven little children, the youngest being Grace, a tiny baby born a few months before at Bamborough. Henceforth, the Longstones was her home, and beyond an

occasional visit to the mainland, she was never out of hearing of the breaking waves or the whistling wind. She became a veritable child of the ocean, familiar with its changing temper and unafraid of its angriest mood. When not helping her parents, trimming the lamps at the lighthouse-top, or doing some household duty, she would row out in her father's



"They reached the rock at last."

boat to explore the rocks for shells or pretty weeds. So frequent were her excursions, and so daring, that she soon became a skilful pilot, and her father did not fear to let her manage the boat alone even in stormy weather.

But Grace had an ambition. In the tiny family library the books she read contained records of self-sacrifice and stories of brave sea rescues. These, together with the lessons taught by her parents, awakened a strong desire to put her own courage to the test. Would she be found wanting if the time came when her help might be needed? It was a question she often asked herself, and one day, as we all know, she answered it too. It was the 5th of September, 1838, when Grace was twenty-two years old. The North Sea was visited by a hurricane that showed no signs of abating when the sun went down. From the window of his tower, the light-house-keeper swept the horizon with his telescope. At last his attention was caught by a steamship making her way northwards. His glass told him it was the *Forfarshire*, and only too plainly did he see that she was unfit to battle with such a storm. Rising and falling on the tremendous waves, she slowly forged ahead, but not as a seaworthy vessel would have done. The light-keeper's family gathered round him and watched with no less anxiety than himself. Still, as no signal of distress was flown, it was evident that the skipper of the *Forfarshire* expected to reach port safely,

and when the shadows of the September night descended, the ship was lost sight of on the northern horizon.

But keeper Darling's fears were not allayed, and with the earliest streak of dawn he was at the watch again. Beside him stood his daughter Grace, her eager eyes striving to pierce the driving storm-mist. Suddenly a cry escaped her, and she pointed to a distant rock, where, as the light grew stronger, a number of people could be seen to have taken refuge. Near by rose a portion of a huge vessel. The *Forfarshire* had been driven south again during the night, and had broken in pieces on an outer reef of the Farne Islands.

'We must save them!' cried the girl, and she urged her father to lose no time.

'But in such a sea as this,' he answered, 'the attempt would be in vain.'

'We must *try*,' replied Grace in a determined tone.

Darling was not the man to turn his back on danger, but the hope of success was so very small in such a storm, that he endeavoured again and again to dissuade his daughter from making the effort. But all his objections were met by the quiet yet dauntless remark: 'If you do not come with me, I shall go alone!'

Without more ado the little coble was launched, and the father and daughter, taking an oar apiece, started on their terrible journey. The rock upon

which the shipwrecked party had clustered was fully a mile away, and so great was the fury of the storm that a boat sent out from Bamborough at the same time was forced to put back. But the keeper and his daughter, seeking as much shelter as possible under the reefs they had to pass, held on their way, knowing full well that without the help of those they went to save they would not have the power to return. But they reached the rock at last, and found that the little group consisted of nine persons. Forty-six had been drowned in the night. Four men and a woman were taken into the boat and the return journey was accomplished. Then William Darling, with two of the rescued men, rowed back to the rock to fetch the four who had been left behind.

For three days the shipwrecked travellers had to remain at the lighthouse before the weather was sufficiently calm for them to cross to the mainland. But it did not take much longer than that for the story of Grace Darling's deed to spread far and wide. The Royal Humane Society heard of it and presented the heroic father and daughter with the gold medal. The nobility of England heard of it, and from the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland came the most kindly tokens of esteem and admiration. All England wished to show how much it appreciated the humaneness and courage of the keeper's daughter, and, a subscription being raised, Grace Darling was presented with seven hundred pounds.

After that 6th of September, no one could have complained that Longstones Lighthouse was a lonely place, for so frequent and so numerous were the visitors that they had scarcely room to pass one another. Poor Grace, always modest and retiring, but ready to face the greatest peril for the good of others, felt a little timid before this wave of fame, and could not understand what she had done that people should want to take her photograph seven times in twelve days. Why did she get letters from all parts of Europe begging for a lock of her hair? It was really impossible to grant *all* these requests, because there would not have been a lock left after only half the wishes were gratified.

But all this loud fame did not disturb her quiet heart. Though pressed to come to London, though offered advantages that few have the chance of securing, she preferred to stay with her parents at her childhood's home on the Longstones. The Duke of Northumberland was a good friend, and gave her advice when advice was wanted. Four years later, when she was attacked by an illness from which she never recovered, he invited her and her sister to his home at Alnwick. But kindness and change of air failed to bring her new health. Returning to her family, she died at Bamborough on October 20th, 1842.

Though monuments are by no means necessary to prevent her being forgotten, there are two at least to be found in England. One is a marble bust in our National Portrait Gallery, and bears a tablet telling of her heroic deed. The other is a lifeboat kept at Bamborough, which has already saved great numbers of lives. It is called *Grace Darling*.

JOHN LEA.

THE SIBYL OF ST. PIERRE.

(Continued from page 160.).

CHAPTER XXI.

HIGH up among the crags, the boulders, and the stunted forest growths of the upper slopes of Pelée, where the trade winds blew cold and damp, and mosses hung in funereal festoons, a little hut had been constructed of such materials as lay easiest to hand.

Close overhead, dense masses of cloud drifted and crawled along the mountain-side. Far down below lay, outspread to the eye, a mosaic of rich valleys, patches of wood, plantations, palm clumps, villages and gardens, dwarfed to littleness by distance, yet plainly visible through the clearness of the atmosphere.

Seated before the fire, her shivering body closely enveloped in a big rug, sat Mother Maddy, tending the cheerful blazing pile of sticks which burned before the entrance to the hut.

It was a hard life, full of privation, and sometimes of actual want, that she had led since that evening when, firing her cabin, she had disappeared from Glen Rosa. But the hardship notwithstanding, she had, so far from being dead, never felt better in her life than since she had breathed the air of those higher altitudes.

A queer combination of truth and fraud was the old woman, and it was hard to tell where the one ended and the other began. People said she was more than a hundred years old, though probably a score of years less would have been nearer the mark. But since a reputation for extreme age gave her a certain amount of distinction, Mother Maddy was careful not to contradict the statement, though doubtless she laughed in her sleeve at the blunder.

Her life-story was at once romantic and tragic; the daughter of the Creole captain of a small ship plying among the islands, she attracted the notice of a wealthy planter of Martinique, who first sent her for two years to a convent to be educated, and at the end of that period married her.

But Madiana, or Madame La Touche, as she should have been called, was plainly not formed for happiness, for after a short married life her husband was killed in the terrible earthquake of 1839, and his house and plantation utterly ruined. Since that time a kind of mountain madness had possessed the poor woman, so early in life overtaken by disaster, and when, some twelve years after, the crater on Mount Pelée burst into activity, she became raving mad until the eruption ceased. Of her two children, her son was drowned at sea in a hurricane, and her daughter married a planter of Guadaloupe, but died young, leaving a son, who was taken and brought up by Mother Maddy after she recovered her sanity.

The child was the joy of her life, the solace for all the troubles of her previous years, but he too died shortly after reaching young-manhood, and his wife, a beautiful negress, soon followed him, leaving to Mother Maddy—an old woman now—the infant Gusty.

Soured by sorrow, the old woman lavished no such

love on the dusky baby as she had bestowed on its father, under the same conditions of helpless orphanhood. But Gusty grew and flourished, notwithstanding, living the hardy open-air life of the field hands, and learning to work almost as soon as he could toddle.

The bond between the ill-assorted pair was much stronger than to outside eyes it appeared. Gusty might have no dutiful reverence for his ancient great-grandmother, but there was hid somewhere in his heart a protecting affection which made him do what he could to keep her from want, and also rendered him willing to follow her when her wanderings led her into strange places.

When, therefore, the old woman, half crazed by the active hatred displayed to her on account of Bimbo's disappearance, declared that the mountain called to her, and she must go to it, Gusty had declared his willingness to go also; the burning of the hut being accomplished in order to prevent pursuit from the old woman's enemies.

Touched by this devotion in the child she had never really loved, the old woman softened into something like tenderness towards Gusty, taking him into her confidence concerning the reason for Bimbo being missing. She had bribed that worthy with two of her hoarded gold pieces to make the journey up through the plantations and the gloomy passes of the mountain-side to the lake of the crater, in order that he might tell her whether any sign of volcanic disturbance had begun to show itself.

Finding that she herself would be absent by the time Bimbo returned to Glen Rosa, Mother Maddy sent Gusty to intercept his return, and learn his tidings at first-hand.

When the two foregathered, and Bimbo heard of the superstitious reason alleged as the cause for his disappearance, he immediately decided that the neighbourhood of Glen Rosa would scarcely be desirable as a residence for some years to come, since his former neighbours and friends would be as likely as not to attack and injure him some dark night, under the impression that a man who had once been ill-wished was not fit to live, and therefore the sooner he was dead the better.

But love of wife and children was strong in honest Bimbo's heart, and bidding Gusty wait for him in St. Pierre, he took boat to Fort de France, found work at a plantation near that place for himself and the redoubtable Teresa, and then, returning to encounter Andrew Mackern on the quay, hid for a night and a day in the woods near his cabin. With the help of Gusty, he transported his household goods, his astonished wife and three babies through the darkness to St. Pierre, leaving that town at daybreak in a cargo-boat for Fort de France.

When this was done, and the two gold pieces paid over, Gusty hastened to the place where Mother Maddy was hiding in the woods, subsisting as she best knew how. Then the two made their way by slow and painful stages towards the upper slopes of the grim mountain, where Gusty at once found work in herding cattle on the slopes above Trinity Pass, which is the highest point on the mountain road from La Grande Anse to St. Pierre.

The mountain madness was strong upon Mother Maddy now. Every day that dawned she made her way with almost incredible exertion up the rain-seamed slopes of the mountain-side.

But even her courage and determination could not carry her so far as the cross planted on the edge of the crater, whence she might have peered at the waters of the mysterious lake in the rock-basin below. Her journey always stopped short at the point where her strength gave out, and laying herself flat on the ground, she would remain for hours with her ear pressed against the earth, waiting and watching for she best knew what. Then, spent and miserable with hunger, fatigue, and cold, she made her way back down the slopes, to spend the remaining hours of daylight in studying that manuscript journal of seismic lore, which was the only article she had troubled to bring with her from her cabin on the Glen Rosa plantation.

Sundown brought Gusty as usual from his work of herding cattle, the animals he tended in the day-time being penned at night in a fold lower down the mountain, and nearer to the little house of refreshment in the Trinity Pass, which was the only human habitation near them for miles of steep and rugged slope.

Gusty was much altered and steadied by his mountain experiences, and the merry irresponsibility of his former days had given place to a stern resoluteness of bearing and a taciturn reserve of manner which changed him at once from boy to man.

In silence he piled more wood on the fire and prepared the simple supper of meal cakes, and milk from the cows he herded, which he had brought with him from the fold.

Mother Maddy was used to his silence; it was the spell of the mountain resting upon him, the mysterious influence of the great solemn mass, which to her was like a sleeping giant that might at any moment awake and crush the human atoms sheltering in its breast. To-night, however, when supper was ended and Gusty sat crouching over the fire, he had news to tell which electrified the old woman into fresh vigour and strength.

'Dere was some curious folk from de town, who clambered up to de cross to-day. Seems dey hadn't much sense neither, for dey lost 'emselves comin' down, an'den come to me for a drink o' milk. Talk? Yes, how dey did talk, an' one was like dat Dutch buccra as swallowed de yaller stuff at de Demon's Mouth.'

'What did they say, boy—what did they say?' cried Mother Maddy, rising to her feet in uncontrollable agitation.

'Dey said as no one could see de water in de crater-lake to-day, for a cloud had got inside and covered it all out o' sight,' he answered slowly.

'It was not cloud, it was steam!' shrieked the sibyl, flinging up her withered hands with a gesture of despair. 'Ah, have I not heard the groanings within, the terrible mutterings of the coming storm? It is near now. So near, Gusty, that when daylight comes we must rise and flee, I to warn the country, but you to warn the town; their hearts are hardened against me, but to you they may give ear!'

(Continued at page 174.)



“‘When daylight comes we must rise and flee.’”



“He turned and halted.”

THE NOBLE ARAB.



N the Bedouin tribe of Negdeh there was a horse whose fame was spread far and near. An Arab of another tribe, by name Daber, desired extremely to possess it. Having offered in vain for it a number of camels, he hit at length upon the following device by which he hoped to gain the object of his desire. He resolved to stain his face, to clothe himself in rags, and to tie his legs and neck together so as to appear like a lame beggar. Thus equipped, he went to wait for Naber, the owner of the horse, who he knew was to pass that way. When he saw Naber approaching on his beautiful steed, he cried out in a weak voice, 'I am a poor stranger; for three days I have been unable to move from this spot to seek for food. I am dying; help me, and Heaven will reward you.'

The Arab kindly offered to take him up on his horse and carry him home, but the rogue replied, 'I cannot rise; I have no strength left.' Naber, touched with pity, dismounted, led his horse to the spot, and with great difficulty set the seeming beggar on his back. But no sooner did Daber feel himself in the saddle than he whipped up the horse and galloped off, calling out as he did so, 'It is I—Daber; I have got the horse, and am off with it.'

Naber called for him to stop and listen. Certain of not being pursued, he turned and halted at a short distance from Naber, who was armed with a spear.

'You have taken my horse,' said the latter, 'and I wish you joy of it; but I conjure you never to tell any one how you obtained it.'

'And why not?' said Daber.

'Because,' said the noble Arab, 'another man might be really ill, and men would fear to help him. You would be the cause of many refusing to perform an act of charity for fear of being duped as I have been.'

Struck with shame at these words, Daber was silent for a moment, then, springing from the horse, he returned it to its owner, embracing him. Naber made him accompany him to his tent, where they spent a few days together, and became fast friends for life.

W. YARWOOD.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

30.—ANAGRAMS.

Boys' and Girls' Names.

- | | |
|-----------------|-------------------|
| 1. At Herb. | 6. Rat home bowl. |
| 2. Warded. | 7. O! No! real. |
| 3. Then tear I. | 8. Door thee. |
| 4. Nay not H. | 9. Teach lot R. |
| 5. Nor Sam do. | 10. Can stone C. |

C. J. B.

31.—SQUARED WORDS.

- 1.—A LARGE vessel used for navigation.
Wages for work done.
The rainbow-part of the eye.
A plague; a nuisance.
- 2.—Trouble and anxiety.
A tiny part.
To wander.
A woman's name.
- 3.—So let it be.
To convey from one place to another.
Ends of the day.
A bird's home.
- 4.—Firm and solid.
The surface; a vacant space.
To peruse books.
A child's name for its father.
- 5.—The hinder part; the reverse.
Immediately; soon after.
To arrive.
Was acquainted with.
- 6.—A doer of brave deeds.
Not odd.
True, genuine.
Single, one alone.

C. J. B.

32.—DISGUISED VEGETABLES.

1. SKILL; a personal pronoun; and to suffocate.
2. An equal value; and a little shred.
3. A young animal; a famous French general under Napoleon; and a kind of seed.
4. A sort of vehicle; and to decay.
5. A vowel; a piece of wood; a vowel; and a boy's name abbreviated.

C. J. B.

[Answers at page 190.]

ANSWERS.

27.—Torquay.

- | | |
|-----------|---------------------|
| 1. Texas. | 4. Quebec. |
| 2. Olney. | 5. Uri. |
| 3. Rouen. | 6. Arno. |
| | 7. Yang-tsze-kiang. |

28.—Ram-rod.

29.—Polyanthus.

- | | | |
|----------|----------|----------|
| 1. Aunt. | 5. Salt. | 8. Slay. |
| 2. Sun. | 6. Hat. | 9. Shut. |
| 3. Soap. | 7. Tola. | 10. Sap. |
| 4. Hut. | | |

'WITHOUT FEAR AND WITHOUT REPROACH.'

Tales of the famous Knight, Bayard.

V.—THE TREACHERY OF DON ALONZO.

(Concluded from page 163.)

ON the following morning, when Bayard came to have his usual talk with Don Alonzo, the prisoner was nowhere to be found. Bayard's indignation at such a dishonourable action was very

great. He quickly called one of his servants, named Le Basque, saying, 'Mount instantly, you and nine others, and find me the prisoner, and with him the Albanian who is missing also, and who has doubtless aided him in his flight. I will have their bodies, alive or dead. As for that traitor Théode, he shall hang on the castle tower as a warning to all such rascals.'

The party immediately mounted and galloped out of the castle gates. They had scarcely gone two miles when they came up with the fugitives. Don Alonzo's saddle-girths having broken, he was obliged to dismount and set about mending them, and it was thus that Bayard's men fell upon him before he had time to remount, and carried him back to Monervino. Théode escaped in safety.

Bayard very justly reproached the Don severely on his return.

'How now, Señor Don Alonzo!' he asked; 'had I not your word that you would abide honourably with me until your ransom came? Why have you treated me thus?'

'Truly, captain,' replied the Don, 'I sought not to do you any wrong. You had agreed to take one thousand crowns for my ransom, and these I would have sent you in two days' time. I was impelled to go away by my trouble at hearing no tidings of my people.'

So absurd an excuse as this only served to anger the good knight the more, but he reproached Don Alonzo no further, and merely ordered his closer confinement in one of the towers, while in all other respects he treated him as before.

After fifteen days a herald arrived with an attendant bearing the Don's ransom, and he was set at liberty. But before he left he saw Bayard distribute the whole of the ransom among his soldiers, without keeping back a single penny for himself.

When Don Alonzo arrived at Andri, his comrades questioned him with much interest about his captivity, and were especially curious to hear all he could tell of the great knight Bayard, whose fame had spread so far.

The Don was full of complaints of the way in which he had been treated at Monervino, though even he could find nothing ill to say of Bayard. 'In regard to the Lord Bayard,' he said, 'I believe there is no bolder gentleman in the world, nor a more active, for when he is not at war he is continually at some work with his soldiers in the town. But (whether by his orders or not I cannot say) his people have not treated me like a gentleman, but very roughly, and I shall not forget it as long as I live.'

When Bayard heard that Don Alonzo was complaining of his treatment in captivity, he called his company together and asked them to tell him on their honour if any one had ever treated the Spaniard with discourtesy either in word or deed. They all answered alike: 'Captain, had he been the greatest prince in Spain he could not have been better treated, and it is a sin and a shame for him to complain.'

Upon this Bayard called for his secretary and ordered him to write a challenge to Don Alonzo,

desiring him to retract his words in the presence of all who heard them, and adding: 'If you refuse to do this, I declare that I am resolved to force you to do so in mortal combat of your person with mine, either on foot or horseback, as you like best.'

Bayard's herald brought back a reply from Don Alonzo, accepting his challenge to mortal combat, and saying boldly: 'I take back nothing I have said, and you are not the man who can make me do so.'

No sooner had Bayard sent his challenge to Don Alonzo than he fell very ill. Nevertheless, when the answer came back, he insisted on carrying out his intentions, and, choosing his old comrade Bellabre for his second, he made ready for the meeting.

When the day came, Bayard, clad all in white armour, was early in the field, and sent his herald to hasten Don Alonzo. The Spaniard, though they had agreed to fight on horseback, sent back to say that he wished to fight on foot, for, hearing that Bayard was much weakened by illness, he hoped the good knight would refuse to fight if forced to do so on foot.

But Don Alonzo did not know his man. Bayard was greatly surprised at this sudden change of plans, but at once agreed to accept the challenge, and Don Alonzo, in his turn surprised, was obliged to come forward on foot.

Each knight was armed with a long rapier and a poniard or small dagger, and was attended by a large company of gentlemen-at-arms, as the terms of the challenge had arranged.

Bayard, as was his custom, knelt down before the fight, uncovered, and made his prayer to God. Then, replacing his helmet and visor, he walked to meet his enemy as calmly as though he were treading a measure with the ladies of the Court.

The fight was very long, and for some time the onlookers could not imagine how it would end, for as each knight lunged the other parried and avoided the threatened blow. But at last Bayard, who, in spite of his great weakness, had fought with his accustomed courage and skill throughout the encounter, gained slightly on Don Alonzo. Then, seizing his opportunity as the Spaniard made a desperate lunge, the good knight stepped quickly aside, and with a rapid movement thrust his rapier into his adversary's throat, and, flinging himself forward, rolled with the Don upon the ground. A moment's desperate struggle ensued, but the victory was soon with Bayard, who, holding his poniard to his enemy's face, called upon him to surrender or die. But his challenge met with no reply, for the Spaniard was already dead.

When Bayard found that he had killed his adversary, his heart was filled with grief, but the deed being done, he had no choice but to thank God. Who had granted him the victory. When he had risen from his knees he walked towards Don Alonzo's second, Don Diego, and asked him sadly and simply, 'Have I done enough?'

'You have done too much for the honour of Spain,' was the sorrowful reply.



"Bayard called upon him to surrender."

"The body is mine by right of conquest," said Bayard. "I give it to you. I would to Heaven I could give him back to you alive."

The Spaniards then raised the dead body of their champion, and bore him away with tears and lamentations, while the French, rejoicing in their conqueror, led Bayard home to the sound of brave

music and the shrill voices of the trumpets that proclaimed his victory.

But Bayard bore himself modestly enough, and his first act on reaching home, before joining his comrades at the banquet held in his honour, was to go humbly to thank God for having so wonderfully delivered him out of the hand of his enemy.



A young Cuckoo throwing out other Birds' Eggs.

THE DOINGS OF YOUNG CUCKOOS.

AMONGST English birds, the cuckoo is one that has not a very good character. Still, most people like to hear its lively call-note, though I have heard of a family who complained that they

could not sleep in the morning because the cuckoos made so much noise. That, however, can only happen now and then; during the summer we hear the birds generally for a few minutes only, and the sound dies off in the distance. Smaller birds are said to mob the cuckoo, flying round it

with shrill cries. Some people think that this is done from dislike, but others suppose they act in such a way because the cuckoo's note surprises them.

The hen-cuckoo has what appears to us to be an odd habit: she places her eggs under the care of other birds, and has no nest of her own. Lately it has been found out that the bird notices and remembers where her children are, and pays them occasional visits. How she manages if she happens to meet one or both of the foster-parents we do not know.

One of the old stories about the juvenile cuckoo was that when it got to be of good size it sometimes bit off the head of the bird who was attending upon it, the owner of the nest where its mother placed the egg. This seems to be untrue, and probably arose from the fact that the young cuckoo opens its mouth so widely to swallow, as the foster-parent is bending down to feed it, that it gives one the idea the bill is being closed upon the head conveying the food. If the young cuckoo is bad, it is not quite so vicious as that, though it gives plenty of trouble to the foster-parents; indeed, we are apt to wonder why they are usually so attentive to the strange child which has come into their nest. Whether it is through spite, or from a wish to have all the food, we cannot tell, but certain it is that the young cuckoo is cruel to its companions, and tries to clear the nest of them.

Persons have doubted the statements made by observers, but recently it has been proved by many witnesses that it is the practice of the bird to throw from the nest both eggs and other nestlings whenever it can. A cuckoo, only twenty-four hours old, was caught in the act of jerking over the edge of its abode the eggs of the meadow pipit. For the first few days the young bird cannot see, but it uses the wings to feel about and discover what the nest contains besides itself. Singular to say, the body of the young cuckoo seems to be formed to suit these operations; the back is broad, and on it is a depression where an egg or nestling can be lodged until ejected with force from the nest.

Mr. Westell, a well-known naturalist, found a nest containing two cuckoos. He watched them, and discovered that at first they were happy together; but soon the stronger of the two got the weaker one upon its back. The victim, however, held on desperately to the nest with its claws, and the struggle continued till both fell exhausted to the bottom of the nest. Shortly afterwards the fight recommenced; they rolled over each other several times, and tried to fix themselves so that they should not be heaved up. The naturalist left them for a little time, and came back to find that the weaker cuckoo had been conquered, and lay on the ground below the nest. It was put in again, and the stronger bird removed to give it time to recover: but afterwards, when the other was again put into the nest, the weaker bird was thrown out once more. The victorious cuckoo also conquered a young bunting, put in as a companion, but at last he lived contentedly with a juvenile hedge-sparrow.

J. R. S. C.

THE SIBYL OF ST. PIERRE.

(Continued from page 167.)

CHAPTER XXII.



R. HAMLIN'S house was a favourite resort among the little colony of English residents in St. Pierre, and many strangers touring among the islands found their way thither also.

The house, which was a large one, stood with one side looking out over the bay, another facing a cross-street, whilst a third gave on to a big garden brilliant with tropical flowers, and the fourth was occupied by kitchen offices and servants' quarters.

A rather large party of ladies and gentlemen were gathered on the verandah, at the garden end of the house, on the Saturday afternoon following the earthquake on M. Fausset's plantation.

School work was over for the week, and all the boys, saving Derry Van Laun and Stebbings, had gone to their homes. As a rule, Derry was the only boy left at school over Sunday, but on this occasion Stebbings had been forced to remain also, owing to an outbreak of fever in his own home, which rendered his presence there alike undesirable and dangerous.

The two boys were making themselves useful in attending to the wants of Mrs. Hamlin's guests, and assisting that lady in her duties as hostess.

These Saturday afternoon gatherings were the bright spot in Derry's school week, and helped more than anything else to reconcile him to his lonely week-ends, for the visitors were most of them amusing, and some of them were curiosities. To-day the party numbered among its units a gentleman who had been as near to the North Pole as travellers usually succeed in getting, and who was now touring in the tropics by way of a change. Then there were a couple of Canadian cousins of Mr. Swayne's, who had been invalided home from South Africa, and took a look in at the West Indies on their way; a sturdy little German governess who taught the language of the Fatherland in a girls' school at Morne Rouge, and who suffered so terribly from *Heimweh*, or home-sickness, that she declared her life in exile would be unbearable but for the Saturday afternoons spent at Mrs. Hamlin's hospitable home; and in addition many of the English residents who had just looked in to say 'How-do-you-do,' discuss sugar or indigo as the case might be, drink a cup of tea, and drift away through the baking streets to their next house of call.

The North Pole gentleman, whose name was Captain Romney, the two Canadians, and Mr. Swayne had been on a tour up the mountain on the previous day, lost their way in coming down, and had not reached St. Pierre until past noon, so that

naturally it was their adventures which formed the chief theme of conversation at the afternoon gathering.

'And did you have to spend the night in the open, with no bed but the hard ground?' demanded Frau Ehrenstein, the German lady.

'That would have been no special hardship after what we have been used to in the Transvaal,' laughed one of the Canadians. 'But we were so fortunate as to light upon a little inn that stands on the road from La Grande Anse to St. Pierre—Trinity Pass it is called, though by what we could learn it is many a long mile from Trinity village.'

'I understand you really reached the top of Pelée, and saw the lake in the crater, Mr. Jordan,' said an English lady, Mrs. Errol, only recently out from Liverpool.

'No, that we did not,' replied the Canadian. 'We only saw the place where it is supposed to be; nothing was visible of the water, for a blanket of dense white fog hung over it like steam over a boiling copper, and made one think that a cloud had lost its way and fallen into the crater.'

'That is rather unusual; a geologist at Morne Rouge, who is very fond of making expeditions to the top of the crater, has often told us how clear from cloud he has always found the lake to be; no matter how thick it might be going up, it was always clear at the top, a fact which in his opinion entirely disproved the theory that smoke ever rose from the crater, as some people say,' put in a gentleman whose interests were concerned with shipping.

'Ah, speaking of smoke reminds me of a story we heard at the little hospice where we spent the night,' said Captain Romney, who had such a big voice that when he spoke every one felt compelled to listen. 'There is a crazy old woman, a native I suppose, who lives in a little hut high up above the pass, and who every day goes on pilgrimage up the mountain to see if an eruption is pending; she spends hours in lying spread out on the ground listening to what the spirit of the hills has to say to her.'

'Why, that must be Mother Maddy, I know! Maurice thought she wasn't dead,' exclaimed Derry, with such a start that he nearly dropped the basket of tamarinds, bananas, and sapodillas, which he was handing to Mrs. Errol.

'And who is Mother Maddy, Dutchy?' asked Phil Jordan, the younger Canadian.

Derry flushed a dark red of annoyance; he hated to be taunted with his nationality among a company of English people, especially by an English soldier just home from the war. 'My mother is English, anyway,' he retorted brusquely.

Phil Jordan burst into a great laugh, but Frau Ehrenstein said encouragingly:

'Never mind, Derry; Dutch, German, or English, it makes little difference. It is the heart that matters, not the nation. But tell us of this Mother Maddy, whose name seems so appropriate to her mental state.'

Thus admonished, Derry related the history of the sibyl so far as he knew it, described her appearance,

repeated her weird prophecy, and wound up with an account of his own adventure in the horrible pool at the Demon's Mouth.

'And the water was really hot?' queried Mrs. Errol, shivering and turning pale.

'It seemed to be nearly boiling; anyhow it was hot enough to make my face and hands peel afterwards, as if they had been scalded,' Derry rejoined, evincing a modest inclination to retire to the background now that his story was done.

But that he was by no means allowed to do, his little audience having been so interested and impressed by his recital that he was plied with queries from every side, all of which he answered to the best of his ability, then turned eagerly to Mrs. Hamlin, who had been listening in silence to the comments and questions of the others.

'May I cycle over to Glen Rosa to-morrow morning after service, and tell Maurice that Mother Maddy is not dead? You know Miss Rowan was so troubled at the thought of the old woman's dreadful fate,' he said, with a wistful anxiety in his eyes which made the lady hesitate before refusing, and finally, after a moment of deliberation, consent to his going.

'If it is very hot to-morrow, you might ask Miss Rowan to let you stay all night, and ride back to town in time for school on Monday morning,' she said, turning the look of anxiety in Derry's eyes into an expression of rapture, for Glen Rosa ranked next to his own home at Bottom in Saba, in point of the happiness it brought to him.

Then Miss Hamlin turned to Stebbings, who stood near with a sullen dissatisfaction overspreading his handsome face, 'Would you like to go with Derry to-morrow? It is pleasanter to have a companion than to ride alone, and I am sure that Miss Rowan and Maurice would be glad to welcome you.'

Stebbings flushed right up to the roots of his hair, then stammered out, 'I—I would rather not go, thank you, ma'am. I—I don't care to have much to do with that fellow Maurice myself.'

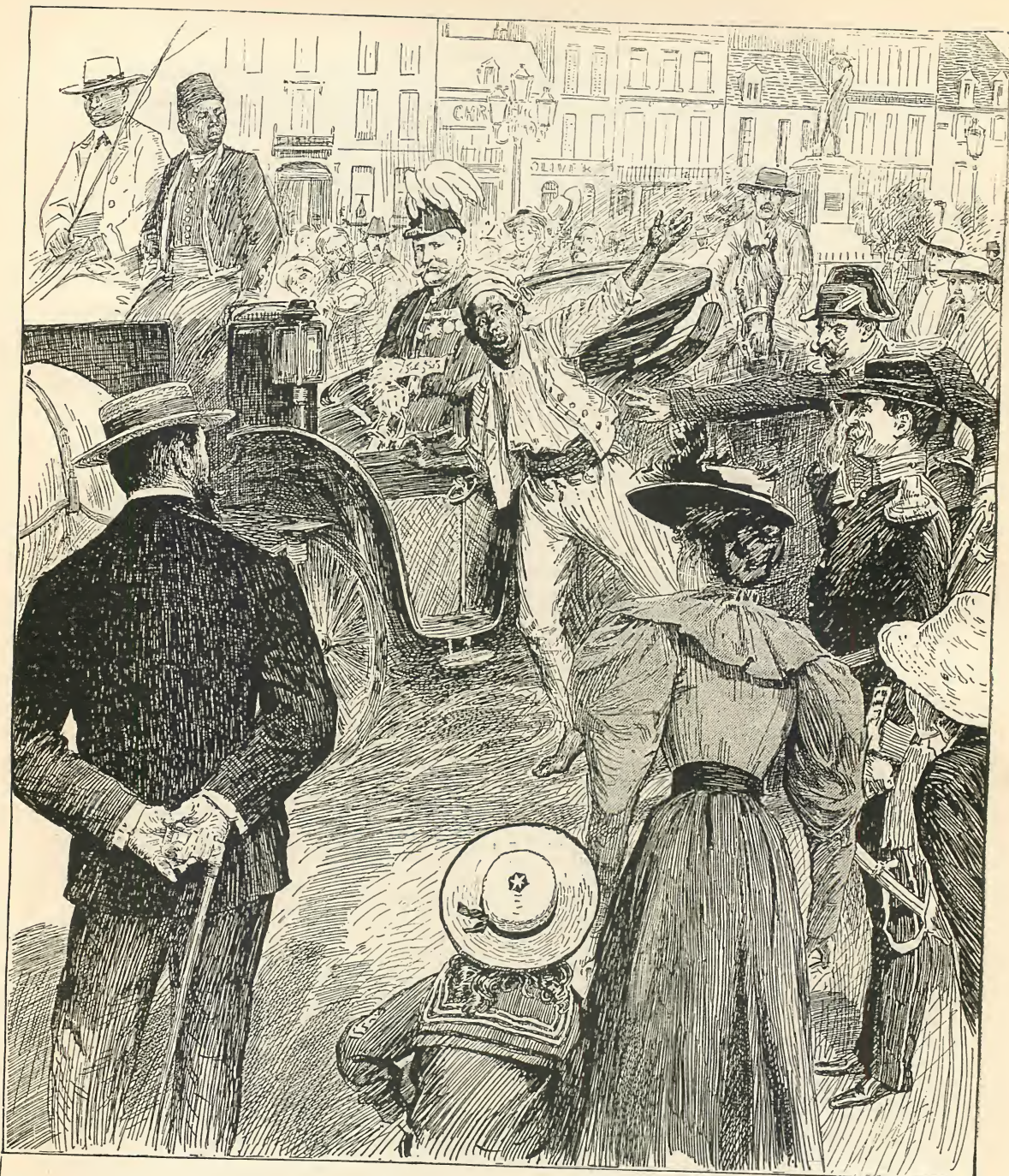
Mrs. Hamlin looked at him in surprise, then answered with a touch of coldness in her tone, 'In that case you had better remain where you are.'

'Why don't you care to have much to do with him?' asked Phil Jordan, who stood on the other side, and was amused at the flash of indignation which shot from Derry's eyes.

But before Stebbings could frame a suitable reply, another visitor was ushered in who speedily absorbed the interest of all the other guests, being full of an incident which had arrested his attention on his way thither.

'The Governor's carriage was just passing along the Rue Victor Hugo, when a darkey, clad only in a few picturesque yellow rags, sprang on to the step at the side where the gentleman was sitting, and began shouting in a ludicrous mixture of French and English, that Pelée was on the point of a fearful eruption,' the visitor said, turning to this side and that, to see how the joke was taking effect on his listeners.

'How did he know?' demanded Captain Romney.



Gusty tries to warn the Governor.

'Said his grandmother had heard the mountain fiend struggling to escape, and had sent him to warn the town, whilst there yet remained time to flee.'

'That was Gusty,' said Derry, under his breath.

'What did the Governor do—hand him over to the gendarmes?' asked the elder Jordan.

'Not a bit of it; our Governor is a real good sort, if he is a Frenchman. He burst out laughing in the boy's face, then tossing him a franc, bade him get out of the way, or the wheel would go over his foot,' the visitor answered. 'But the boy held on, shouting his weird forebodings, until he was removed by force.'

(Continued at page 182.)

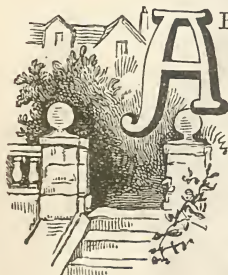


"A troop of French soldiers took the whole company prisoners."

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

True Tales of Events of the Year 1804.

VI.—THE DEATH OF THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN.



ABOUT seven o'clock on the evening of the 14th of March, 1804, a large and merry party were assembled at supper in the hall of the Castle of Ettenheim, in the Duchy of Baden.

The Duke d'Enghien, the popular young lord of the castle, had, with his guests, just returned from a hard day's boar-hunt in the forest, and all were now enjoying

their supper whilst chatting merrily over the incidents of the chase.

Suddenly, to the utter amazement of all, the door was rudely burst open and a troop of French soldiers, accompanied by a strong force of police, rushed into the hall, and took the whole company prisoners!

Resistance was useless against such overwhelming numbers. The Duke d'Enghien was at once separated from his friends, and conveyed to the fortress prison of Strasburg.

Before going on with the sad story of the Duke's fate, we will first explain, for the benefit of our younger readers, who this Duke d'Enghien was, and why he was thus treated.

To understand the state of France in 1804, we must remember that the last King (Louis XVI.) had been guillotined, and the whole race of Bourbons exiled from France. The years that followed are truly described as the Reign of Terror; one government succeeded another—each worse than the last. Spies were everywhere. Guillotines were set up in almost every town, and innocent men and women met their death by thousands, till the whole land longed for tranquillity at any price.

It was then, in 1799, that Buonaparte, the great General who had led the French to so many victories, by a quick stroke assumed the reins of government, and as First Consul ruled over France with the consent of the greater part of the nation.

There was, however, a party of Frenchmen who still hoped and planned for the return of the Bourbon monarchy, and in the year 1804 it was said that this party, with the exiled Bourbons, had made a plot to assassinate Buonaparte, and to place once more a king on the throne of France.

Now, this young Duke d'Enghien was a son of the Duke of Bourbon, and Buonaparte chose to think that he was implicated in this plot (though nothing of the sort could ever be proved against him), so 'to protect himself,' as he afterwards declared, Buonaparte determined to arrest the Duke d'Enghien.

This was an outrage for which no excuse can be offered, as the arrest took place in Baden, and not in France, so that the seizure of the Duke's person was wholly illegal.

But now I return to my story. After being three days in a cell of the fortress of Strasburg, the Duke d'Enghien was roused from his bed at midnight on the 18th of March, and told to prepare for a journey.

The Duke asked for his valet to pack his clothes, but he was not allowed this assistance, and was told, significantly, that he would only want *two* shirts, and must start forthwith.

Paris was reached after a wearisome posting journey of two days. Here the Duke was confined in the Castle of Vincennes, always used as a State prison. Worn out by travel, the Duke had just fallen asleep, when he was hastily roused and brought to trial.

The trial was in itself illegal, for by the law of France no trial may be held at midnight. Then, too, no defender was allowed to the Duke, though the greatest criminal in France can claim this right; and lastly, this was a court-martial, and a court-martial cannot legally try a political prisoner.

However, Buonaparte meant the Duke to be found guilty, and had actually ordered his grave to be dug in the courtyard of Vincennes *before the trial took place*. So, to shorten the sad story, after three hours' trial, the Duke was found guilty, and condemned to death. He heard his sentence with perfect composure, and only asked that he should be allowed the consolations of religion in his last hour.

'Would you die like a woman?' was the brutal answer, and the request was refused.

The Duke said no more. He knelt for some moments in silent prayer, then rising, said quietly, 'Let us go.'

It was now six o'clock in the morning, and the grey light of the dawn mingled with the blaze of the soldiers' torches, as the Duke was led out into the ditch of the castle to be shot.

The Duke refused to have his eyes bandaged; the word was given, and he fell, and was there and then buried in the grave dug for him the day before.

This murder, for such it undoubtedly was, must ever be considered one of the deepest stains on Buonaparte's career. Even Fouché, the unscrupulous head of his secret police, who was the means of sending thousands of innocent men and women to the guillotine, was scandalised at the proceeding, and, in his callous way, made a remark which has since passed into a proverb: 'The death of the Duke d'Enghien was worse than a crime—it was a blunder!'

S. CLARENDON.

RIGHT, AS USUAL.

DR. WHEWELL was the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, some fifty years or more ago. He was a very learned man, and was supposed to know everything, so that one of the wags of the University wrote the following lines on the clever Master:—

'I am the Master of this College;
What I know not, is not knowledge.'

It is said that some of the Fellows of the College, tired of being always corrected in their statements

by Dr. Whewell, read up, in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, a subject they felt sure he could know nothing about—'Chess, as played in China.'

They discussed the subject in Dr. Whewell's presence, being very careful to state nothing that was not in the *Encyclopædia*, but to their dismay Dr. Whewell, as usual, set them right in some of their facts.

'But, sir,' they demurred, feeling so sure of their ground, 'what we have stated is in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*!'

'That I am aware of,' was the Master's rejoinder, 'I wrote the article, and those were my views then, but since then I have seen reason to change them!'

S. C.

A RUNAWAY KING.

THERE was once an unfortunate king who was embarrassed by the possession of two kingdoms at once. As the kingdom where he was did not happen to be that in which he wished to be, he made up his mind to run away. His name was Henry III. of France, and he was the son of Catherine de Medicis, one of the wickedest queens who ever lived.

It was only a few months before his flight from Cracow that Henry had been elected King of Poland. The Polish nobles celebrated the event with great magnificence, and the festivities lasted many days. But when they were over, Henry began to find Poland rather dull, and was not at all sorry to receive a letter from his mother telling him of the death of his brother, Charles IX., and urging him to come immediately to France in order to claim his right as his brother's heir.

Of such a course, however, the Polish magnates by no means approved. They entreated Henry still to remain King of Poland, and not to quit his kingdom without giving notice to the Senate, and appointing a suitable person to act as Viceroy. Henry's reply, although courteous, was somewhat vague, and gave scanty information as to his intentions.

Meanwhile his French friends were continually urging him to go to France. Catherine sent messenger after messenger, begging him to hasten, and his own inclination prompted him to obey her. As, however, he knew that the Poles would never consent to this, he and his French nobles planned a secret departure.

The plot was carried out in the following manner. In the first place, the French ambassador craved permission to return immediately to France, as, said he, his mission had ended at the death of Charles. His request was granted, and he left at once. With him went the King's jewels and important papers, and at all the chief towns on his route he made arrangements for horses and provisions to be in readiness for distinguished members of his suite, who, he said, were to follow him. The next step was that the King sent away M. Chémérault, the messenger who had brought him the tidings of his brother's death. His ostensible errand was that of carrying letters to Queen Catherine, but he was

secretly instructed to wait at a short distance from the capital until the King should be able to join him. Then he was to act as guide, and conduct Henry across the frontier.

The King's next venture was unfortunate. Ten mules, laden with coffers, were observed to leave Cracow, and when it was discovered that the luggage came from the King's household, the people's suspicions were aroused, and they became greatly excited. In vain their monarch assured them that he had no intention of leaving them. They, with very good reason, refused to believe him. The agitation increased, until at last orders were issued by the Senate to the effect that guards should be posted at every entrance to the palace, and that any one, not excepting the King himself, who should attempt to go out should be arrested.

When, after supper that night, the King retired, he kept his courtiers about him for a long time, conversing merrily with them, and seemed so unconcerned that he thought thoroughly to deceive the Poles. By-and-by he made a sign that he wished to go to sleep. Thereupon Count Teuczin, the chamberlain, drew the curtains of the King's bed. A page placed his sword and a candle on a table close by. This was a signal that all were to leave the room with the exception of the chamberlain, who had to stand at the foot of the bed until his master was asleep. But it had been planned that the King and a few of his nobles should meet at a spot marked by a ruined chapel about half a mile from the city gate. Here one of Henry's equerries was to be waiting with horses.

The nobles managed to get away, but their King had great difficulty in doing so. He pretended to sleep, and the chamberlain, quite taken in, quitted the apartment. In a moment the King's attendants silently entered the room, barred the door, hurriedly dressed their royal master, and made all preparations for immediate departure. Luckily, Louvré, one of the King's gentlemen, chanced to know of a little postern-door at the end of a passage which led from the kitchen. This door opened at the back of the castle on to a suburb of Cracow outside the walls. The door had been made for the convenience of the palace servants, and had often been found useful by Henry's courtiers when they wished to enter or leave unobserved. Louvré, having ascertained that no sentinel had been posted there, sent Miron, the King's physician, to reconnoitre. He found the door ajar, and was returning to say that they could get out that way, when suddenly Alemanni, the steward of the household, made his appearance. He had evidently been on the watch in the kitchen. Carefully looking round—without, however, detecting Miron, who was sheltered by the staircase—he gave orders that the postern should be locked and the key brought to him.

This was a terrible blow. The King, in despair, wanted to go back to bed, but was prevented by Louvré, who encouraged him to persevere.

So they cautiously quitted the royal apartments, and crept softly down the stairs, until they came to a passage. Here, where another flight of steps led down to the kitchen, they were terrified by



“‘What do you want?’ inquired the steward.”

hearing the voice of the steward, coming from the foot of the stairs. He had heard their footsteps, and called out, ‘Who is there?’

‘I, monsieur,’ answered Louvré, boldly descending, while he signed to the others to go on towards the door.

‘What do you want?’ inquired the steward.

‘The key of the postern-door,’ said Louvré. ‘I have an errand—some private business of my own.’

‘What errand?’ persisted Alemanni.

Louvré replied haughtily, ‘I have an appointment in the Faubourg. I beg you therefore to give me the key of the door without further delay.’

(Concluded at page 188.)



A Church eaten by Dogs.

A CHURCH EATEN BY DOGS.

THE seal is as important to the Eskimo as the reindeer is to the Laplander. It furnishes his dress, his tent, his food, and his light, and till lately this ever-useful animal even provided a church! This church—the most remarkable place of worship in the

world—now, alas! exists no longer. It was made of seal-skins: forty skins were stretched over a light frame-work, and in this tent, which was eighteen feet long by twelve wide, services were held every Sunday.

Then there came an unusually severe winter: the seals were hard to find, and when they were found,

the flesh was only enough for the Eskimos themselves. Their dogs had to go short of food, and at last the poor famished animals attacked the church, and had eaten up a good half of the skins before they were driven off.

Now the Eskimos have built themselves a wooden church, and this the dogs can hardly eat. S. C.

A HARVEST-MOUSE OF LONG AGO.

MANY boys, and probably girls too, make collections of coins, English, foreign, or ancient, as they have opportunity; it is an amusing pursuit, and instructive too. It is not only the value of the coins we get, or their beauty that we think of; if they are in good condition, we may prize many of them because of the portraits and the inscriptions they show us. Coins there are, too, which have little scenes, or a view of some old building. Others, again, especially old ones, bear upon them curious figures of plants and animals.

Centuries before the birth of Christ, there were several prosperous Greek cities round the Gulf of Tarentum, in Italy, and one of these, named Metapontum, is said to have become rich mainly by her fertile fields of corn. Museums and collections contain various coins of Metapontum; most of them are splendidly finished off and well designed, and one in the British Museum, which might be at least two thousand three hundred years old, has upon one side the beautiful head of Demeter, and upon the other a raised stalk of barley with the ear. Near the bottom of this stalk is a leaf partly turned back, and upon it rests a tiny mouse. This mouse is considered to be a figure of the familiar harvest-mouse, well known in Greece then; the artist has drawn it quite in a natural attitude, for no doubt he had frequently watched the mice nibbling the grains of corn. It stands firmly upon the hind legs, the fore paws do not rest on the leaf, but the body is bent forwards, its tail is raised, and curved like an S, the top curve being very small. A harvest-mouse may often be seen in just such a position; not unusually it grasps some object with the tail, which is flexible and strong, or as it is called, prehensile.

The harvest-mouse is our smallest and prettiest British quadruped; it may be tamed, and becomes affectionate in confinement, but will not live long. During the winter months, these mice mostly get into ricks and barns, where they can feed on the grain; a few are said to hide in burrows, and perhaps they do without much to eat. Wonderfully active are these little creatures in the warm weather, when they may be seen busy at night as well as in the day. They are most particular, too, about cleanliness, giving much time to the dressing of their fur, paws, and nails.

The nest of a harvest-mouse is made of stalks and bits of grass, well woven together, and placed amidst a bunch of grasses; or it may hang, like a ball, from the top of a wheat-stem.

Lastly, the little animal is a rapid runner, a first-rate climber, and a good swimmer.

J. R. S. C.

THE SIBYL OF ST. PIERRE.

(Continued from page 176.)

CHAPTER XXIII.



STEBBINGS and Derry had the long dormitory to themselves that night; Mr. Swayne, as usual, sleeping in a little room opening off from one end.

The two boys were on terms of such scant friendliness, that no word was uttered between them after they entered their room for the night.

Derry would have talked fast enough and been thankful for the opportunity of airing his ideas, but he being the junior, it was not in their schoolboy etiquette for him to begin any conversation with a senior, and as Stebbings was too sulky to open his lips to speak, silence was the order of the evening.

Mr. Swayne had gone to dine with his cousins at their hotel, whence he did not return until late, finding both boys fast asleep when he passed through the dormitory on his way to his own chamber. He was very tired with the long tramp down from the Trinity Pass that morning; his slumber too had been much broken and disturbed on the previous night, so that no sooner did his head touch the pillow, than he fell as fast asleep as the boys in the adjoining room.

Derry was dreaming happily enough that he was at home on Saba, climbing up the eight-hundred-foot hill, which stretched from the sea-shore to the town. But try as he would, he could never succeed in reaching the top, whilst every time he slipped back and had to begin the trip again, the guns of an American man-o'-war lying off the island boomed out in exultation at his discomfiture. From being simply bewildering his successive failures became presently almost maddening, whilst the derisive booming of the big guns grew to be a thing not to be tolerated by any boy of spirit. One more attempt he made, and by a desperate effort he reached the top, set up a chuckling crow of triumph, and promptly rolled to the bottom once more.

'What are you making such a row about?' demanded Stebbings, in no pleased tone, roused from slumber by an incoherent shout, followed by a heavy thud on the floor.

'I'll tell you in a minute—when I know myself, that is,' replied Derry, in a rueful tone, sitting up and sorrowfully caressing his bruises, hardly sufficiently awake as yet to understand that he had fallen out of bed through over-much dreaming, and wondering why the guns of the man-o'-war did not stop their heavy cannonading.

But a sudden descent from bed to floor is apt to be wakeful in its effects, especially when accompanied by a cool breeze from the sea stealing in through the glassless window; and realising in a flash that, although the man-o'-war might be nothing but

fiction, the noise of the cannonading was a very evident fact, he sprang to his feet, groping his way to the shutter of the nearest window, which he flung open to the blackness of the night.

'Stebbings, Stebbings, what is that noise—can't you hear it?' he called out sharply.

But Stebbings was asleep again, and only to be awakened by shaking, a course which Derry felt must only be entered upon after due consideration of what might be expected to follow a liberty of that kind taken with a superior.

So he turned to the window again, straining his eyes into the wall of blackness, and endeavouring to determine what the noise could be.

But there was something so truly appalling in the brooding darkness, unpenetrated by any star, and the terrible booming of the thunder, which was yet not thunder, that, regardless of consequences, he groped his way back to the bed whereon Stebbings lay peacefully snoring, and seizing him by the shoulder, shook him with some roughness.

'Here, stop that! What do you think you are up to now?' demanded the senior in an irate tone, dealing a ready-fisted blow at Derry, and missing him by the fraction of an inch only.

'I want you to listen; can't you wake up a minute?' cried Derry, with such an intonation of tears that Stebbings felt a sudden wave of pity for the small Dutch boy, who was doubtless feeling homesick.

Then he too became conscious of the loud, persistent booming, and, being a coward as well as a bully, sat up in bed with a snuffle of fear, for he had a horror of thunder-storms.

'Why, it's thunder! Go and wake Mr. Swayne, Derry. I wonder how he can sleep through a noise like that. Why, the house may be struck, and we all killed in our beds,' and as he spoke Stebbings dived under the bed-clothes, and laid there shivering.

Derry was shivering too, but from a very different cause. Thunder-storms had no especial terror for him unless accompanied by earthquake; but this noise was not thunder, although so nearly allied to it, and a host of wild theories concerning its origin were taking shape in his brain as he fumbled his way down the long room to Mr. Swayne's door, falling foul of more than one bedstead on his way with uncomfortable results to himself.

But the window of Mr. Swayne's apartment looked towards the street, and the hubbub which had arisen there had already roused that gentleman, who was out of bed, and standing with his head thrust out through the open shutters to discover the cause of the tumult, when Derry tapped at his door.

The noise was so slight it failed to arrest his attention, and Derry, thinking he must be as sound asleep as Stebbings had been, softly opened the door and entered.

Some one in the street below was shouting up an answer to Mr. Swayne's inquiry, 'It is an eruption of Mount Pelée; the smoke is so dense it has blotted out the stars, and look there, it flames!' As the voice in the street spoke, a lurid red and yellow glow showed itself through the blackness, and then died away.

'Then Mother Maddy was right after all,' said

Derry in a trembling tone as, with teeth chattering, he crept closer to the master's side.

'You here, boy! Why didn't you knock?' demanded Mr. Swayne brusquely, being very punctilious in matters of etiquette.

'Please, sir, I did, only, as you didn't answer, I thought you were asleep, and came to wake you. Do you think the town will be destroyed to-night, sir?' and, emboldened by his fear, Derry laid a trembling hand on the other's arm.

'Do I think you are a credulous idiot to put faith in every old wife's tale you may chance to hear?' snorted Mr. Swayne in a tone of withering scorn. 'Fetch a little courage up from somewhere, boy; just enough to make a decent show before the world if you can. Of course, an eruption could not destroy the town; look at the distance the mountain is away—a good twelve miles. It won't be more than a spectacle, though a grand and terrible one I grant you; I am very glad to have a chance of seeing it, for it isn't every one who can say they have seen a mountain in flames.'

'I'm not glad,' retorted Derry, dolefully. 'I wish I was safe at Bottom, or anywhere else where there wasn't a volcano. Just listen, sir, to the screaming of those people down there.'

'Pshaw! Natives are hysterical under any circumstances,' Mr. Swayne replied in a cynical tone as some women rushed along the street, shrieking wildly. 'You had better go back to bed, boy, or you will take to screaming perhaps.'

'I won't, I'll not speak a word unless in answer to you; but do let me stay, sir, for it is horrible to be left in there, not knowing what is happening all the time,' pleaded Derry.

'Stay if you like,' returned the master in a kinder tone, for he was neither hard nor unfeeling, but only a trifle impatient at times.

The heavy thundering had dropped to a distant intermittent booming, but the darkness seemed to gather blackness and intensity with every hour that passed, even the lurid flashes which showed at intervals serving but to emphasise the gloom.

Stebbings came creeping into the room presently, too subdued and frightened to be anything but very civil to Derry, and crouched beside him at the open window, straining his eyes out to the blackness beyond.

Meanwhile in the streets below the crowd increased with every moment that passed, surging to and fro, talking, shrieking, screaming, until the noise of their panic drowned that ominous booming from the distant mountain.

Presently, above the noise of this raging tumult, came a high-pitched insistent voice, which made its way to the ears of the three watchers at the window.

'Hi! hi! hi! Did I say de truth or didn't I? When de Demon's Mouth spit steam and scalding water, den will Pelée smoke and swaller de town. Escape, then, escape for your lives before 'tis too late, for de mountain fiends are broke loose, and de doom is at your heels. Hi! hi! hi!' shouted the strident voice, which could belong to no one but Gusty.

'I know that boy; it was he who guided us to that awful cave where the water was so hot and



"Gusty was seized by two stalwart gendarmes."

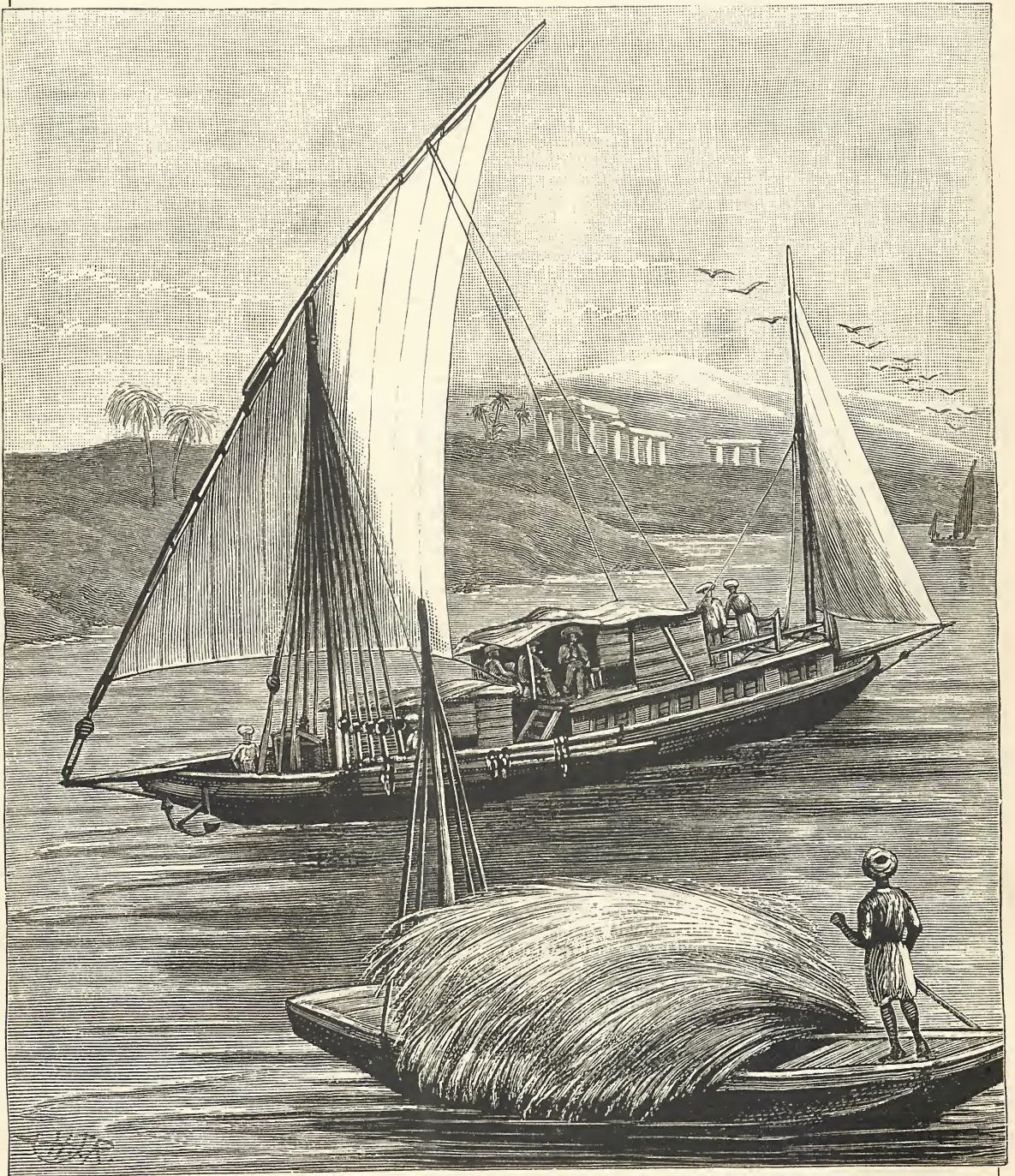
yellow. Oh, how I wish he would come this way and let me speak to him!' said Derry; then, leaning further from the window, he called eagerly, 'Gusty! Gusty! Gusty!'

The boy was nearly under the window now, and looking up with swift recognition called out in reply, 'Get out of de town, little Dutch buccra,

just so fast as you're able to go, for Pelée means mischief this time, for sartin.'

What more in the shape of counsel and advice Gusty might have uttered those in the window could not know, for at that moment he was seized by two stalwart gendarmes and borne off the scene.

(Continued at page 190.)



The Dahabiyahs of the Nile.

ON MANY WATERS.

VI.—THE DAHABIYAHS OF THE NILE.



DAHABIYAHS may be described as the carriages of the Nile. Egypt, of course, is merely a strip of fertile country bordering the banks of the great river and bounded by mountains and sandy deserts. The whole of the arable land is said to be one-third of the size of Ireland, and that the country has from the earliest ages ranked as one of the most important kingdoms of the world is due entirely to the fertilising influence of the Nile. Nor has this been the only use of the river, for from the remotest antiquity it has always served as one of the world's greatest highways. Up and down its waters have gone for many thousand years an endless procession of monarchs and people, and as in the East changes are rare, we may well believe the dahabiyah to have been of very ancient construction.

These boats vary greatly in size, some holding quite a number of people, others only one or two, some built with great care and at great expense, others roughly put together and poorly fitted. Nearly all of them have a covered house at one end in which passengers can sleep and rest out of the burning sunshine, and whilst in grand dahabiyahs these are quite luxurious cabins, in the poorer boats they are frequently mere awnings of matting hung from poles. Larger boats have a second deck-house which is used as a galley or cooking house.

Provided that travellers are not in a hurry, no means of progression can be more pleasant than this Nile travelling, whether sailing, if the wind is gracious, or lazily propelled by chanting oarsmen, or slowly dragged along by ropes from the bank. Sometimes we stop to examine some rock-hewn tombs, or graceful temple which from a slight eminence looks down with the dignity of reposeful antiquity into the clear current of the gliding river. Now and then we pass a pigeon-tower of great size, where white wings wheel and flutter in airy clouds against the dark blue sky, or again we wonder to see a large boat laden entirely with bee-hives. Egyptian folk are honey-lovers, and do a considerable trade in both honey and beeswax; so, by way of making their hives more profitable, the owners send them for change of air up the river in charge of trustworthy keepers. When a likely feeding-place is reached the bees are released, and spend the day wandering at will amongst the roses, orange blossoms, jessamine, and other sweet blossoms, returning at night to the boat laden with perfumed booty. After some months of this pleasant toil the industrious little workers find themselves once more confined in their hives, and are taken back with their rich store of golden honey to their original home.

HELENA HEATH.

ELECTRIC FISHES.

AMONG the many strange wonders of the animal world few are stranger than the electric fishes, which have the power of producing electricity in quantities large enough to give electric shocks like those of a galvanic battery. There are only very few kinds of fishes which can do this, about a dozen in all, and of these only one or two are able to give really powerful shocks. The best known are the torpedo and the electric eel.

The torpedo is a sea-fish, usually found in the Mediterranean, though it has occasionally been caught near the British coasts. In appearance it is a flat, large-headed fish, somewhat like a skate. The organs which produce the electricity are placed on each side of the fore-part of the body, and are marked on the surface by two swellings extending backwards from the eyes. When it is alarmed by being touched, it discharges a strong shock, sufficient, in case of a large fish, to paralyse a man's arm for some time. It is sometimes called the cramp-fish, because of this power of giving cramp to the arm, and the fishermen of the Mediterranean are careful to avoid it. The power of the shock depends, however, on the size of the fish, and also upon its health and condition.

The shock given by the torpedo is not so powerful as that of the electric eel, or gymnotus, which is found in the rivers and ponds of Venezuela and some other parts of South America. The usual length of an electric eel is about three feet, but it sometimes grows to double this length. It uses its electric shocks for killing its prey and for defending itself. The strongest discharge is given to anything which can be brought between the eel's head and tail, and small fish are usually encircled, and stunned with shocks sent through the water. These shocks may be made so powerful that even a horse may be paralysed by them. But the effort exhausts the eel's supply of electricity, and each succeeding shock becomes weaker, until at last it can discharge no more until it has had time to rest and create a new supply of electricity. The Indians of the districts where the eel is found know this, and it is said that they had a rather cruel way of catching it. They drove a number of wild horses into a pool, where they knew the electric eels were. The eels, disturbed and annoyed by the horses, swam up to them, and discharged the shocks through them. The poor horses were kept in the pool until the eels had thoroughly exhausted themselves, when the Indians caught the fish and dragged them out harmlessly. Some of the horses would be so stunned as to fall helplessly into the water and be drowned; but those which had not received such powerful shocks would scramble out of the pond, and by-and-by recover.

The parts which produce the electricity of the gymnotus are arranged in two pairs, one on each side of the body, and they form a great part of the fleshy body of the eel. The shock is discharged at the eel's will, just in the same way, so far as we can tell, as it moves its body when it swims. But no movement can be seen when the shock is discharged.

A small electric fish is sometimes found in the Nile. It is only about a foot long, but it can give

a very strong electric shock. The Arabs call it the *raad*, a word which means 'thunder.' Perhaps they think the shock of the little fish is something like the shock which is occasionally felt when the lightning flashes and the thunder peals. And men of science, who have studied the matter, find that the two shocks have the same effect, both upon living things and delicate instruments. The only difference is that the lightning shock may be so very much more powerful and destructive.

What the shock feels like to the torpedo, the gymnotus, or the *raad* itself, we cannot tell; but it seems probable that giving out the shock is only the result of a peculiar and strong kind of nervousness. It would be difficult to prove this satisfactorily, but that those who have experimented with these fishes find that certain drugs, which excite the nerves of a man or woman, have also an influence upon these fishes, and increase the strength of their electric shocks.

W. A. ATKINSON.

EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

I FOUND a bit of plastic clay,
And idly fashioned it one day,
And as my fingers pressed it still,
It moved and yielded to my will.
I came again when days had passed,
The bit of clay was hard at last,
The form I gave it, still it bore,
But I could change that form no more.

I took a piece of living clay,
And gently formed it day by day,
And moulded with my power and art
A young child's soft and yielding heart.
I came again when years were gone,
It was a man I looked upon;
He still that early impress wore,
And I could change him never more.

THE GREAT VOYAGERS.

II.—WITH FROBISHER TO THE FROZEN NORTH.

QUEEN ELIZABETH sat by the window of her river-side palace and graciously waved her hand in farewell as three tiny vessels floated down the Thames, bound for the Frozen North. One was the *Michael*, one was the *Gabriel*—of twenty-five tons each—and one was a small pinnacle of ten tons only. The commander of this little fleet was Captain Frobisher, a man who stood high in royal favour, and was to do much in coming years for England's glory. His name is on our country's roll of honour for bold sea voyages and bold sea fights, for it was during the contest with the great Spanish Armada, twelve years after his first voyage to the North, that he was knighted by the Admiral for his noble bearing.

But we have lost sight of the *Michael* and the *Gabriel*. They have pitched and tossed over the waters of the North Sea like walnut-shells for quite a distance, and the man at the mast-head has

announced that he can see land ahead. It is Cape Farewell, the southern point of Greenland, and Captain Frobisher steers a westerly course, hoping to find a passage round the northern shores of America into the Pacific Ocean. The discovery of such a passage had long been desired, but nearly three centuries were yet to elapse before that passage could be found. Captain Martin Frobisher only reached the threshold. For Cape Farewell had hardly disappeared when a great storm broke upon him. The little pinnacle disappeared beneath the wild waters. The *Michael* was separated from the *Gabriel* by the storm, and made its way back to England.

Frobisher and his crew in the *Gabriel* went on alone, and sailed for one hundred and fifty leagues up the bay now called after him, expecting to break presently into the wide and sunny Pacific. They met with some Eskimo, who were very pleased to present them with their seal-skin coats for a quantity of looking-glasses and children's toys; and having made the exchange, Captain Frobisher thought it high time to steer for England again. He reached London in due course, and the information he gave concerning the North-west Passage called forth loud praises from all who heard him.

But one of his sailors had picked up on the shores of Frobisher's Bay something that sent a thrill through London, and put the discoveries of the worthy captain quite in the shade. It was a lump of dark-looking metal, and a certain Italian chemist, who perhaps did not understand his business, declared that it contained gold. Who cared for the North-west Passage now? Who cared about anything but a large cargo of this remarkable metal? Captain Frobisher must go again as quickly as possible.

This time, instead of only waving her hand in farewell, Her Majesty presented him with a fine big ship of one hundred tons burden, and a lot of men to navigate it. The fleet that went out to meet the Spanish Armada itself was not so very much finer than the one that Captain Frobisher commanded on his second voyage to the Frozen North.

'Do not trouble too much about making discoveries,' said the merchants in farewell, 'but bring back a good cargo of the precious ore.'

The ships left the Thames on the 27th May, 1577, and in July were at Hall Island. For one whole week Frobisher explored the southern part of Meta Incognita, and succeeded in discovering a wonder of the deep. It was the horn of a sea unicorn, which was afterwards presented to Her Majesty, and preserved by her as a jewel in her 'wardrobe of robes.'

They then proceeded to the 'Countess of Warwick's Island,' where 'they found so much gold that they decided to look for no more.' Two hundred tons were stowed away in the ships, and the sails were trimmed for merry England. And a merry England indeed it was to have such argosies of wealth anchor in her harbours! The Queen ordered four locks to be placed upon the houses where the treasure was kept on removal from the ships.

But when it was found that the Master of the Mint could not make a fire hot enough to melt the supposed gold from the iron ore, people began to

look less kindly at Captain Frobisher, and to grumble that he had not brought the best sort. So there was nothing for it but to go again, and as he was always ready for the sea, away he went, round the south coast of Ireland this time, and reached Southern Greenland on the 20th of June.

But the King of the North welcomed him rather coldly, and built up such walls of ice against him that he lost his way. His ship, threatened by towering bergs, wandered for a time in 'Mistaken Strait' (now Hudson's Strait), but in spite of tempest and fog, and the many terrible dangers that infest these seas, she eventually reached Countess of Warwick Sound, and found there her companion ship. Then for two months they picked up more of the 'gold' on Tom Tiddler's ground, and repaired the storm-beaten vessels.

On the way home one of the ships sighted a large island to the south-east of Greenland, and for three days sailed along its low, wooded shore. They named it Buss Island; but, strange to say, this new discovery—like the mirage of the desert—was to fade from the knowledge of men.

Alas! there was much in Captain Frobisher's Arctic journeys that ended as dreams will end, for when England was reached again the welcome given to the gallant sailors was almost colder than the one they had received from the ice king. The fact was, they brought no gold. The tons and tons of metal with which they had laboured through the heavy seas were nothing but useless ore; and even the Queen grew peevish with disappointment. Her dream of Arctic wealth was over, and the lonely fort which Frobisher had erected in the frozen land kept watch and guard over a worthless mine.

When next his sails were spread to the sea wind, it was for the more sunny waters of the West Indies.

Other voyagers to the north report having seen Buss Island, but ere many years had flown, this too was sought in vain. Some say it was swallowed up by the sea during an earthquake. Be that as it may, the great wooded island is as non-existent now as Captain Frobisher's gold. JOHN LEA.

A RUNAWAY KING.

(Concluded from page 180.)



THE high and mighty manner of Louvré, in demanding the key of the postern-door so boldly, impressed the steward, who was aware of his favour with the King. He gave up the key, however, with some reluctance, and offered to go and open the door. Louvré only laughed at this, and bounded up the staircase, leaving the old and infirm steward far behind. The King and his companions were concealing themselves as much as possible in the shadows of the walls. Louvré opened the door;

they hurried out, and locked it behind them. Then they hastened towards the little ruined chapel, their place of rendezvous.

After losing their way once or twice, they finally reached the spot. Here they found the equerry with the horses, but Chémernaut, who was to act as guide, and several other gentlemen who had been expected, failed to appear. After waiting for these absentees as long as they dared, the King and his party at last went on without them.

When King Henry and his attendants had succeeded in escaping from Cracow itself, their difficulties had only just begun. Not one of them knew the way, all being absolute strangers in Poland, and they could not inquire, as they did not understand the dialect of the country. The night was dark, the roads were bad; they could not keep to the track, but were continually wandering into deep morasses, thick pine-forest, or exasperating clumps of brambles. As they stumbled over stones, sank into bogs, and waded through brooks, they probably wished themselves back again at Cracow, and longed for their forsaken beds.

At last Louvré saw in the distance the glimmer of a faint light. It came from a charcoal-burner's hut. On the approach of the horsemen the poor man was so scared that he darted up into the loft, dragging his ladder up after him. As the cavaliers could not get him to come down, Louvré managed to scramble up.

The charcoal-burner was crouching in a corner of the loft, in an agony of terror. Louvré tried to soothe him, but the unknown language only increased his fright. He was dragged down, and taken to the King. Henry had learned a few words of the peasants' dialect, and was able to make the man understand that they only wanted him for a guide, an office which he readily undertook.

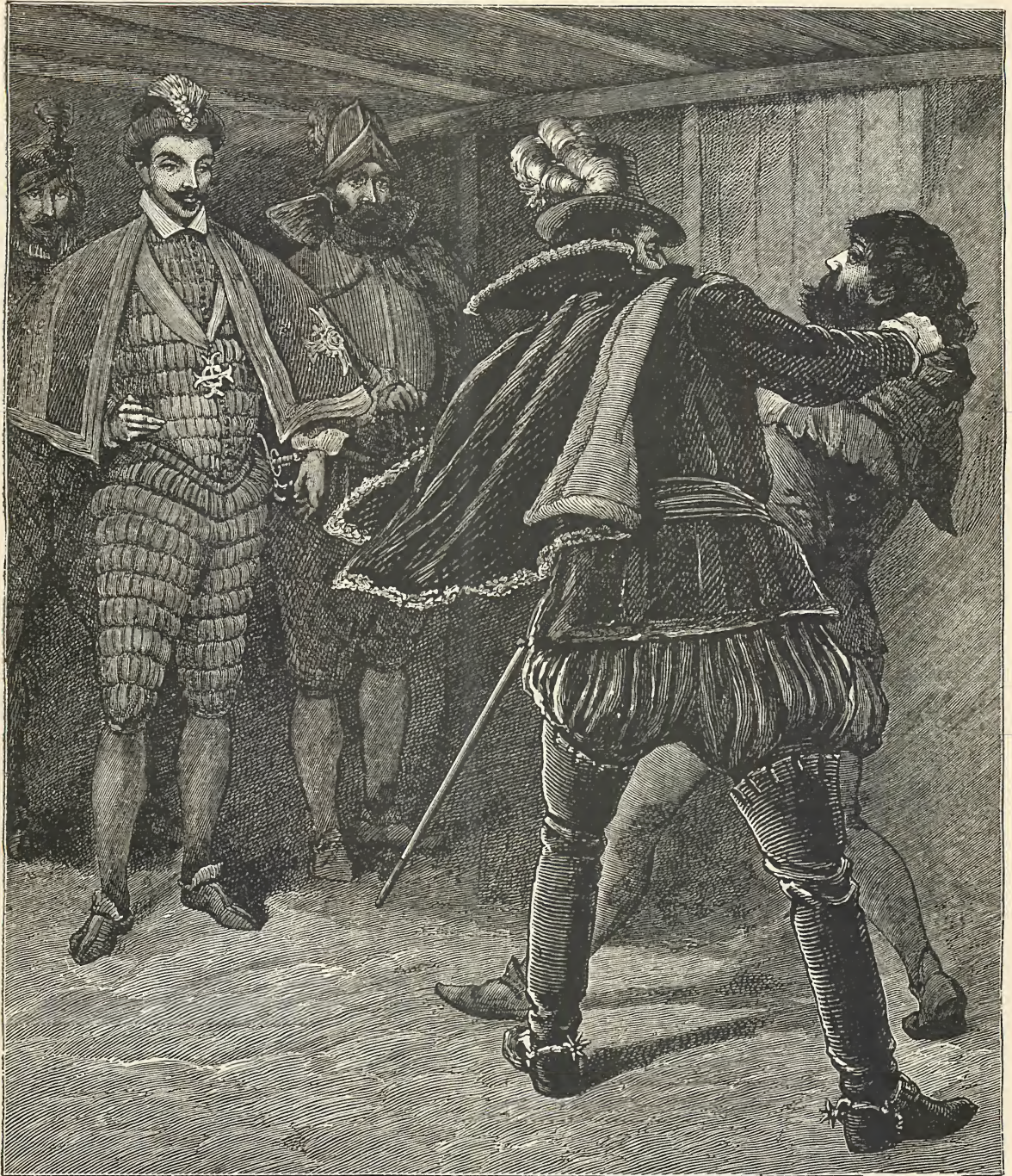
Seated upon a horse in front of one of the cavaliers, the charcoal-burner guided them safely to Liszki. Soon after passing this town they came up with Chémernaut and the rest, who had missed the King in the darkness and got ahead of him.

Meanwhile, of course, there was a great uproar in the palace at Cracow as soon as the King's flight was discovered. The Senate and the Polish nobles were beside themselves with rage at having been so outwitted. The French, who had been left in ignorance of the King's intended flight, were highly indignant with him for his betrayal and desertion of them. In the streets the mob howled, and everybody heaped the blame on the luckless Alemanni.

Karnkowski, one of the great officials of Poland, was sent in a coach and six to bring back the runaway King. This functionary was accompanied by a troop of Tartar cavalry, armed with bows and arrows. A yelling mob followed, with javelins, sticks, and stones for weapons.

They came within sight of the runaways at the town of Osweicin, where some of the King's gentlemen had dismounted for an hour's rest. But when the fugitives saw the Tartar troops coming after them, you may be sure they did not loiter. They mounted in haste, put spurs to their horses, and fled.

There followed a royal chase, in which the King was *not* the hunter. He and his friends rode well.



"The charcoal-burner was dragged down and taken to the King."

They crossed the Vistula on a bridge of planks, which they destroyed just as their pursuers came up. The Tartars howled with rage as they saw the river roll between themselves and the runaways. They knew that they would have to go six miles round in order to come up with their desired prey.

The danger was over now. By the time Henry's

pursuers had overtaken him, he had passed the frontier town of Plesse, and on Austrian territory they dared not capture him.

Count Teuczin, accompanied by only five Tartars, sought an interview with the King, at which he entreated him to return to Poland. Henry refused to do this, but sent a civil message to the Senate,

and they parted amicably. Henry then went on to Vienna, and the Count returned sorrowfully to Cracow with the news of his own non-success.

Thus the Poles lost their King. And perhaps if he had been ruling them for years instead of months they would not have been so sorry to part with him, for they could scarcely have had a worse king than the indolent, false, and cruel Henry III. of Valois.

E. DYKE.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

33.—TWO BURIED PROVERBS.

- (A.)—1. GIVE me a large apple, John.
 2. Spend as little as you can.
 3. Bring me the kettle, the watering-pot, and the jug.
 4. The best is yet to come.
 5. Get dinner ready; I will come as soon as I can.
 6. 'Blow hot, blow cold, with self-same breath.'
- (B.)—1. Tell us if it is fine, and what time it is.
 2. Fruit and cake were also provided.
 3. The moon was bright, the tide was high, and the wind was rough.
 4. You must try to wait with patience.
 5. Tincture of myrrh is good for the toothache.
 6. There is no need of so much excitement.
 7. 'The proper study of mankind is man.'

C. J. B.

34.—ORNITHOLOGICAL ACROSTIC.

A LARGE and stately bird with long legs; it is found in every part of the world except South America, but is only known as an occasional visitor to Great Britain.

1. A crested bird of bright plumage, which is often kept in captivity, and has a loud and piercing cry.
2. A black bird, which builds in high trees and lives in a sort of colony.
3. A very large sea-bird with wings of wide extent; it plays an important part in a celebrated poem written by an English poet.
4. A bird which rests in the day, and comes out at twilight to catch moths and other insects; it makes a peculiar grating noise, and also claps its wings together.
5. A water-bird which furnishes a soft and beautiful down, much used for cushions and pillows.

C. J. B.

[Answers at page 202.]

ANSWERS.

- | | | |
|----------------|-----------------|----------------|
| 30.—1. Bertha. | 4. Anthony. | 8. Theodore. |
| 2. Edward. | 5. Rosamond. | 9. Charlotte. |
| 3. Henrietta. | 6. Bartholomew. | 10. Constance. |
| | 7. Leonora. | |
-
- | | | |
|-------------|---------|---------|
| 31.—1. SHIP | 2. CARE | 3. AMEN |
| HIRE | ATOM | MOVE |
| IRIS | ROOM | EVES |
| PEST | EMMA | NEST |
| 4. HARD | 5. BACK | 6. HERO |
| AREA | ANON | EVEN |
| READ | COME | REAL |
| DADA | KNEW | ONLY |
-
- | | |
|-------------------|---------------|
| 32.—1. Artichoke. | 4. Carrot. |
| 2. Parsnip. | 5. Asparagus. |
| 3. Kidney bean. | |

THE SIBYL OF ST. PIERRE.

(Continued from page 184.)

CHAPTER XXIV.



WHEN morning came and the sun rose, the panic-stricken crowd, who still surged backwards and forwards through the streets of St. Pierre, fell on their knees in thanksgiving for the blessed light of day, and then hurried away to the cathedral, to crowd the vast building almost to the verge of suffocation. With returning daylight the worst of the terror seemed over; the heavy booming of subterranean thunder had ceased, whilst the mountain itself was hidden from view.

The English church was also crowded for the early service, the pale-faced worshippers looking at each other with a dazed relief lighting up their weary eyes, which had looked on danger and seen it pass.

Mr. Hamlin, as chaplain-in-charge, read prayers, and led the thanksgivings of the congregation for safe-keeping through the peril and terror of the night.

There were many moved hearts and wet eyes among the little crowd who presently streamed out from the church to the close, hot air of the town; but there was a buzz of cheerful congratulation in the greetings which passed between friends and acquaintances, showing plainly how strong in every breast was the feeling that the worst was over.

The morning was fine, though so intensely hot that exertion of any kind was burdensome. Staying for no breakfast, but stuffing a handful of biscuits and a bunch of bananas into the pockets of his white linen jacket, Derry mounted his bicycle and set off on his ride to Glen Rosa, the moment that church was out.

People did not care much for cycling between the town and Mr. Rowan's plantation, because of the number and the steepness of the intervening hills. But there was over a mile of fair going, even when the outskirts of the town were left behind, and on a sultry morning like the present, Derry felt that almost any means of locomotion was to be preferred to the toil of walking on his own two feet.

He had done nearly three miles of the distance, scorching madly down the steep hills, and toiling perspiringly up the equally stiff ascents, when suddenly a heavy roll of thunder made itself heard, shaking the solid ground.

Derry, who had just pushed his bicycle up a particularly steep rise, paused to look apprehensively at the sky, although so thick were the interlacing boughs of the tamarind and banana trees, that it was but little he could see of the blue heavens above him.

The sun did not shine so brightly, however, and the air became each moment closer and more oppressive.

'There's a thunder-storm coming, and I guess I'm in for a drenching,' Derry muttered to himself as the sky gathered blackness, and the thunder rolled heavily to the northward.

Though he was not particularly nervous, it was uncomfortable to be caught in a tropical thunder-storm, a long distance from any human habitation, and with a bicycle as one's only means of getting quickly to shelter. But there was nothing to be done save to make the best of it, and get forward as quickly as he could; so with this resolution he drew his breath hard, mounted his wheel, and set off at his very topmost speed.

But never before, either in uphill, downhill, or level-ground work, had he found the going so difficult, or been so short of wind.

It was so dark too under the clustering trees, and the exertion was so trying that every moment he expected to find himself slipping to the ground, too dead-beat to move another tread of the pedal. Chancing to look down he was amazed to see that his white jacket had changed to a dingy grey, that his hands were of the same hue—in fact he was grey all over.

Then the thunder boomed out again, a dull hollow sound that rumbled from below, and spent itself in a long horrible quivering of the ground.

'Oh, it is not a storm, but another eruption!' he gasped, the situation becoming at once clear to him. If only some person, black or white or of any intermediate shade, had appeared just then on that lonely road, how gladly he would have hailed their presence.

But no one came, and getting off his bicycle, he walked up the next hill, painfully pushing his wheel. He would have left it by the roadside, regardless of what became of it, but for one thing: if he could only manage to reach the top of the rise, it was from that point falling ground almost all the way to Glen Rosa, and once safely started, he could ride with his feet up, down the long hill to his destination.

Greyer and greyer became the sky, grey were the feathery bamboos and trailing blossoms growing by the side of the lonely road. Greyest of all was the crouching figure of the boy on the flying wheel, as, reckless of anything save his desire to get to the end of his journey, he rushed down the long slope, gathering speed as he went.

A collapse was inevitable, he felt it himself, yet by that time to slow down was impossible, he could not even get his feet on to the pedals, with a view to back-peddalling to lessen the force of the smash when it came.

The worst of it was that it seemed so long in coming, and Derry felt as if he had been flying down that interminable grey slope for hours before his bicycle appeared to take a flying sideways leap up a bank, landing him in a lump of dried grass at the top, the lurking-place of some venomous serpent for ought he knew to the contrary.

The surprising thing to himself was that, so far from being killed, he did not even appear to be hurt, except a twist to his right ankle; and for a few

moments he lay still in a sort of panting wonderment that nothing more dreadful had happened to him.

But the rain of ashes was coming thicker and faster; plainly if he stayed there much longer he would be covered out of sight under a little mound of the universal greyness.

Then he struggled to a sitting posture, though with difficulty, for he was weak and trembling with the shock of his fall.

From the place where he was spilled, Glen Rosa should have been plainly visible, but the air was so heavy with the rain of grey dust, that every object more than a few yards distant was obscured.

Then he turned his attention to his bicycle, and found to his dismay that it was so broken and bent as to be practically ruined.

'However shall I manage that last half-mile?' he said to himself, hanging on to a stem of a sturdy bamboo plant, and trying to drag himself up.

But his foot was more damaged than had at first appeared, and he found himself quite unable to put it to the ground.

'So there is nothing for it but to crawl the rest of the way on my hands and knees, like a rather ungainly frog,' he muttered, trying to feel cheerful enough to smile, but getting no further than a grimace.

He came to feel a genuine respect and admiration for frogs, toads, and all creeping things, before he had traversed many yards of that weary road on his hands and knees, dragging his injured and very painful foot behind him.

Presently he gave up the effort in despair and sat still in the middle of the road, ruminating disconsolately upon the probability of his being left there to perish under the grey pall, which was covering that fair smiling countryside with a garment of gloom.

Just at that point where stoical resolution breaks down in despair, Derry heard the quick trot of a pony's feet coming towards him, and recovering his courage with a bounce, broke into a series of wild halloas, for the track took a sharp curve at that point and he had no desire to be run over.

'Hoi, there! Hoi, hoi!' he yelled, and a minute later he heard an answering shout, then a grey figure showed indistinctly through the gloom, and a moment later Maurice Rowan pulled his pony up with a jerk, and sprang to the ground.

'Why, Derry, old fellow, it is never you!' he exclaimed in amazement, on recognising the dirty, begrimed figure sitting forlornly on the dusty road as his friend.

'It is though, and I was coming out to Glen Rosa to bring you some news, when this began. Oh, Maurice, isn't it awful!' he burst out, as another roll of subterranean thunder sounded in their ears, and shook the earth on which they stood.

'It is frightful, and I'm afraid we have not reached the worst yet,' Maurice said gloomily, with an apprehensive look at the grey heavens above. 'But I will hoist you on to my pony, Derry, and take you as far as the house; then I'm going to ride in to St. Pierre for a doctor, if I can persuade one to come.'



"Derry rushed down the long slope, gathering speed as he went."

'What is the matter, who is sick—not Miss Rowan?' asked Derry, suppressing a groan with a fortitude that was absolutely heroic, as Maurice hauled him into the saddle with little more ceremony than if he had been only a bag of yams.

'No, Alice is not ill, it is Kitty; we thought she would have died of terror last night, and the ground shook so horribly that for safety we had to leave the

house, and take refuge in the hurricane cellar,' Maurice said, with a break in his voice.

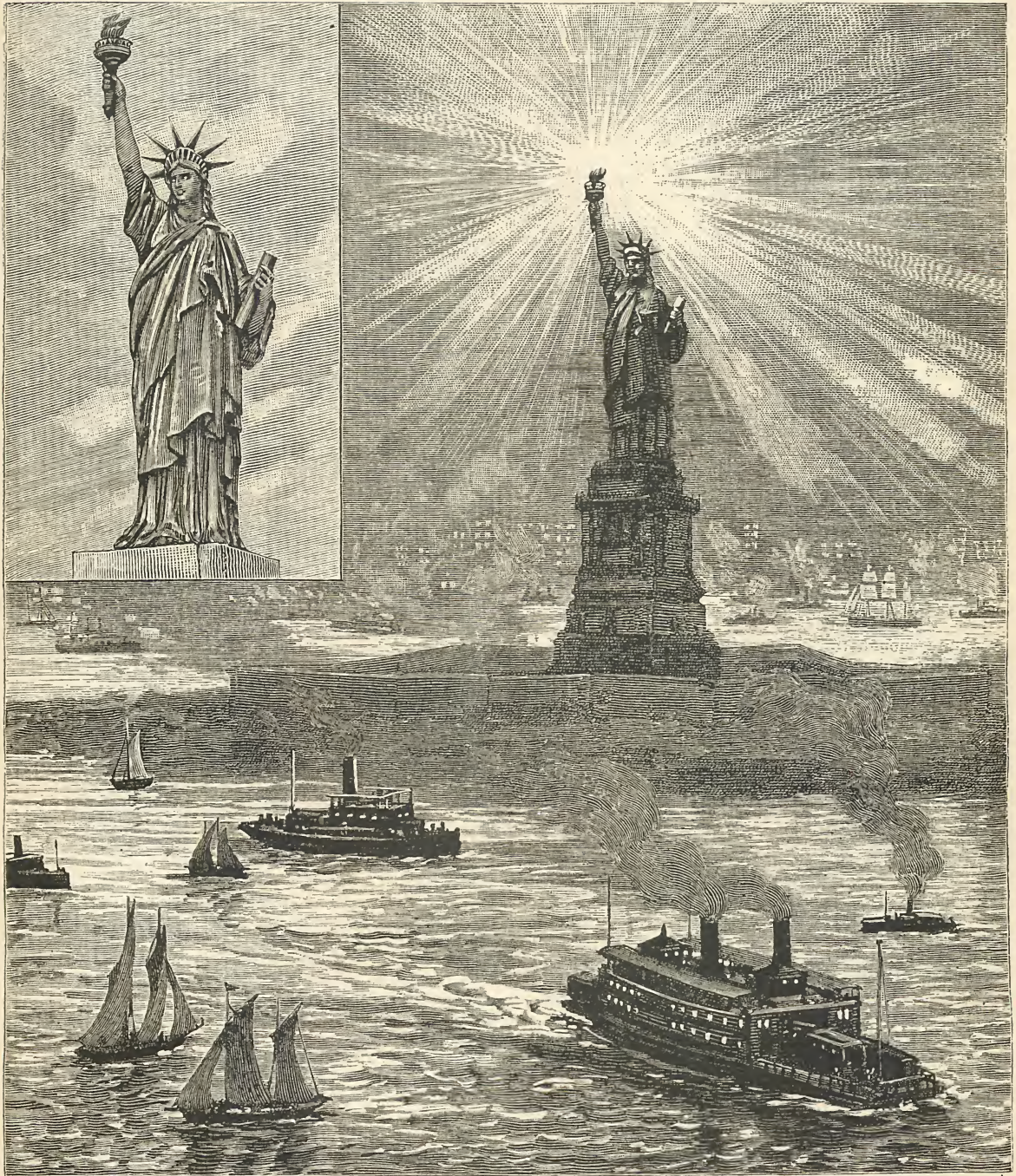
'What makes you think there is worse to come?' asked Derry fearfully.

'Because every well and spring in the district has gone suddenly dry, or oozes only hot, yellow mud,' replied the other.

(Continued at page 198.)

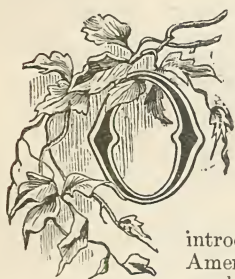


A FISHING EXPEDITION.



The Statue of Liberty in New York Harbour.

DANGER SIGNALS.



VI.—'LIBERTY' IN NEW YORK HARBOUR.

N July 4th, 1884, M. Jules Ferry, the celebrated French minister, had to perform a little ceremony. A stranger had arrived in Paris a day or two before, and it became his duty to

introduce this stranger to the American Ambassador. 'Not very much trouble in that,' you will say. But when you hear that the stranger was one hundred and fifty-one feet tall and weighed about four hundred and fifty thousand pounds, you will agree with me that a little more than the usual ceremony was necessary.

'My country, sir,' we can imagine M. Ferry saying, 'wishes to present to the people of America a small memento of the war in which we fought with them side by side, till victory crowned them with independence. This being the anniversary of the day on which the Charter of their Liberty was signed in this city of Paris, it has been chosen as a suitable occasion on which to beg your acceptance of the token of our sympathies and friendship.'

The Ambassador expressed his gratitude and was forthwith introduced to the gigantic statue of Liberty. Whether he felt at all shy in such a presence, nobody has ever said, but it is surely quite enough to take any one's breath away to see such a colossal figure suddenly for the first time. It was cast entirely in bronze, that looked like ruddy gold as the sun shone upon it. In each fold of the flowing robe there was room for half-a-dozen men to hide, and it made one feel quite giddy to look up and up and up to where Liberty's clear-cut face, with the sunshine on it, was turned to the sky, while far above her head one arm was raised to bear a torch that all the world might see. It was quite a long walk round the hem of her skirt, for the sculptor, M. Bartholdi, had taken advantage of the dress as a support for the whole figure. 'The wider the base,' said he, 'the firmer it will stand.'

When railways and steamships were built, no designer thought it necessary to provide accommodation for such a traveller as this, so that M. Bartholdi was obliged to have his statue cast in separate pieces. It therefore consists of a great number of plates of bronze, no one of which plates is more than three thirty-seconds of an inch thick, not as thick as the walls of a doll's house. Such thin metal as that would not stand against even a light wind; so M. Eiffel (who afterwards erected the great Eiffel Tower) was asked to construct a skeleton for Liberty. This he did, and over his strong steel framework the statue is built, being fastened to it in thousands and thousands of places.

Having accepted the gift, the Ambassador wrote to the President in Washington, and arrangements were immediately set on foot for building a proper

home for Liberty when she came. A subscription list was opened, and, sufficient money having been collected, the workmen were sent down to Bedlow Island in New York harbour, where a strong stone fort, made in the shape of a star, had been established nearly one hundred years before. In the centre of this star fort an opening was cut and a foundation was laid consisting of a block of concrete ninety feet square at the base, sixty-five feet square at the top, and fifty-three feet in height. Who could say, after hearing that, that Liberty has not a firm footing in America? From the summit of this block rises the true pedestal. It is a stone tower with four sides, and is prettily ornamented. The concrete base is surrounded by a terrace; a grassy slope, and flights of stone steps lead to the tower and the entrance to the interior of the statue.

But long before her home was ready, Liberty arrived. France had given her a free passage in a number of war vessels; though a sea voyage cannot be half so enjoyable when you do not make it all in one piece. Fancy having your arms in one ship, your feet in another, and your head stowed away carefully under the deck of a third! Yet that is something like the way in which Liberty came to New York, and had to wait while they finished her island home.

Finally, however, this was done, and before October 27th, 1886, she was standing proudly on her pedestal, with her torch held in the sky three hundred and five feet above the harbour waters. Over her face, concealing it from view, hung the flags of America and France, for she had not yet been formally introduced to the American people. The best person to do this was the President, Mr. Cleveland. So he came up from Washington, and on October 29th, amid a flutter of flags, the roaring of cannon, the shouting of the people, and all the sounds of rejoicings that accompany such events, he pulled the cord that held the flags over Liberty's face. Down they fluttered, like bright-winged birds, to settle at the feet of the beautiful statue, emblems of two nations' love for Liberty and her rule.

Alas! that of so many who went to see, so few were gratified. For that day, in New York harbour, the weather was in a most unhappy mood. An obscuring fog settled on the water, while chilly rain did what it could to damp the scene. But, sulky as the weather might be, and roam as the fog might into the midst of every crowd, it did not get into the hearts of the people, and it certainly did not succeed in putting out the brilliant fireworks that illumined New York when the sun had set. The statue itself shone with a wondrous glow, for twenty electric lamps of six thousand candle-power each, with reflectors behind them, threw their light upon it.

Many who failed to see this new-comer on the day of her welcome have paid their respects since, and have been impressed by what they saw. It is quite a journey up the inside framework. The head is fourteen feet high and will hold forty people, while, on climbing up the arm and reaching the torch, space can be found for at least fifteen visitors.

Here a most powerful group of electric lights is placed; some of their rays shoot skywards, some fall softly on the statue's face. Far far at sea this light is visible, and very pleasant surely it must be to voyagers when they first catch sight of Liberty's lamp, thus held up on the doorstep of the New World, to guide them into safety.

JOHN LEA.

'WITHOUT FEAR AND WITHOUT REPROACH.'

Tales of the famous Knight, Bayard.

VI.—THE BATTLE OF THE THIRTEEN. AND THE REBUKING OF IARDIEU.



SOON after Bayard's victory over Don Alonzo de Soto Mayor, a truce of two months was declared, and the good knight returned to his duties at Monervino.

It happened one day that thirteen Spanish gentlemen-at-arms rode out from their camp to seek amusement. Just outside the French camp they met Bayard with a friend of his named D'Oroze, who had been one of his attendants in the fight against Don Alonzo. The two parties exchanged salutations.

Among the Spaniards was a certain Don Diego de Bisaigne, who had attended Don Alonzo in the fatal fight, and was eager to avenge his champion's defeat. This knight now stepped forward and addressed Bayard:

'My good French lord,' said he, 'we are already weary of this truce, though only eight days of the two months have passed. Here are thirteen of us ready for battle. Will you and your friend bring eleven others with you to meet us? Or if you wish to bring out twenty or thirty companions, I will bring a like number.'

'My lord,' replied Bayard, 'I most willingly accept your challenge. Eight days hence we will meet you and fight thirteen a side, and he who has a brave heart shall show it!'

So the two knights parted from the Spaniards and returned to the French camp to enlist eleven of their comrades for the battle. The first difficulty they met was in choosing who the eleven should be, for every one of Bayard's company was eager to do battle for the good knight. However, after much consultation, the required number were chosen, and the conditions of the fight arranged. These conditions were, firstly, that if a knight was unhorsed he must not fight again; secondly, if any one passed over a certain boundary he should be a prisoner; and, thirdly, that nightfall should end the affray, and that unless the whole of one side had been taken prisoners or defeated, both sides should withdraw with equal honour.

On the appointed day the two companies, having agreed on these conditions, met upon the battle-

field, and a large number of people gathered to look on at the fight.

When they came in sight of each other, both Spaniards and Frenchmen raised their battle-cries, and, with lances at rest, spurred their horses to the charge.

But the Spanish treachery showed itself once more on the field of battle. Remembering the condition that an unhorsed knight should retire from the fray, the Spaniards, instead of attacking their enemies man to man, struck at the horses of the Frenchmen, and so almost immediately dismounted no less than eleven knights.

Bayard and D'Oroze were left together upon the field, alone against thirteen of the enemy, and it must have gone hard indeed with them, in spite of their undaunted courage and skill, had not the treachery of their enemies served in a manner to defend them. For the Spanish steeds refused to advance over the dead bodies of the Frenchmen's horses, which formed a kind of rampart, behind which Bayard and D'Oroze were safe from all assault.

And thus this unequal battle was kept up. The two brave French knights charged out again and again to encounter their enemies, retiring after each attack behind the bodies of their comrades' steeds, while the spectators wildly applauded their daring and skill. For four hours they not only resisted every assault of the Spaniards, but even unhorsed and defeated several of them. Then at last night fell, and Bayard and his companion withdrew. The two parties were equal by the conditions of the fight, but Bayard and D'Oroze came off with the greatest honour.

(Concluded at page 203.)

THE OYSTER'S CHIEF ENEMY.

THE chief enemy of the oyster is the star-fish, and fights between the two are of frequent occurrence. They are pretty evenly matched, and the one that gets the first advantage generally wins.

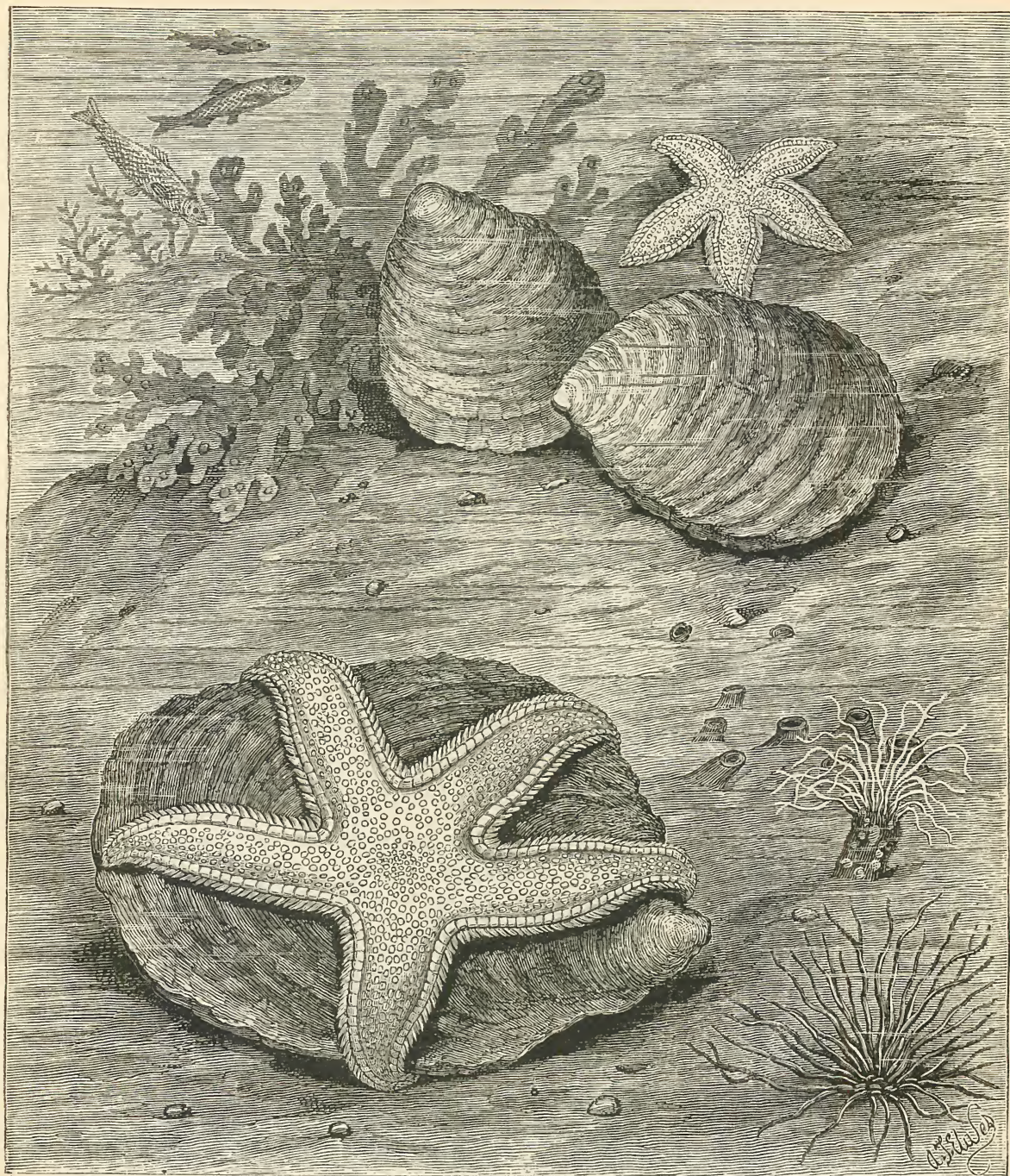
The star-fish always tries to prevent the oyster from nipping him, by pressing the two shells tightly together, and then with its disengaged arms it works away at the hinge of the oyster; if that is once loosened, the oyster is at his enemy's mercy. But if the oyster is able to get the first nip of the star-fish between his two shells, the star-fish very soon exists no more.

S. C.

MUNGO PARK AND THE ARABS.

IN the year 1795 a Scotchman named Mungo Park started from Portsmouth with the intention of exploring the River Niger. The river was so little known at that time that he even thought that it must be the same as the Congo.

On his first expedition, Mungo Park lost all his companions, and his horse at length became so exhausted that he had to return himself, not having accomplished nearly as much as he had hoped. He had, however, met with many adventures, one of the



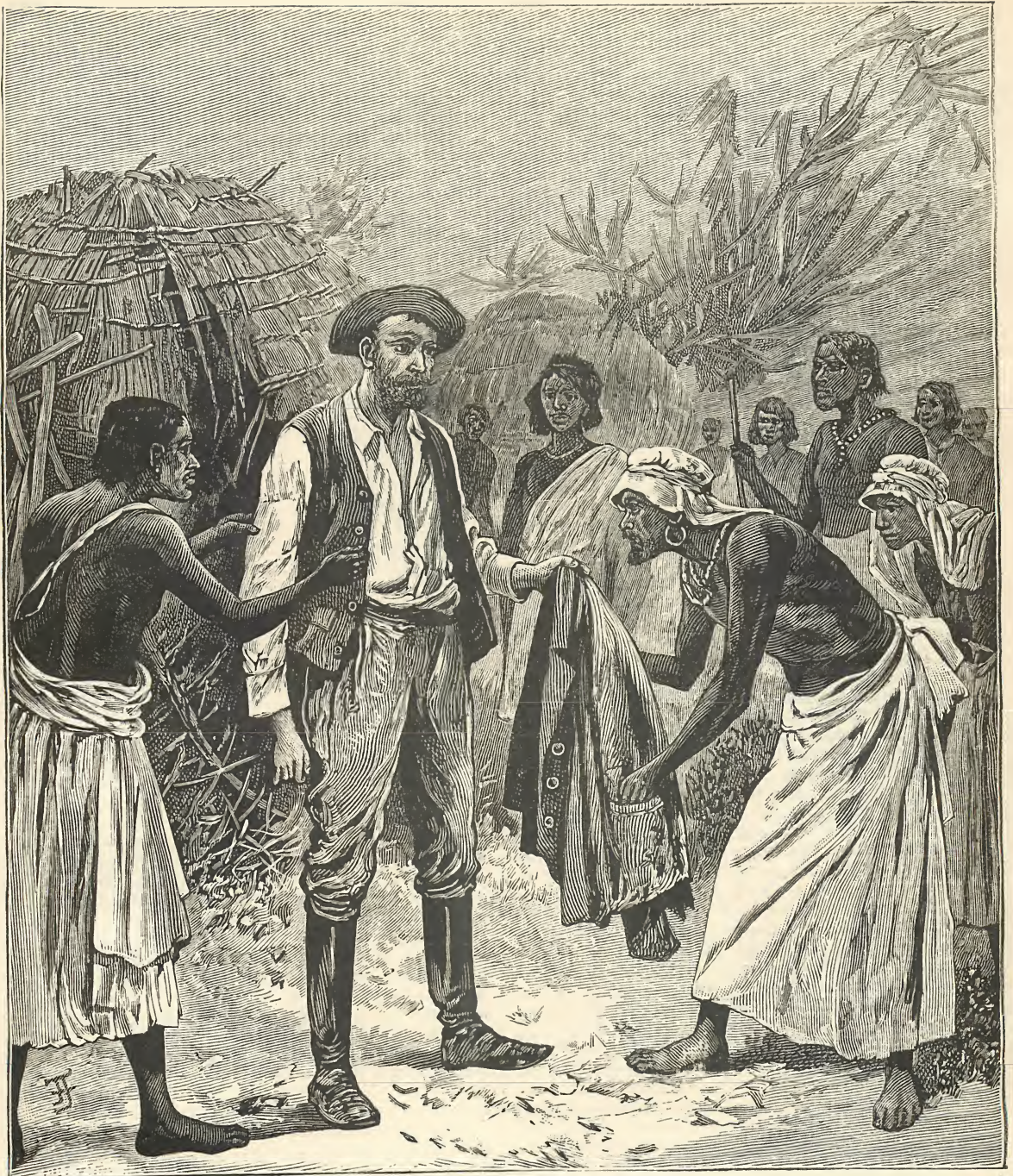
The Oyster's Chief Enemy.

most perilous of which was his capture by an Arab chief named Ali.

Mungo Park had been afraid of this chief for some time, but he hoped he was nearly out of his dominion, when suddenly a party of Arabs came to him and ordered him to accompany them to Ali's camp at Benowm. They said that the chief only wanted to

show the white man to his wife, Fatima, and that there was nothing to fear. Mungo Park could only submit quietly.

On the way the traveller met Ali's son. The Arab immediately handed him a double-barrelled gun, and ordered him to repair it and to dye the stock blue. But Mungo Park, of course, knew nothing about these



"They were much excited by his clothes."

things, and tried to tell the Arab so. But he immediately demanded instead knives and scissors, which, of course, could not be produced. So the Arab put the muzzle of his gun straight to the head of Park's servant boy, and threatened to shoot him. His life was only saved by the other Arabs, who hurried them away.

The prisoners were then taken on to Benowm, which was nothing but a group of wretched-looking tents. Men and women and children immediately crowded out to look at the white man. They were much excited by his clothes, and pulled at his hat, coat, and buttons without the slightest respect.

Park was taken before the great chief at once. He was sitting in his tent on a leather cushion, and was attentively clipping a few hairs from his upper lip. A woman was holding a looking-glass for him to inspect progress. He seemed to be an old man, and had a very sullen appearance. Directly the traveller appeared the inspection of clothes began again. Every one insisted on examining the contents of his pockets; they made him unbutton his shirt to show his white skin, and they even counted his fingers and toes.

Then the prisoner was told that he was to be given something to eat. He looked round, and there was a hog, which all Mahommedans consider to be unclean food. He was told to kill, cook, and eat it; but he decided that this was a trap to catch him, and he said he did not eat such food. The hog was immediately untied, for the people believed that it would at once attack the Christian. But to their surprise it set to work to attack any one who was nearest, and at last took shelter under the seat of Ali himself!

The traveller passed the night on a mat spread on the sand, and in the morning he was taken to a hut of his own, built of corn-stalks, with the hog tied up inside as a companion. This was tiresome, because little boys would come and throw sticks at the hog, and it became so furious that it bit everybody within reach.

The whole afternoon Mungo Park had to dress and undress continually for the amusement of the natives. Buttons seemed to be the great attraction, and every fresh visitor expected to see all that his neighbours had seen.

At night the traveller's tent was carefully guarded. But in the middle of the night a man came into the tent, perhaps to steal, perhaps to murder. But for once the hog proved useful. The visitor stumbled over the animal and woke it, and was well bitten for his pains. His screams aroused the guard, and there was a general commotion, because the prisoner was supposed to have escaped.

A few days after, all Park's belongings were taken from him. Ali was disappointed that they did not contain more treasures, but he was deeply interested in a compass, and when he saw that the needle always pointed towards the great desert, he inquired the cause of it. Park could not explain the real reason, for it would not have been understood, neither did he dare to refuse to answer, lest it should be supposed to be magic. So he said, 'My mother lives far away beyond the sands. While she is alive that piece of iron will always point to her, and when she is dead it will point to her grave.' After that Ali thought the compass had better return to its owner.

Mungo Park was kept a prisoner for four months, and then at last he contrived to escape while Ali was at war with a neighbouring chief.

He was not baffled by his many adventures and the partial failure of his first expedition. In 1805 he started afresh with fifty-four companions. Soon after they reached the Niger only five were left, but the leader of the expedition wrote home, 'Though all Europeans with me should die, and though I were myself half dead, I would still persevere, and if I

could not succeed in the object of my journey, I would at least die on the Niger.'

And that was what happened. His little party was attacked by natives in a narrow, rocky part of the river. All of them were killed except one slave. Different stories have been told about the struggle, but all agree that the travellers were drowned. Probably Mungo Park was betrayed by his interpreter, Amadi Fatouma. E. C. MATRAVERS.

THE SIBYL OF ST. PIERRE.

(Continued from page 192.)

CHAPTER XXV.



THE hurricane cellar at Glen Rosa was a series of strongly built arches near the house, forming one fair-sized room, so solidly bound and clamped with iron as to be impregnable to any ordinary trembling of the earth or cyclonic disturbance which might sweep disastrously over the district.

Into this shelter Alice and Maurice had carried poor terror-stricken Kitty when at midnight the heavy booming of the troubled mountain had shaken the earth at Glen Rosa so much, that it seemed as if every moment would bring the house about their ears.

The fear and apprehension endured by Alice during the past few weeks had given place to a strange serenity of mind, which left her calm and untroubled at the most appalling moments.

She came out of the low doorway of the hurricane shelter to meet Maurice when he returned with Derry, looking so sweetly serene that the Dutch boy gazed at her in amazement, and wondered he had ever been afraid.

'Poor Derry! what a weird ride you must have had all alone through the rain of ashes. Let me help you into the cellar and then I will attend to the poor foot,' she said, slipping her arm round him and assisting him through the low-arched doorway, whence she had just emerged.

But he was so shaken and dazed by all he had gone through, that he sank on to a mattress spread just inside the shelter, and lay there, only half conscious of what was happening around him.

Alice bathed and bandaged his ankle, and then left him awhile, intent on other cares. Maurice had started again for the town, so there was only the moaning of poor sick Kitty to break the hush of silence in the shelter.

Then Roddy trotted in to see how it fared with the invalids, his face puckered into an expression of extraordinary gravity, as he crouched down by Kitty's side, and tried to coax her into some sort of recognition of him.

But she only lay with closed eyes, moaning fitfully, and Derry was so upset at the pitiful spectacle of the lively little maiden reduced to such a pass, that he

dragged himself off the mattress where he had been lying and crept across the floor to her side.

'Don't you remember me, Kitty, and the fun we used to have? I am Derry Van Laun, you know,' he said, venturing to lift one of her sunburnt hands, and to press it reassuringly.

She opened her eyes then—such scared, frightened eyes they were, with all the brightness washed out of them by terror and tears: 'Oh, Derry, I am so awfully afraid, I feel as if I should die every time the ground shakes. Can't you take me away somewhere into the woods or up on the hills where there are no earthquakes?'

'I'm afraid it shakes everywhere, Kitty, and you would be no better but much worse off away from this nice, safe shelter. It has been raining ashes, too, and the air is so full of dust outside that it nearly chokes you to breathe,' replied Derry, with intent to console her.

But his words had an exactly contrary effect; the frightened eyes grew wilder still, and by a desperate effort the child pulled herself up to a sitting position, crying pitifully: 'Then why can't I make haste and die, and be out of it all? I don't want to live any longer—I don't, I don't, because I'm so afraid!'

Derry had no sisters of his own, and his experience of girls and their ways was of a very limited nature, but the pathetic appeal woke all the chivalry of his nature, and as she swayed helplessly to and fro he caught her in his arms and held her fast in a protecting clasp.

'There, don't you be frightened any more. I guess the worst of it is about over now, and in a week or two you will be going off to Scotland to live, and they have no volcanoes there, or earthquakes either that ever I have heard of,' he said, kindly.

'Will they have hurricane cellars to the houses there as we do here?' she asked, won from the worst of her terror by the soothing contact, and stirred to interest by the mention of this new home to which she was so soon going.

'They don't have any hurricanes, so they would hardly need any cellars for shelter,' he answered, and then proceeded to a glowing description of the country and its climatic perfections, which would have made a Scotchman open his eyes widely in amazement at the unknown wonders contained in his native land. Derry's actual knowledge of Scotland, however, being limited to the brief details contained in school geographies, he was forced to rely upon his imagination for his descriptions, which, in consequence, were peculiarly vivid and wide of the mark.

But he kept Kitty's interest from flagging, and succeeded in amusing her so greatly that she forgot her terrors, and even laughed by-and-by, when Alice came in to see how it fared with her.

'Oh, Derry, how can I thank you enough?' exclaimed the elder sister, with so much relief in her tone that the boy turned suddenly hot and shy, withdrew into his shell, and felt secretly as much ashamed of himself as if he had been caught crying like a girl.

But Kitty having once proved Derry's skill as entertainer, gave him no rest until he promised to tell her some more stories; so stretching himself out

in the easiest position for his injured foot, he lay on his back staring up at the arched roof above his head and gave the reins to his imagination.

Roddy trotted in and out doing errands for Alice, but finally deserted from the ranks of workers and subsided close to Derry, drawn thither by the fascination of those wonderful stories.

But the Dutch boy was not so engrossed in this wholesale manufacture of fiction as to be forgetful of what was going on in other directions; especially did he scan the face of Alice every time she entered the shelter, intent on discovering by observation what he did not dare to put into words.

The long hours passed slowly away, the darkest, dreariest Sunday that any of them had ever known.

To Derry lying on his mattress, unable to do anything but talk, the day seemed as if it would never end; yet with the strangest inconsistency he dreaded the coming of night so acutely that the minutes which had ticked themselves away were looked back upon with positive regret, although they were so wearily long in passing.

'Shall we stay in here all night, all of us, Alice?'

Kitty asked, when in the afternoon the elder sister began to step backwards and forwards arranging piles of rugs and pillows which should serve as impromptu couches during the hours of darkness.

'Yes, dear, for to-night it will be safer, but if things have quieted down by morning we may perhaps move back to the house to-morrow. Now I must hurry and get supper, for Maurice will soon be home—I am expecting to hear him coming every minute.'

Alice moved away as she spoke, and then it suddenly occurred to Derry to wonder why he had seen no servants about the place when he came. There had been only Alice and Maurice, with Roddy trotting to and fro; then where was big black Rosinetta, and that other dusky girl, her companion? Where, too, were old Anthony, the cowherd, and the impish black boys, who were always hanging round with offers of help, which they were notorious for never fulfilling?

He had an opportunity of satisfying his mind on these two points sooner than he expected, for Kitty fell asleep worn out with exhaustion, and Roddy creeping close to her side curled himself up in a tight little ball and slipped away into dreamland too.

Then Alice came in, the serenity of her face broken now into quivering agitation, which Derry, owing to the gloom of the shelter, failed to notice until he had put his question, 'Miss Rowan, where are the servants, the house servants and the outside helpers?'

'They have all fled—they went at daybreak this morning, the two maids, old Anthony, and the boys; they were all who were left. We have had no field hands for two or three weeks back, you know,' she replied, with a tremor in her voice; then seeing that the children were both asleep, she dropped on her knees beside Derry, and laid a shaking hand on his shoulder: 'Oh, Derry, I am so anxious about Maurice; he should have been home hours ago, and now it will be night in twenty minutes, and he has not come.'

'Perhaps he had no end of trouble in finding a



“‘Let me help you into the cellar.’”

doctor able to come out; there would be certain to be no end of people requiring assistance to-day, you know,’ he retorted, cheerfully.

‘I have thought of that, and tried not to feel anxious, but M. Fausset has just ridden over to see if we are all safe, and he says St. Pierre is in such a fearful condition of panic that the most dreadful riots are already taking place; the people are mad,

and the gendarmes are going about with loaded rifles to maintain order.’

‘All the same, I wouldn’t worry about Maurice,’ rejoined Derry, on whom the office of comforter had that day descended. ‘He is not mad with terror like the rest of the folks, and—ah, what is that?—I do believe I can hear the trot of a horse.’

(Continued at page 206.)



Spanish Smugglers.

THE SMUGGLERS' RUSE.



HIST! said Carlos as he stopped suddenly at the turn of the narrow rocky path. 'Hist!' and he stared down into the valley some thousand feet or more below.

His sagacious mule knew the meaning of that low whistle just as well as Carlos' human companions, and stopped dead short

without waiting for orders from his master.

'Where?' eagerly asked Pedro, who was leading the next mule. 'Can you see them, Carlos? How many are there?'

Carlos waited a minute before answering, for he was still staring intently down to the valley beneath. Then he raised his head with a short laugh, and said,

'There are eight of them, all of them armed, of course. But there are five of us, and four of us have rifles. Shall we surrender to the soldiers, lads, and let them have all the contents of our bags and boxes?'

Carlos spoke cheerfully. He well knew what the answer would be!

'Surrender! Not if there were eighty soldiers instead of eight! We are a match for any number on this path, and we have plenty of ammunition,' said Antonio, as, taking the pipe out of his mouth, he at once looked to see if his rifle was in good order.

'He speaks for us!' said the others who had now come up. 'Let the soldiers come! We are ready for them!'

They were Spanish smugglers, these five men who were thus preparing to resist the soldiers; for smuggling is still of almost daily occurrence across the French frontier, and the business, though of course a risky one, is, when successful, so extremely profitable, that it presents irresistible temptation to reckless men with empty purses and a love of adventure. Should these men with their well-laden mules be successful in evading the Custom House officers, they will each of them clear over ten pounds in hard money, and ten pounds in Spain is a little fortune.

In our country we hear now little of smugglers, for with everything free except tobacco, spirits, and tea, there is small occasion for smuggling; but at the beginning of the last century, during Napoleon's wars, we too paid heavy taxes on foreign goods, and smuggling then was carried on all round our coasts, in spite of the incessant vigilance of the Coast-guard-men. Fights between them and smugglers were common and so fierce that lives were often lost on both sides, as the tombstones in the old churchyard at Deal and other places will testify. Many a grave in coast towns has the statement 'died in an encounter with smugglers' or 'killed in a fight with the coast-guard,' according as coast-guard or smuggler lies buried below.

Still, heavy as our taxes then were, they were light compared to the dues now levied by the French

Government on almost every single article brought into their country. For instance, matches are a Government monopoly; no one must bring even one box of matches into France without 'declaring' it and paying the duty. Six matches are allowed free of duty to each traveller, but no more, and a Customs officer having on one occasion discovered a forgotten box in a man's luggage, solemnly counted the matches, and for all above six, the unfortunate traveller was fined a franc (about tenpence), which mounted up his fine to some pounds.

After this you can well understand how profitable a business smuggling may be in France for those who care to risk the danger of capture and imprisonment.

But to return to our five friends. Carlos, the leader, had by this time disposed his mules and men in the best position to resist an attack, and then they calmly awaited the approach of the soldiers, smoking and chatting together in the most unconcerned way, though Carlos' keen eyes were ever on those eight men who were steadily coming on up the rocky mountain-side towards them.

'Ha!' he exclaimed suddenly, 'they have turned to the left, and are going round the other side of the mountain. It is but a trick, I feel sure, just to lure us into their jaws. Turn the mules, my friends! we will be as cunning as the soldiers, and leave them to wait for us vainly at the cross-road yonder. We will take the old unused bridle-path we passed an hour ago. It is dangerous, it is true; but what of that?'

'We can do it!' said Pedro. 'I was close there last month, and had a look at it. The landslip has made the path impassable to soldiers, but not to us.'

'Nor to the mules,' broke in Paulo; 'where I go my mule can follow—were it down a precipice.'

Fortune favoured the smugglers on this occasion, and they got safely over the blocked path, whilst the soldiers, now strongly reinforced, were guarding what they believed to be the only way across the mountain.

The goods fetched prices that kept the smugglers and their families through the winter; but it is a pity that such skill in mountaineering as they possess should not be turned to better ends.

S. CLARENDON.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

35.—ANAGRAMS.

Ancient Celebrities.

1. OIL man I pump us. An early King of Rome.
2. Cat roses. A Greek philosopher.
3. Stone heeds M. The greatest orator of ancient times.
4. Carp hu; L. An eminent biographer.
5. I seen dog. Another philosopher; one who had a very narrow residence.
6. Reed lax an. A very great emperor and military genius.
7. Sud air. A Persian emperor who was conquered by the foregoing.
8. Let praise X. A celebrated sculptor.

C. J. B.

36.—BURIED FISHES.

1. It is Christmas. Hark! how the bells are ringing!
2. In our town there are ten churches and one cathedral.
3. The regiment under General Barrett routed the enemy.
4. The poet Cowper charmed his friends with verse.
5. As soon as she saw the tram-car passing, she hailed it.
6. Under water you gasp rather than breathe.
7. If you had dock leaves they would heal the sting.
8. I am very tired, so let me rest. C. J. B.

37.—FLORAL ARITHMOGRAPH.

A word of eight letters: a garden flower.

1. My 3, 4, 6, 5, descend from the clouds.
2. My 3, 7, 5, denotes a way of moving.
3. My 8, 2, 5, are the lords of creation.
4. My 8, 6, 5, 2, denote possession.
5. My 3, 4, 8, are a horned animal.
6. My 3, 4, 5, 1, 2, are a kitchen grate.
7. My 3, 4, 1, 2, are great indignation.
8. My 8, 6, 3, 4, 1, 2, are a false appearance.
9. My 4, 1, 2, are duration of time. C. J. B.

[Answers at page 219.]

ANSWERS.

- 33.—(A.) 'A little pot is soon hot.'
 (B.) 'Time and tide wait for no man.'

34.—Crane.

1. C ockatoo.
2. R ook.
3. A lbatross.
4. N ight-jar.
5. E ider-duck.

THE HORSE-SHOE.

A PEASANT was going on a journey with his son, Thomas. 'Look,' said the father, on the way, 'there is a piece of a horse-shoe lying in the road; pick it up and put it in your pocket.'

'Oh!' said Thomas, 'it is not worth the trouble of stooping down.'

The father picked up the iron without saying anything more, and put it into his pocket. In the next village he sold it to the smith for a few farthings, and bought some cherries with the money. They both travelled on. The sun was shining very fiercely; far and wide there was no house, no tree, nor spring to be seen, and Thomas was almost fainting with thirst.

His father now let drop—as if by accident—a cherry. Thomas picked it up as eagerly as if it were gold, and put it directly into his mouth. After a while his father let another cherry fall, and Thomas stooped down as eagerly for that. In this way, from time to time, his father let him pick up all the cherries; and when Thomas had devoured the last, he turned round to him laughing and said: 'See, now, if you had been willing to stoop down only once for the horse-shoe, you need not have stooped down so many times for the cherries.'

From the German of C. VON SCHMID.

'WITHOUT FEAR AND WITHOUT REPROACH.'

Tales of the famous Knight, Bayard.

VI.—THE BATTLE OF THE THIRTEEN, AND THE REBUKING OF TARDIEU.

(Concluded from page 195.)

THE remainder of this two months was passed in peace, but soon as the time of truce came to an end, Bayard found fresh opportunities for adventure.

One day the French spies brought news that a treasurer with a large sum of money was journeying from Naples to Gonzalva, and that he must pass within three or four miles of Monervino.

Bayard at once determined to go in search of this prize, and, taking an escort of only twenty men, he set out to waylay the treasurer and his party. He also sent one of his comrades named Tardieu with a company of twenty-five men in another direction, so that whichever way the treasurer passed he could not escape a meeting with the French.

Bayard with his party took up a position in ambush between two little hills, where they lay waiting all through the night. Their patience met with the desired reward on the following morning. At about seven o'clock spies hurried in with the news that they heard a ring of horses' hoofs upon the road, and almost immediately after them the treasurer and his escort came in sight. They were all well armed and mounted, and were carrying the treasure in great bags slung behind their saddles. But Bayard's company were so well concealed by the rocks between which they lay, that the party passed them without seeing a sign of any foe, and when the French dashed out upon their rear with the shouts of 'France! France! Bayard! Bayard!' they imagined a whole army was upon them, and fled madly towards the town of Barletta without daring so much as to glance backwards at their pursuers.

Bayard's men only followed them until the treasurer and his clerk (who between them held the chief part of the booty) were captured, suffering all the others to escape safely. The bags were found to contain fifteen thousand ducats.

In the meanwhile Tardieu had ridden up, and seeing this brave show of treasure, he was greatly vexed that he had not had a hand in actually securing it.

'A good capture, comrade,' said he to Bayard, greedily. 'Give me my share, for I took part in the undertaking.'

'That may be,' replied Bayard, laughing; 'but you were not at the taking.' And, to reprove Tardieu for his swaggering tone, he added gravely, 'and even if you had been, you were under my command, and it would still be for me to decide what part of the reward should be yours.'

But Bayard loved justice too well and was too honourable to trust only to his own decision in such a matter, and he made haste to put the question before the French Lieutenant-General, to whom Tardieu loudly complained that he was being despoiled of his rights.



"The treasurer and his clerk were captured."

The General did not hesitate to say that the whole of the booty was Bayard's alone by right of capture. Tardieu took his decision with an ill grace at first, but, having a strong sense of humour, he could not help joining in the laugh at his own expense.

'By St. George!' he cried, 'I am vastly unlucky.'

Then turning to Bayard, he remarked humorously, 'It is all the same, comrade, for you will have to maintain me so long as we tarry here.'

Bayard laughed good-naturedly, and the two knights returned together to Monervino, where, when they arrived, Bayard caused the gold to be spread out in sight of his greedy comrade, saying



A—Fire-flies.

B—Lady-birds.

‘Well, companion, what do you think of all these—are they not pretty things?’

‘Yes, they are indeed,’ replied Tardieu, more humbly, though still enviously, ‘but I have no part in them. Had I but half that sum I should want nothing more. I should be a rich man all my life.’

‘Truly,’ said Bayard, gently, ‘what you have been unable to wrest from me by force I give you with goodwill, and you shall have a full half of the money.’

Thus the good knight reproved his comrade for his display of ill-manners and greed; and, satisfied with the rebuke, he gave him half the amount of the treasure and distributed the other half amongst his soldiers with his usual generosity and unselfishness.

Then, ever thoughtful for his captives, he turned to the treasurer with kindly words: ‘My friend,’ said he, ‘I know well enough I could claim a big ransom for you, but I am amply content with what I have got already. When you and your man desire to go, you are free. Moreover, I will send an escort to guide you home, and nothing more shall be taken from you, nor shall you even be searched.’

The treasurer, who wore rings and jewels of great value, was astonished at such generosity on the part of his captor, and departed (attended by the promised escort), thanking Bayard gratefully for his kindly treatment.

WONDERS OF LITTLE LIVES.

VI.—FIRE-FLIES: LADY-BIRDS.

STRICTLY speaking, the so-called ‘fire-flies’ should be called ‘fire-beetles,’ since it is to the beetle tribe that they belong. Two quite distinct groups of beetles, it is to be remarked, contain members which have acquired the power of producing light—a power which has rendered them famous among all peoples, civilised and savage. In the one group, that to which our British ‘glow-worm’ belongs, the females are often wingless, and bear a strong resemblance to their undeveloped young. The ‘glow-worm’ is a case in point. Not so in the other group, however; for herein both sexes invariably fly. This group is represented in these islands only by the non-luminous ‘click-beetle,’ the larvæ of which are the dreaded ‘wire-worms’ that do such mischief to our root-crops. The light which their more gifted relatives from tropical climes produce is of a peculiarly beautiful softness, but varies much in intensity, even in the same species, as in the case of the glow-worm, where the female is by far the most luminous.

‘Fire-flies’ are put to curious uses, not only by man, but also by the lower animals. Thus the Baya sparrow of India has a practice of sticking ‘fire-flies’ into lumps of clay placed in the nest to

receive them. The exact purpose which the birds have in view is unknown, but the glowing light which these insects produce seems to act as a protection against midnight invaders. In South America the Indians have a custom, when travelling by night, of tying a fire-fly to the great toe to serve as a guide and also as a protection against snakes. A still more remarkable use to which these wonderful insects have been put is that recorded of the first missionaries to the Antilles. Lacking oil for their lamps, they made fire-flies take the place of the flame, and thereby were enabled to read the early morning prayers. But they have been, and are, used to further the ends of fashion as well as of religion, for in many places where fire-flies abound they are laid under contribution by the native women, who add to their ornaments, during the twilight hours, by fastening captive fire-flies in the hair.

The strange flashing light of the tropical fire-fly proceeds from two different parts of the creature's body. A brilliant yellowish-green light shines out through two transparent window-like spots on the chest, whilst an orange glow is suffused over the lower part of the body. But the exact cause of this light is as yet quite unknown.

The lady-bird is one of the few beetles for which a kindly feeling is universally felt. Moreover, it is one of the most useful of all beetles to mankind, since both in its adult and larval stages of growth it feeds entirely on the aphids or 'green-fly'—the gardener's pest. This is true not only of our British species, but of all species in whatever part of the world they may be found, save only a very few which are vegetable feeders. Although more than a thousand different species are known, they display a very close family likeness, their colour being either red or yellow, with black spots, or black with red spots, or all black.

The maggot-like larvæ are longer than their parents, and have, fortunately, a most voracious appetite—every lady-bird slaying and devouring his thousands of green-fly before attaining his adult form. Hence the lady-bird is, or should be, most jealously guarded from persecution.

When about five or six weeks old the larvæ fix themselves by the tail end to a leaf, and then, casting the skin, become transformed into 'pupæ,' resting upon the cast-off case of infancy. In about eight days after this the full-grown beetle emerges from the pupa-case, so that the whole course of development from the egg to the adult is run in less than two months.

At times lady-birds, even in these islands, make their appearance in myriads, especially in the southern and eastern coasts of England. That these hosts migrate is shown by the melancholy fact that millions of their dead bodies are at times found floating on the surface of the sea, or washed up on shore by the waves.

The lady-bird is nowhere more welcome than where hops are grown, for these plants are very great sufferers from the attacks of aphides.

W. P. PYCRAFT, A.L.S., F.Z.S.

THE SIBYL OF ST. PIERRE.

(Continued from page 200.)

CHAPTER XXVI.



HE unrest and apprehension in the town, which had quieted down at daybreak, broke out anew when the rain of ashes began.

The mountain was invisible, wrapped in a grey shroud of mystery, and only the heavy booming at irregular intervals gave any sign of what was happening behind the veil.

So awe-inspiring were the frequent earthquake shocks, and so appalling the sense of fear which spread over the town, that none of all the thousands thronging the streets of St. Pierre, on that momentous Sunday, could be found brave enough to make an expedition up the steep slopes of the mountain to see what was taking place there.

When Maurice entered the town, the streets were so crowded with country people hurrying from the outlying villages for shelter, and the frightened inhabitants rushing hither and thither in their panic, that many of the narrower thoroughfares were all but impassable. As usual, he had left his pony at the inn on the outskirts, and well it was for him that he had done so, since he could not have ridden through those dense swaying throngs without trampling some one under foot.

From house to house he went searching for a doctor who would ride out to Glen Rosa on poor Kitty's behalf, but everywhere he was denied. It was not that the medical men were careless or indifferent to the needs of country patients, they were simply so hard-worked that they could not leave, and Maurice was on the point of despair when a white-haired French doctor gave him a word of advice which put some hope into his heart again.

'Go to the medical man who knows your family best, and ask him to make up a quieting-draught for your little sister from your diagnosis, then come into town again to-morrow and tell him how it acts. It is the only thing to be done under the circumstances, for the town has gone mad!'

It took Maurice an hour to find their own doctor, who had been out when he had previously called at the house.

Dr. Brown, who had been sent for in half-a-dozen different directions that day, and was so hard worked that he had found no time for food, spared Maurice five minutes of time, after being compelled to keep him waiting half an hour for the privilege.

'Poor little girl!' he said, shaking his head in a sorrowful fashion, when he had heard what Maurice had to say. 'I would come out to see her at once if I could possibly get away, but, unfortunately, there are dozens of other cases as bad as and worse than hers. I will give you a draught for her, and you must contrive to let me know again to-morrow

how she is; and let me assure you that I could do no more if I stayed beside her all day; these cases of panic are all so much alike that the only difference lies in the strength of the constitution in bearing up against the ravages of the fear.'

Maurice waited for the draught to be made up, and then, buttoning the little bottle carefully into the inner pocket of his linen jacket, made his way to Mr. Hamlin's house, which stood at some distance from the residence of Dr. Brown.

The excitement in the streets increased rather than diminished as the day went on. The open space before the cathedral had been turned into a camping-ground by the many poor people who could not afford, or had failed to obtain, any other means of shelter. A big umbrella or a piece of ragged canvas supported on sticks served for a roof to cover them; and there, surrounded by such household goods as in their panic they had stayed to bring into the town with them, were fathers, mothers, children, and domestic animals, these last ranging through a great variety of creatures, from a cow to a pet monkey.

Little settlements of the same kind were to be found at the street corners, despite the efforts of the gendarmes to keep the thoroughfares clear for the heavy traffic constantly going up and down: and all the time the tide of country folk rushing into the town for safety never slackened.

Maurice had not been to Mr. Hamlin's house since the day when he left with the shadow of dishonour hanging over him, and his feelings as he stood on the threshold of the well-remembered door may be easier imagined than described. He was glad and yet sorry he had been compelled to come, and shrank a little as the small negro page ushered him in with a wide grin of recognition.

But Mr. Hamlin's greeting was unaffectedly hearty, and no one could by any possibility be kinder than Mrs. Hamlin.

They were both much disturbed at hearing of Derry's accident, and the necessity for his remaining a few days at Glen Rosa until his foot was well again.

'I told him on Saturday afternoon that he might ride out after early service, but the panic of the night entirely drove it from my mind, and I thought no more of the matter until we went in to breakfast and found that he had gone,' Mrs. Hamlin said, with an anxious look in her eyes, for the care of other people's children always entailed a certain amount of responsibility, and Derry was so proverbially unfortunate.

'My sister and I will take care of him; and we are expecting Father and Mother by the middle of the week,' Maurice answered.

'So soon?' Mr. Hamlin said in surprise.

In a few words, Maurice told them of the alteration in the fortunes of the family, and his father's desire to take up his abode in Scotland as speedily as possible.

'Why, I remember being taken to see Glenarthy Castle when, as a girl, I spent a school holiday in Scotland; it was very beautiful, and quite a show place,' said Mrs. Hamlin. 'But we shall be very sorry to lose you, Maurice.'

'Yes, indeed,' put in Mr. Hamlin, 'more especially as you will thus be unable to clear yourself about that matter of the algebraic problem. Have you ever tried to do it since you have been at home?'

'There has been no time, sir. Being out in the plantations all day with so much to look to and see after has always made me so tired that I have been ready for bed the minute supper was over. But one night, it was when we had that adventure at the Devil's Mouth, and had to sleep in the forest, I dreamed I was doing the problem, only, unfortunately, I woke before it was finished. I believe if I had only had a bit of paper and a pencil then I could have done it straight off without any trouble.'

Mr. Hamlin sighed; he hated losing a hard-working and conscientious pupil, such as Maurice had always been, and the thought that the boy must leave with the stain of an unsupported statement still clinging to his name added yet more to his regret.

But Maurice was anxious to get out of the town as soon as possible, and speedily rose to take his leave.

'If you have to come into the town to-morrow on your sister's account, will you look in and tell us how Derry is progressing?' Mrs. Hamlin asked, as she bade him good-bye.

This Maurice willingly consented to do, and leaving the house, made the best of his way through the crowded streets to the inn where he had left his pony.

It still wanted more than an hour to sunset, and the ride to Glen Rosa, at the worst, should not take more than three-quarters of an hour; but there might be unlooked-for hindrances on the way, and Maurice was very anxious to know how it had fared with the little company left at home through that long, dark day.

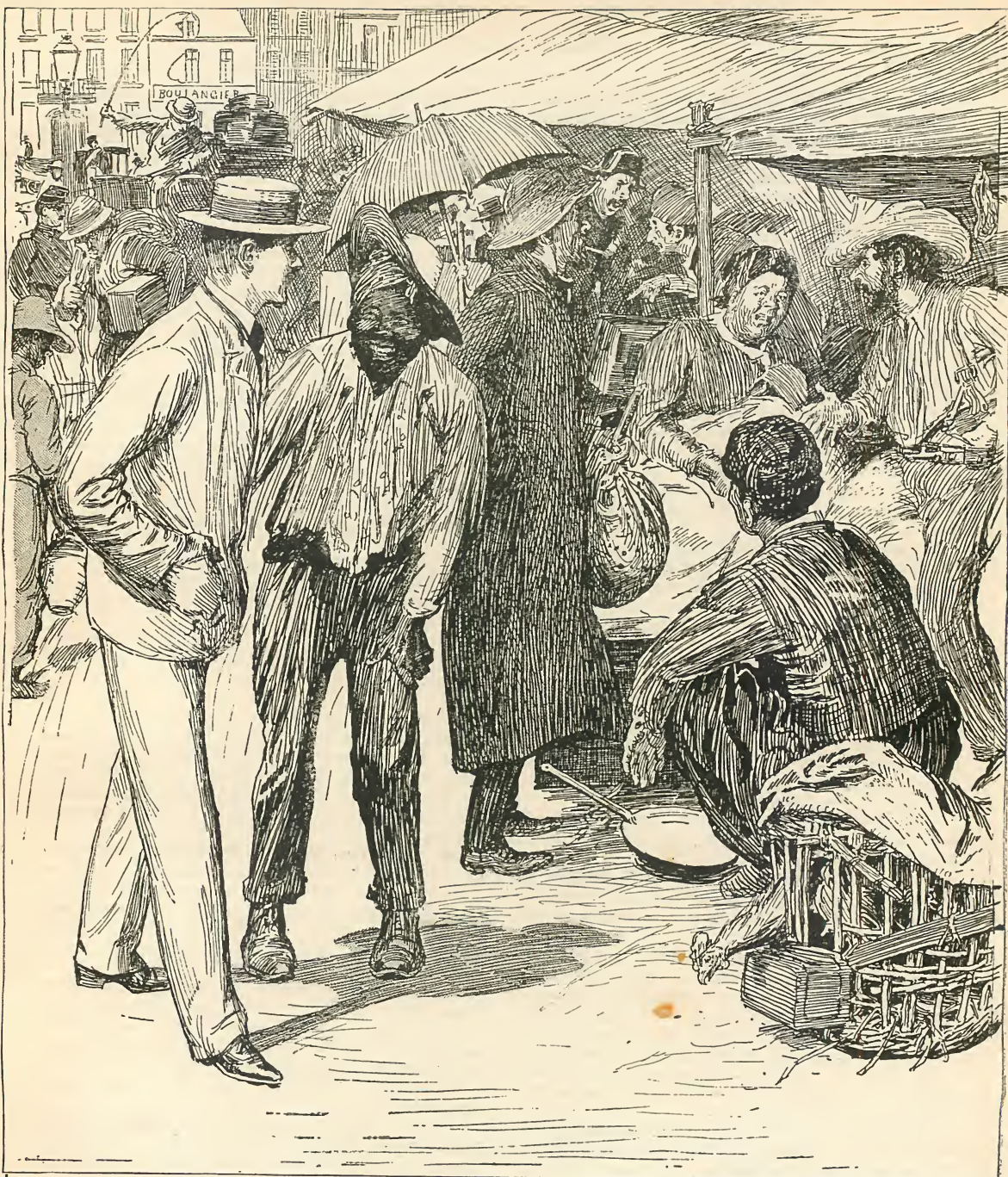
The gendarmes were plainly getting the worst of it, in their attempts to maintain at least a semblance of order in the streets, and Maurice saw more than one big negro tip these much-tried representatives of the law into the deep swirling gutter-channels, which raced down the steep sloping streets to the sea.

But there were plenty of other gendarmes to assist their fallen comrades, and Maurice sped onward, intent only on getting away as quickly as possible, when he felt a tug at his elbow, and a familiar voice chuckling in his ear.

'Hi, hi, hi! Where am you going so fast, Massa Maurice?'

'Gusty! Why I thought the gendarmes had taken you away to the lock-up?' exclaimed Maurice in surprise, for Derry had already told what he knew of Gusty's attempt to warn the town, and his seizure by the gendarmes.

'Hi, hi, hi! So they did,' chuckled the black boy, with evident relish of the situation. 'But bime-by de people come into de town, so thick and fast dere ain't no room to put 'em any ways, till one clever gendarme, he say it ain't no use to shut bad folks up, when de good ones ain't got a shelter to their heads, so open comes de door, and out comes de bad sinner, to make room for a lot of



"He felt a tug at his elbow."

women an' pickaninnies. Hi, hi, hi! How it did make me larf, for sartin'!

'What are you going to do now?' asked Maurice, as Gusty dived here and dived there in order to clear their way through the crowd.

'Mother Maddy sent me for to warn de town, but de town say it known enuff already, and don't

want to hear no more, so I'll go out to de plantation wid you, and earn a honest living by holding my tongue,' the young prophet retorted, with great bitterness.

'So you shall, and we'll take turns in riding, for I'm sick of being alone to-day,' the other said eagerly.

(Continued at page 214.)



“Cut the orange in half, or all men will know thou hast spoken lies.”

GENERAL NAPIER AND THE JUGGLER



LISTEN, O people!' said an Indian sword-player to the crowd at a fair. 'I with this sword will cut in half an orange held on a man's hand—if, indeed, there be here a man brave enough to believe I will not injure him whilst performing this wonderful feat.'

So said the boastful juggler, and he looked round with a scornful smile. The crowd hesitated; each wished his neighbour to make trial of the swordsman's skill, and was unwilling himself to do so.

An English officer now strode up to the juggler—no less a man than General Napier, who at that time (1842) was in command of the English forces in Scinde.

'Here am I,' he said, quietly, as he held out his strong right hand. 'Show thy prowess on me.'

The juggler knew the General, or, at least, knew the high position he held in the army, and became nervous.

'I cannot place the orange in that hand, Protector of the poor,' he said, with a profound bow, 'it is so scarred with much fighting.'

'Try the other, then,' said the General, and he held out his left hand.

Still the juggler was unwilling—he felt, indeed, extremely nervous at trying his skill on the great English sahib; but the General would have no excuses, but sternly bade him 'Do as thou hast said. Cut the orange in half, or all men will know thou hast spoken lies.'

So in fear and trembling the juggler placed the orange on the General's left hand, and sighing deeply, lifted the sword, and first swinging it round his head, swept down on the orange, dividing it neatly in two without hurting the General in the least.

'It was well done,' he said, calmly, as he threw some money to the juggler, and then walked away, amidst the wonder of the crowd.

This act of General Napier's was not a foolhardy one, as at first glance it might appear to us. The natives of Scinde were just then in a very unsettled condition, and at the slightest pretext would have risen up in arms against the little band of English who had conquered them. This act of Napier's was just the sort to make a great impression on natives, and all went away from the scene with the conviction that the General was a man of surpassing courage. X.

THE DAISY'S LAMENT.

'I HEAR the north wind blowing,
Sighed the Daisy on the lawn,
'And the Rose will soon be going,
For she told me so at dawn;
And who will keep me company
When all the flowers are gone?'

'How well do I remember
The beginning of the spring;
We spoke not of November
Nor what his shadows bring,
But gossiped with the butterfly
Who fanned us with his wing.'

'And we were well contented
In happy days like those;
When April airs were scented,
When the first Lent-lily grows,
And busy garden breezes
Were preparing for the Rose.'

'But now the north wind's blowing,
Sighed the Daisy on the lawn;
'The last, last Rose is going,
For she told me so at dawn,
And who will keep me company
When all the flowers are gone?'

'Cheer up!' a Robin whistled
From out a blackthorn-tree,
'You *must* be most forgetful
Not to remember *me*,
For through the lonely winter, dear,
I'll keep you company.'

JOHN LEA.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

True Tales of Events of the Year 1804.

VII.—THE RETURN OF THE *DIANA*.

'THE boats are back!—the boats are back!' shouted Andrew to all whom it might concern, as he tossed his cap in the air and ran swiftly along the steep path leading down from the cliff to his home. 'Mother! Bess!' he again called out in his very loudest tones, as the little cottage came in sight at the bend of the road, '*Diana's* back! Hooray!'

A sweet-faced girl of some nineteen summers came hastily to the cottage door. 'The *Diana* in sight?' she said, an eager blush of joy lighting up her face. 'Are you sure, Andrew?'

'Sure?' said the boy; 'as sure as seeing can make me! Old Job was on the cliff with his spy-glass. He can make them out right enough; the *Diana* is leading, he says. There are two of the vessels in sight; I saw her sails myself through his glass. She will be over the bar by sunset.'

'Oh, Andrew,' said Bess anxiously, 'I wish we knew that all was well on board! I do hope Father is all right, and that they have got a good number of whales and—'

'Oh, yes!' broke in Andrew mischievously. 'Father and the whales! that's all you think of, Miss Bess; and nothing at all about Will Kelson! Oh, dear, no!' and Andrew laughed merrily at Bess.

Bess blushed a deeper red than ever, for it was true enough that Father and the success of the whaling fleet were not the girl's chief thought, but rather the brave young harpooner of the *Diana*,

who was to be her husband at Christmas if things went well.

But before she could answer the boy's tiresome speech there came the welcome interruption of her mother, hurrying in from the yard. 'What is it, Andrew?' she asked anxiously. 'Did I hear something about the *Diana*?'

'She's in sight, Mother! Jobsays she will be over the bar by sunset. Folks are all hurrying to the quay, only I ran first to tell you and Bess. Hooray! hooray for the *Diana*!—and I hope next time she comes back she will have me on board. And now let's be off to the quay.'

The return of the whaling fleet was ever a time of the greatest excitement to the inhabitants of Rockcliff; every household had either a father or brother or son on board the vessels, and the daily bread of almost the entire place depended upon the success of the Greenland fishery. So now, on the bright October afternoon, in the year 1804, the whole of the population were streaming along the narrow road to the quay, many so excited that they would shake hands with any one they came across in their delight at the speedy return of their dear ones; whilst others there were, too anxious for words, for they had been at many a previous home-coming of the whaling-boats, and knew by sad experience that few of the vessels returned from their six months' exile in the Arctic seas with *all* their crew safe and sound—and so they feared as well as hoped.

But to-day all went well, for a time at least. The brave old *Diana*, all her canvas spread out to catch the favouring breeze, came gaily on, the high tide enabling her to clear the bar with ease. The anchor was heaved, and in the first boat that put out for the quay was Andrew's father and the young harpooner. 'All's well on the *Diana*,' he called out as he leapt on to the quay, and hurried to press Bess's hand. 'We have got seventeen whales, and every barrel on board is full of oil!'

'Hooray! hooray!—three cheers for the *Diana*!' shouted out the crowd on the quay; and Andrew, as he stood proudly by his father's side, said pleadingly, 'You will take me next voyage, won't you, Father?'

But all this gladness was the next moment to be turned to bitterness and woe.

A hasty tramp of feet was heard coming down the only road that led to the quay; that tramp could mean but one thing—the thing most dreaded by the Rockcliff folk.

'The press-gang!—the press-gang!' shouted the affrighted women. 'Oh, fly!—run!—hide yourselves!' was heard on every side.

On came the gang, led by a lieutenant of the Royal Navy, and consisting of some fifty or more stalwart seamen, all armed to the teeth, their drawn cutlasses gleaming in the rays of the setting sun.

'Oh, Will! Will!' screamed poor Bess, her rosy cheeks now deadly white; 'don't let the press-gang take you!' and in her terror she lost all her shyness and clung to the young harpooner.

The leader of the press-gang had, however, at once singled out the bronzed well-built fellow, and taking him roughly by the arm, said: 'Come, my lad, and fight for King George!' On a sign from him, his

men attempted to secure Will, and in so doing one of them seized Bess to drag her out of the way.

'You leave that lass alone!' said the harpooner angrily, and, all unarmed as he was, he struck out, and with his fists dealt his armed opponent such a blow as almost toppled him over the low quay-wall into the sea.

What matter? There were plenty others to take his place. But now Will's blood was up, and he thought little of the utter hopelessness of attempting to fight against such odds. He fought like a young lion, laying first one and then another low, but was overpowered at last and carried off—badly wounded it is true, but the ship's surgeon would set him up; and so there was another sailor gained for the Navy.

Similar fights had been going on to secure the others of the crew of the *Diana* who had landed, and before nightfall most of them were safely on board the tender of the man-of-war, which had been snugly hidden behind the headland. There now was grief and desolation in many a household where but one hour before all were filled with joyous delight.

It would certainly be some years before any of the pressed men saw their friends again, and perhaps war, or the hardships of a seaman's life, might put an end to their lives before they had the chance of a return to their homes.

'King George! King George, bless him!' sobbed one of the bereaved women; 'I warrant he knows naught of the wickedness done in his name. If I could but get speech with him, he would give me back my man; I know he would. He knows naught of these wicked press-gangs; I'm certain of that.'

This is the true story of a scene that was of almost daily occurrence on our coasts during the time of Napoleon's wars, when sailors were so badly needed to man our ships.

Our coasts were mapped out into districts, and 'press warrants' were issued empowering officers to seize seamen and carry them off to serve on board a man-of-war. All sailors were eligible, but the crews of whalers were especially desired, as they were always the boldest and most experienced men. The returning whalers were therefore often waited for by the King's ships, and an officer had the power to board these whalers to take off as many of the men as he wanted, provided that he left enough men on board to bring the ship into port.

Sometimes, however, these officers were unscrupulous enough to take so many of the whaler's crew that the vessel could not be sailed by the few left on board; then, if a storm came on, the ship would founder and all be lost.

But though the 'press warrants' only empowered officers to seize seamen, yet if seamen were badly needed it was easy to suppose men to be sailors who possibly had never so much as seen blue water; and over and over again unsuspecting landmen were kidnapped from their homes and were forced to join the Navy.

Once a press-gang party actually seized the person of the then Attorney-General of England as he was taking a solitary stroll on Tower Hill, in London. However, it is needless to say he knew how to set the law in motion and to obtain his immediate release.



"Come, my lad, and fight for King George."

It almost seems incredible to us how our forefathers could have calmly submitted to such a tyrannical way of recruiting our Navy; but we must remember that this system of 'impressing' had been in use from almost the earliest ages of our country's history, and people generally think that what has always been must always be.

It may surprise some of our readers, however, to hear that the press-gang laws are still on our Statute book, and have never been repealed. They were, it is true, modified in 1835, and then 'pressing' was limited to five years, but no fresh laws need be passed by Parliament to-day to enable a press-gang to scour our streets for seamen for the Navy.



"The bird, after a short struggle, drowned the mouse."

There was, of course, one good side to the system—it often turned loafers and idlers, who perhaps might have become criminals, into good sturdy seamen; and probably many of those who were 'pressed' benefited by it. But the misery and sorrow the press-gang caused outweighed such advantages as these.

CLARENDON.

A VILLAGE AVIARY.

SOME years ago Mr. Purland, a dentist of London, constructed, at great expense, a home for tame birds unlike anything that had been made before. With much ingenuity he designed a village of the olden time, including models of

several houses or buildings famous in history. This aviary was about twenty feet square, and people took a view of it from a balcony. To give the village a life-like appearance a stream of water was made to run past it, flowing from a green hill, upon the top of which stood a windmill; its sails moved in the breeze, and beside it were models of Kirkstall Abbey in ruins, and of an ancient house near Naseby battle-field. To increase the naturalness of the scene, several figures of swans were placed upon the rivulet.

One of the principal sights in the village of birds was its inn, showing the sign of the King's Head; outside it stood a table and bench, while a modelled cat sat on the roof of the porch. At the side of this house was the village pound, with a donkey in it, which was regarding anxiously a basket of food just beyond the pound. In another part of the village was shown the green, having on it a cage and stocks, modelled from those which formerly stood at one end of old London Bridge. Cottages of various sizes were scattered about the village, with shops and a blacksmith's forge. Models of several old mansions were placed around: the manor-house, for example, a representation of one at Chatsford. Shakespeare's house at Stratford-on-Avon was copied exactly with its surroundings. Whitehall and the ruins of Rougemont and Fotheringay Castles were also represented. The stream closed its curve by running under a Roman bridge, and turning the wheel of a water-mill.

Many kinds of English birds had a home in this large aviary, which was so covered with light netting that they could not escape; and as they had a good space to fly and hop in, most of them seemed very happy. Some of the chief were blackbirds, linnets, redpolls, thrushes, nightingales, larks, and robins. Of robins, however, only a few could be introduced, for they proved too quarrelsome—two cock robins will hardly ever meet without fighting. This bird is a thief, too, delighting to snatch some insect or worm from another bird, which has brought it to the daylight and is preparing to enjoy it. An old lady was once talking to the proprietor of the village aviary about his birds, and said she could not believe the robin was bad, for it had been so kind to the poor children in the wood. 'Madam,' Mr. Purland replied, 'the robin is instinctively a thief; not an hour passes without his committing some robbery or other; he would rob his father or mother, even if they were starving for want of a meal. Moreover, he is a strong bird. In this aviary a mouse one day entered the abode of a robin; the bird at once attacked him, and after a short struggle drowned the mouse in the water below.' Yet one will become so tame that Mr. Purland used to show his visitors a robin that would sit and sing upon the edge of a book he held in his hand.

The water-wagtail, again, does not look quarrelsome, yet it was found to come near the robin in ferocity, and when two met they usually fought. It was noticed, also, with most of the birds placed in the aviary, that each having chosen a home for itself, all intruders were driven off.

J. R. S. C.

THE SIBYL OF ST. PIERRE.

(Continued from page 208.)

CHAPTER XXVII



HANKS to the quieting draught brought by Maurice from the doctor, poor little Kitty enjoyed many hours of refreshing sleep, whilst Roddy lay curled up beside her.

But there was little rest for any one else. Derry certainly lay all night on a mattress a few yards

from the sick child, bearing the forced inaction as well as he could, yet no sleep was possible owing to the booming thunder of the mountain, and the earthquake shocks which came at intervals.

About an hour before dawn the terrible noise ceased, and with apprehension lulled to a brief security, the troubled watchers lay down where they were and sunk into heavy slumber.

Maurice, with Gusty close at hand was lying on a mat just inside the low-arched doorway, but Alice had retreated into the farthest part of the shelter beyond Kitty's bed.

If the earth shook then, no one felt it; they all slept the deep sleep of exhaustion and awoke refreshed.

Gusty was the first astir, and creeping softly through the half-closed door, stretched his limbs in the outer air, and took a survey of the world in general. The sun was faintly visible through a greyish yellow mist, and was so high up that he judged it must be nearly noon.

The heat was suffocating, whilst a coating of grey ashes and dust lay on grass and tree, giving the country a neutral-tinted appearance.

There was a peculiar quality in the air too, which made Gusty sniff dubiously.

'Him smell like de pool at de Demon's Mouth,' he said softly, taking an anxious look round, and then, not satisfied by the narrowness of the view in the direction in which he most desired to gaze, he set off hot-foot in the direction of Black Rock, where formerly stood Mother Maddy's tiny cabin.

Whilst he was still absent, Maurice awoke and came out, quickly followed by Alice and Roddy, for the ill-ventilated shelter was close and stuffy, and they were all glad to breathe the outer air.

The morning being fine, they brought the invalids out, beds and all, and laid them on the grass, afterwards preparing and eating breakfast under the shade of the trees.

Kitty was bright and cheerful, almost herself again, and Alice begged Maurice to wait one more day before going to the doctor, as it was already late, and he might be detained until after sundown, which would not be pleasant in the present disturbed condition of the neighbourhood.

Gusty appeared before the meal was quite over, his usually cheerful face much overcast and drawn

down at the mouth, and his spirits depressed to the point of despondency.

'She's smoking just awful, you can tell it by de nasty taste of de fog,' he said, smacking his lips. 'I thinking dat my honest living will have to wait awhile yet, and I'll go on de trot to see where de ole woman done got to.'

'You mean Mother Maddy; don't you think she would come back here, when her work of warning the people was done?' said Alice, who had come to hear Gusty's opinion of the outlook.

'You can't never be tellin' what a crazy ole creetur' like Mother Maddy will be for doing next,' retorted the boy, in whom the bump of veneration was not even normally developed. 'She's sensible enough in some things, but in others she ain't for knowing nothing at all,' he added, with a mournful shake of his head; then accepting a package of plantains and bananas put up for him by Alice, he started on his quest, disappearing into the yellow mist, and was quickly lost to view.

Kitty was so much better that half the load seemed lifted from the hearts of brother and sister, whilst Derry's power as entertainer showed no decline, and the children's laughter rang out at his quips and cranks and ready jokes, even although the yellow mist did not lessen, or the sun lose its likeness to a copper ball.

They were sitting on the verandah that evening, trying to feel that the worst was really over now, and saying how good it would be to sleep in their own beds that night, instead of being packed like sardines in oil, within the close confines of the hurricane shelter, when loud thundering began again from the mountain, which shook the house and rattled the crockery, although unaccompanied by any earthquake.

Darkness had already fallen, but now a dull red glow suffused the night, and when Kitty saw it, her old panic commenced anew, accompanied by such terrible sickness and palpitation, that none of those watching her believed that she could live until the dawn.

None of them even thought of moving into the shelter on this night, but spent the long dark hours in the dining-room, Derry lying in a corner on his mattress with Roddy brooded in his arms, as a motherly hen might tuck a solitary chicken under her wing. But Maurice and Alice hung over the couch tending the poor panting child, whose awful terror seemed draining her little life away.

'Maurice, when morning comes, you will go to the doctor; we cannot face such another night as this,' wailed Alice, when poor Kitty lay panting in the quiet of exhaustion, her limbs stiff and rigid, her small hands tightly clenched, with only the sobbing breath and palpitating heart to show that she still lived.

'I will go, trust me,' Maurice muttered, blaming himself acutely, as he had done all night, for that long sleep of his on the previous day, which had been the main cause of his not going to the town then.

Derry and Roddy were fast asleep when morning broke, and Kitty appeared to be either slumbering or unconscious, the brother and sister could not tell

which, as they relieved each other at fanning her in order that she might have as much air as possible.

Staying only to get as much milk from the cows penned in the lemon grove as would serve the household for the day, and permitting the calves to take the rest, Maurice started on Puck for the town, eating his breakfast as he went.

The morning was even more sickly and pallid than the previous day had been, a thick black cloud shutting out the northern horizon, whilst the layer of ashes and dust had increased to nearly a quarter of an inch in thickness in the open spaces.

Puck was fresh, and went finely for the first three miles, but then fell lame all of a sudden, having trodden on a bit of twisted rusty iron, which seemed to have pierced the hoof in some way.

Maurice extracted the iron with difficulty, but the poor little beast limped so badly that there was no question of riding any further; so he tramped the rest of the way in the heat and dust, the perspiration streaming from every pore.

Hundreds of people were hurrying into St. Pierre, many more were rushing out, whilst excited queries passed between the various groups thus encountering each other.

'Have you heard the terrible news about Le Guérin? A hundred souls swept out of life in a moment of time! Ah! when will the ruin end?'

But Maurice, although he heard, scarcely comprehended what was passing, being stupid and tired from the anxious vigil of the night and his quick walk in the fierce heat.

There was little or no abatement in the crowded condition of the streets, though he noticed, in addition to the numerous gendarmes, there were many military in the street. The Governor's carriage passed him at a swinging trot as he entered the town, but otherwise the wheeled traffic was as nothing compared to the swarms of pedestrians of every conceivable shade of colour who surged up and down.

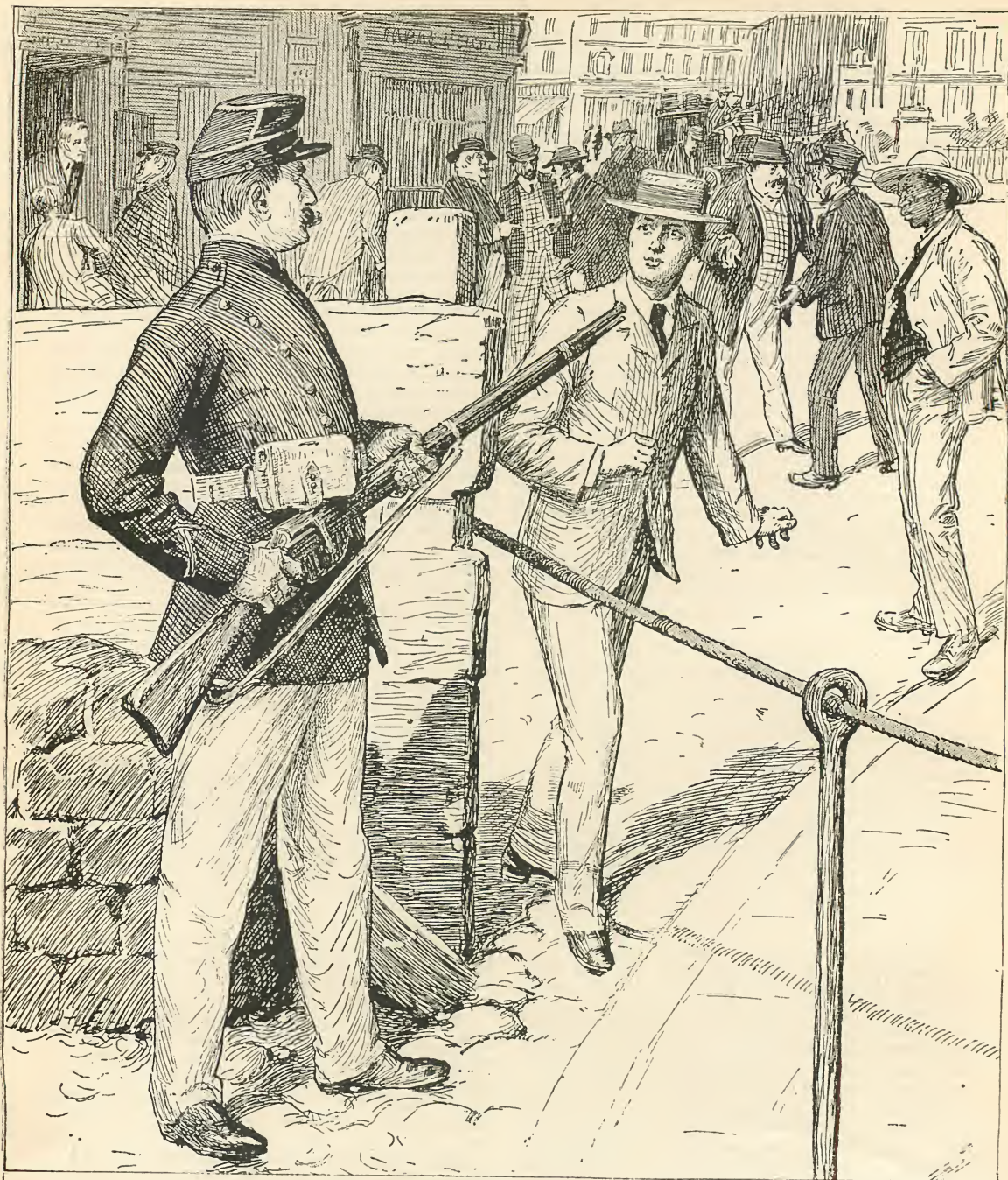
The wait at the doctor's extended to nearly two hours, and then Maurice found that much-harassed man in a state of irritability, hard to describe, and still harder to bear with.

'The town has gone stark, staring mad. Last night the place was too horrible to be lived in, women—delicately nurtured ladies even—rushing about the streets only half dressed, and starting for the hills in wild despair, whilst the screaming was enough to make a strong man ill to listen to.'

'We thought my sister would have died,' put in Maurice, who was anxious to be gone.

'Many did die, delicate children and people with weak hearts. The authorities would be wise to evacuate the town until the terror is past. But you can never reckon on a Frenchman's wisdom in an emergency, and the people are saying that, so far from clearing the place, the Governor intends drawing a cordon of soldiers round the town in order to prevent any more leaving.'

'In that case I shall be wise to get away as quickly as I can,' Maurice said, uneasily; and the



Maurice is prevented from leaving St. P'ierre.

doctor, taking pity on his evident anxiety, compounded the draught without delay, and let him go.

There was a new feature in the crowds now, an ominous angry buzzing, which filled Maurice with fear lest already the barriers had been erected to pen the frightened people in like unwilling sheep in a fold.

His fears proved only too well grounded, for as he neared the outskirts he saw the big barrier across the street, and on attempting to dodge round one side of it, found himself looking down a rifle-barrel, which had a determined-looking gendarme at the other end of it.

(Continued at page 222.)



"Four wrens made it their lodging at night."

HOW BIRDS SLEEP.



WHEN I was a boy, it used to give me great amusement, when I had a chance, to watch the doings in a fowl-house during the evening. Some fowls were generally more anxious to go to roost than others seemed to be, and certain perches were sought after, while others had few fowls upon them.

Now and then, perhaps from sleeping too soundly, a fowl lost its hold and fell to the floor, making quite a commotion till it got back again. A cross-tempered fowl that happened to wake would give her neighbour a vicious peck, and she retaliated on the next one, till the whole row was disturbed.

I used rather to wonder, too, how the London sparrows found a comfortable place to sleep, especially in winter, when the elms and limes are bare of leaves. But it appears that they look out for ever-green shrubs, where they can shelter from wind and rain, or they sleep in the ivy upon walls. It is thought that a good many rest at night amongst the chimney-pots or gutters of roofs.

About the country, in the winter season, some sparrows and other birds sleep in old nests, or hide within hayricks and woodstacks, or perhaps hop into holes on the banks for a night's rest, while there are birds of wandering habits which go about from place to place, not roosting often in the same spot. There are also birds which will, night after night, sleep in a favourite retreat, not leaving it until forced.

Wrens are fond of getting into old thrushes' nests, and three have been found in a nest, crowding together for warmth, the clayey structure being rather cold. A gentleman who had hung up in his garden an empty coconut-shell, discovered that four wrens made it their lodging at night. The pretty little blue-tit likes to sleep under the eaves of a house if he can find a foothold there, or he will repose in the corner of a wooden porch over some door. He sleeps very soundly, and will not move if a light is thrown upon him. Somebody has noted as a curious fact that now and then early in the morning a small bird of some sort may be seen carrying a feather in his bill, perhaps intending to give a gentle poke to some drowsy companion!

During summer, the female water-hen takes her young brood at night to the nest where they were hatched, and it is funny to see the small black chicks getting up the side of the nest, its top being quite above their heads. Reeds and bulrushes are favourite night resorts, particularly to those birds that prey upon insects, plenty of which they can capture along the marshes and near streams. As evening comes on, parties of birds are busy hawking and sporting with each other till the darkness stops them, and having had their supper they are ready to go to roost. There may be wagtails, reed-warblers, buntings, martins, and even more kinds, all together,

and if there are willows and shrubs, many of the birds choose these to sleep in.

One of the remarkable sights of the woodland is the assembling of starlings at dusk in a copse that takes their fancy. You may observe them coming from several directions while the sun is sinking till they are overhead in hundreds, or even in thousands. Loud is the swishing of their wings as they circle about, clustering together, then scattering, till at last all settle down quietly on the branches.

Before they roost, many of our wild birds have their evening song. On a spring evening, especially after rain, loud is the melody of the thrushes and blackbirds, and they keep on when it is quite dark; the robin, too, is no less persistent. Rooks, before they settle down, have an odd way of tumbling or flapping amongst the tree-tops, and their noisy cawings end in a sudden stillness.

J. R. S. C.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

38.—SQUARE WORDS.

- 1.—A CREATURE with long ears, a short tail, and soft hair.
So be it.
To tear, to split.
Conclusions.
- 2.—A fish which is said to live to a great age.
A plant which grows in warm climates.
A beautiful and fragrant flower.
A nobleman, a member of the House of Lords.
- 3.—Something to catch with; a square.
To be delirious, to talk wildly.
To declare, to affirm.
Forward and impertinent.

C. J. B.

39.—ANAGRAMS, WITH DEFINITIONS.

1. Oh! gray peg. A description of the earth, and of its several countries.
2. Bear celt. An ornament worn by ladies.
3. Evil toad. A joint in woodwork.
4. Ride, mate. A line used to divide a circle.
5. Mope great an. A foreign fruit imported to this country.
6. Mary rode D. A member of the animal kingdom.
7. A novel tie. Height—an exalted state.
8. Their paid H. A dangerous and often fatal disease.
9. I one ducat. The teaching of the young idea how to shoot.
10. Coal trip. Belonging to hot regions.

C. J. B.

40.—TERMINATIONS.

(A.)—THREE words in which the last *five* letters are the same.

1. To make a great mistake; to flounder about; an error.
2. A natural phenomenon.
3. To separate, to divide, to part.

(B.)—Another three words in which the last *five* letters are the same.

1. The principle, cause, or ground of things.
2. A fit and proper time.
3. An attempt to betray the State.

(c.)—Three words in which the last *three* letters are the same.

1. Brightness, splendour, and magnificence.
2. A narrative, a fiction, a false statement.
3. A lover of the established order of things.

C. J. B.

[Answers at page 234.]

ANSWERS.

- | | | |
|------------------------|----------------|-------------|
| 35.—1. Numa Pompilius. | 5. Diogenes. | |
| 2. Scocrates. | 6. Alexander. | |
| 3. Demosthenes. | 7. Darius. | |
| 4. Plutarch. | 8. Praxiteles. | |
| 36.—1. Shark. | 4. Perch. | 7. Haddock. |
| 2. Tench. | 5. Carp. | 8. Sole. |
| 3. Trout. | 6. Sprat. | |
| 37.— <i>Geranium.</i> | | |
| 1. Rain. | 4. Mine. | 7. Rage. |
| 2. Run. | 5. Ram. | 8. Mirage. |
| 3. Men. | 6. Range. | 9. Age. |

BUTTERFLY COLLECTORS IN A FUNICULAR.



EATENBUCHT! Passengers alight here for the Funicular to St. Beatenberg!' was shouted out in a loud voice by the man in charge of the gangway, as the gay little steamer from Thun drew in to shore.

The greater part of the passengers evidently did intend to go to St. Beatenberg, for they now crowded on to the gangway, and thence

to the Funicular Cable Tramway, which was just opposite the landing-stage.

Many nations were represented amongst the passengers who were taking their seats in the cars—seats which were tilted a little to assist in maintaining the equilibrium during the steep ascent, the floor of each car being, for the same reason, on a different level. In the first seat was an Englishman, rejoicing in the (to him) unconventional costume of a soft shirt and knickerbockers, and keeping a careful hand on his Gladstone bag, which contained some sixty feet of cherished rope; the rope had the red strand of the Alpine Club running through it, and was to aid him in the conquest of some lofty peak. At his back sat a German student, carrying all his luggage in the knapsack on his back, and by his side sat a Russian Countess, eagerly questioning a Swiss waitress opposite as to her chance of obtaining rooms at the hotel on the summit, whilst two English children had secured places for themselves at the window, to their great delight.

A slight jerk, and the tram started up the steep mountain-side.

Lily turned rather pale. 'Are you frightened, Bertram?' she half whispered to her brother.

'Frightened!' laughed the boy, 'no, of course not. Why should I be?'

'If we were to slip off the rails we should go sheer down into the lake and be drowned,' faltered Lily.

'If! But we can't!' said Bertram, in the calm tones that always reassured the more timid Lily. 'This affair does not go like our trains at home. There are two trains always going at the same time: one starts from the top and the other at the bottom of the line, and they are both on the same cable. The train on the top has its tank filled with water, and as it goes down it pulls us up by its weight.'

'I see,' said Lily, 'and so I suppose when we get to the top our tank will be filled with water, and it will be our turn to do the pulling. But, oh, Bertram! what would happen if the cable broke?'

'It never has broken,' answered the boy, who seemed to know all about the trains, as some boys do, by instinct almost; 'but if it did, there are strong brakes in the engines—three or four different sorts—which could quite well hold us up. So give up fidgeting, Lily—and just look at those butterflies! What a place Switzerland is for butterflies! I am glad I have brought my net with me.'

Bertram was right in thinking Switzerland a wonderful place for butterflies. Considering its size, there are more butterflies in Switzerland, perhaps, than anywhere else in the world.

Both Bertram and Lily were eager collectors, and were delighted to find that butterflies which were comparatively rare in England were here to be seen in crowds. Only that very morning they had taken several 'Swallow-tails' and a 'Camberwell Beauty,' and now, as they stood by the window of the car, a quantity of 'Blues' almost flew into their faces.

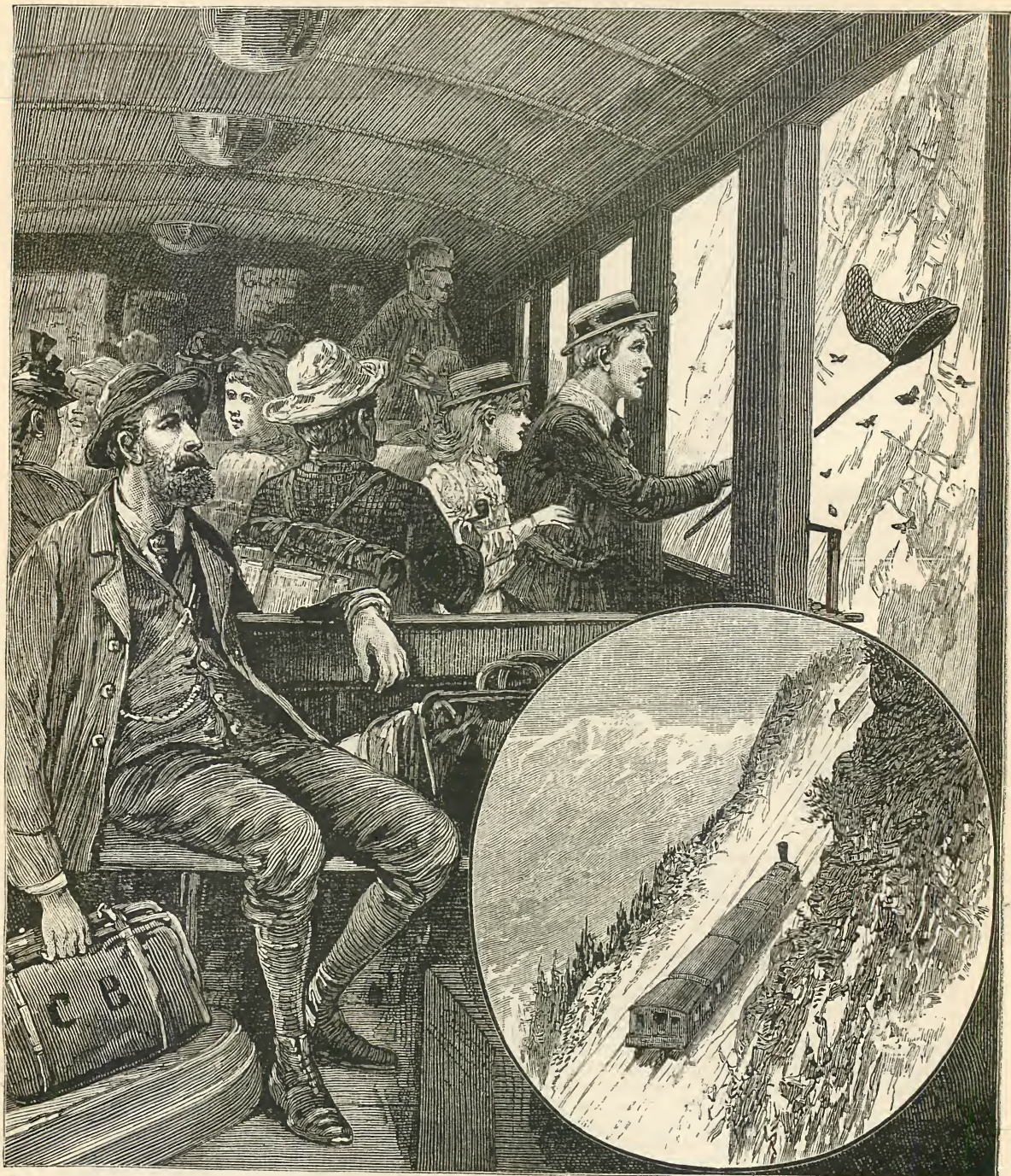
'I say! that is a bit too tantalising!' said Bertram. 'Hand me my net, Lily; I must have a try for some of them. I might get a "Mazarine," and then wouldn't our fellows be jealous!'

In spite of the warning posted up in three languages, forbidding '*Messieurs les voyageurs*' from leaning out of the windows, Bertram leant his body as far out of the carriage as it would go, and hastily swept his net round, catching some three or more butterflies—but none of them, alas! a 'Mazarine.' 'Never mind! I will have it yet,' he said. 'We are just at the top.'

'So we are,' said Lily, in a somewhat relieved tone, suddenly, however, changing into a horrified, 'Oh—oh! we're going back!'

'It always does so. Let not the Engleesh Miss be frightened,' said the German student, and Lily, relieved to find that the jerk back of the train was its usual custom, smiled her thanks to the good-natured young fellow, and quickly followed her brother on to the platform.

Five minutes' walk brought the party to the summit of the mountain, and here, spread out before them like a map, was the blue Lake of Thun, the snowy Alps, and the pretty little chalets, dotted here and there and everywhere amongst the meadows. Most of the travellers were entranced with the lovely view—but it was not the landscape



Butterfly Collectors in a Funicular.

that fixed the attention of Bertram and Lily. It was the butterflies, which were dancing about in crowds in the hot August sunshine.

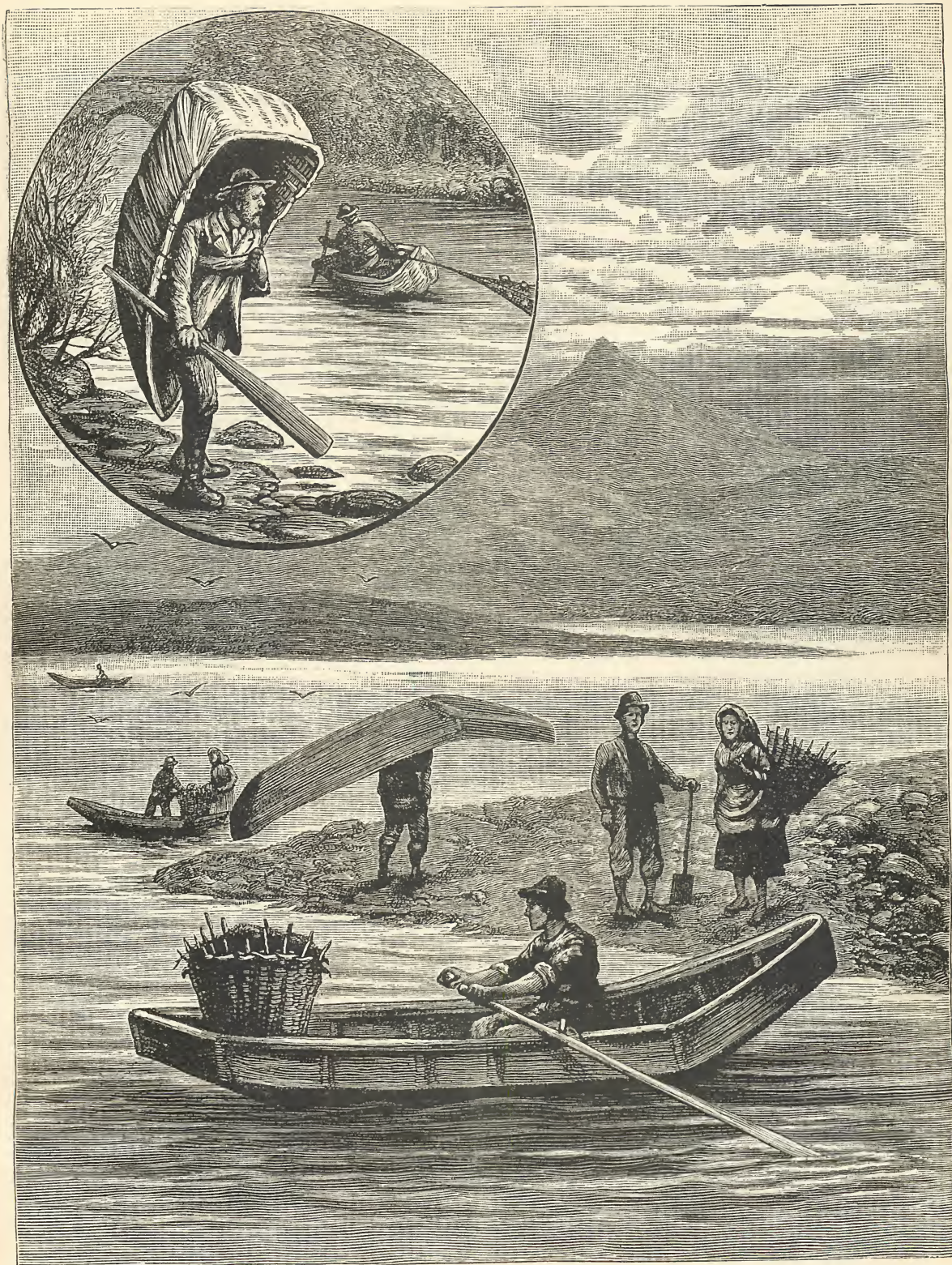
Out came the nets—hither and thither flew the delighted children, and before long the coveted ‘Mazarine’ was in Bertram’s case, and his dearest wish was gratified!

S. CLARENDON.

ON MANY WATERS.

VII.—CORACLES, OR SKELETON BOATS.

SOME weeks ago, whilst prowling about the magnificent coast scenery of County Clare in the west of Ireland, our attention was called by some fishermen to the fashion of boats used by them; and



Coracles, or Skeleton Boats.

proceeding to examine one laid up for repair, we found to our great surprise that it was simply a coracle—with trifling variations the identical kind of boat that took the fancy of Julius Cæsar nearly two thousand years ago. It seemed incredible that such a frail thing—a mere framework of rough wood, covered with tarred canvas, roughly shaped and nearly alike at both ends—could live in the great Atlantic rollers which break on that inhospitable shore. However, both boys and men seemed quite puzzled at our asking if they were not very dangerous. 'Sure, your honour, they are safe as safe,' they answered. Certainly on a coast where no harbours exist for many miles, and where every boat that comes in must be carried up the cliffs and stowed away at the top, it is desirable to have them as portable as possible; but when one realised how easily one of those terrible jagged teeth of rock which rose above the water in every direction might pierce the frail vessel, one could only marvel at the courage and endurance of the poor fishermen who spend long nights and days tossing on those lonely waters in such fragile craft.

Far away in North-Eastern America the Red Indians use, and have from far-distant times used, similar coracles, covered with the skin of bisons, though now that these are so difficult to obtain, they also have taken to the tarred canvas covering.

History tells us that in A.D. 878 three Irish missionaries set out in a coracle for Cornwall from Ireland, and reached it in seven days; and we are, moreover, told that the boat-cover took two and a half skins, though of what animal the story does not say. Anyhow, that vessel must have been of the tiniest description; and seeing the fuss most people make about a few hours' voyage in a luxurious modern steamer, what those Irishmen must have suffered may be better imagined than described.

Herodotus, who wrote between four and five hundred years before the birth of Christ, tells us that in his time boats of wicker-work, covered with skins, were in use on the great rivers Tigris and Euphrates, round in shape and coated with pitch or bitumen.

Travellers in those lands nowadays find just the same craft traversing those mighty water-ways, and the same are met with in India on rivers which have a slow current. They are managed by paddles in deep water, or by long poles in shallow, after the fashion of our river punts. When they are intended for passenger traffic, the bottoms are lined with boards for greater dryness and comfort. On the Krishna River the same sort of boats are used, but they are of a different shape, being as much as twelve feet long and four deep. Whole armies have often depended on these for transit, even guns and heavy baggage travelling in them in safety. When coasting along a river-bank they are often drawn by bullocks after the manner of barges in our own country. The building of these craft has the great merit of simplicity, the only materials wanted being bamboo and hides, and half-a-dozen men can make one in a few hours.

HELENA HEATH.

THE SIBYL OF ST. PIERRE.

(Continued from page 216.)

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MAURICE drew back in all haste, for anxious as he was to get home as soon as possible, he was not so foolish as to tempt the gendarme into a full exercise of his privileges.

Then he tried what argument would do to soften the flinty heart of the keeper of the barrier, representing that he had only come into St. Pierre on business of great urgency, and imploring the grim official to let him go his way in peace.

But the gendarme was obdurate—he had received his orders and intended abiding by them. He was not to be overcome even by bribery, although Maurice offered him every bit of money he had in his pocket at the moment.

Crestfallen and distressed beyond measure, Maurice retreated at a little distance to meditate on the wisdom of some other attempt at escape, then, remembering suddenly that there was more than one exit from the town, he set off running as fast as he could go in the hope of finding some unguarded back way by which he could effect a speedy and safe retreat.

But everywhere it was the same, for the cordon of military and armed gendarmes was stretched right round the town, and Maurice had to retreat before them, dismayed beyond measure by this new and unlooked-for disaster.

He was standing at a street corner, trying to devise some plan of escape, when a hand was laid on his arm, and Mr. Hamlin's voice sounded in his ear.

'I am very glad to see you, Maurice, for we have been very anxious about Derry as you did not come in yesterday. How is he?'

'He is all right—I mean, he is getting better. But, oh, sir, I'm in such a fix I don't know what to do! A cordon of military has been drawn round the town to keep the people from running away in a panic, and they won't let me pass to go home,' said Maurice, with a horrid choking sensation coming up in his throat.

Mr. Hamlin's face grew very grave and troubled. 'That is indeed bad. I heard a rumour to the effect that the people were to be shut in, but I did not think it could be correct, it seemed too monstrous to our English ideas. However, I will go to the Governor myself and see if I can obtain a privilege pass for you. He is too reasonable and just to refuse it, I am sure, when he knows the facts of the case.'

Maurice accompanied him, too restless and ill at ease to remain where he was until the gentleman should have done his errand; and as they went he told Mr. Hamlin of Kitty's serious condition and the trouble they were in on her behalf.

'These are anxious times for all of us,' replied Mr. Hamlin. 'Last night was indeed a time of terror. You have heard, of course, of the flow of lava down the channel of the Rivière Blanche yesterday?'

But Maurice shook his head; the fragments of talk he had heard coming into the town had not arrested his attention sufficiently for him to remember them now.

'The stream of lava was half a mile wide, and it swept down the five miles from the crater to the sea in three minutes. There was no time to escape, so that every one in its track perished. That old sibyl of yours at Glen Rosa was not so far out after all in her weird prophecies.'

'Mother Maddy? No, indeed, her sayings are proving uncomfortably near the truth, and that is why I can't understand the Governor penning all these poor wretches up in the town when they would be so much better off out in the country and away from scenes like these,' Maurice said bitterly as they passed a rum-shop packed to the doors, whilst many people lay helplessly drunk on the sidewalks.

'Poor things! They drink to drown their fear,' said his companion with a gentle pity in his tone. 'They don't realise as we do, Maurice, that it is better to meet death standing. Though I do not fear for St. Pierre myself, since the lava has found a vent by the Rivière Blanche; there is only one thing to dread, and that is the breaking out of a new crater on our side of the mountain, but that is not likely.'

'I am afraid it is the unlikely things that happen. No one thought Pelée would erupt at all, and they laughed Mother Maddy to scorn; but seeing that one part of her prophecy has come so true, I should not be surprised if the other part came true also,' Maurice answered with a foreboding shake of his head.

'We will hope not. At least, we can remember that we are in the care of the Creator of the mountains, and He Whose hand holds the mightiest forces of the world in check will do what is best for those who trust in His name,' the clergyman said with a swift look into the murky, smoke-obscured heavens; and then the two turned into the Government offices to prefer their request on Maurice's behalf.

Delays again. One official passed them on to another, who promptly consigned them and their business into the hands of a third. The Governor was in, but could not be seen, having already the work of half-a-dozen men on his hands.

Then a bland bigwig suggested the advisability of putting their petition in writing, when he himself would contrive to lay it before the Governor in the course of the next hour or so, and, if successful, send the pass at once by special messenger to Mr. Hamlin's house.

With this they were forced to be satisfied, and left the office, to wait, with what patience they could, the coming of the messenger.

It was already long past noon, and Maurice thought ruefully of the probability of his having to make the journey through the moonless dark of the night, with every star obscured by the dense cloud of smoke arising from Pelée.

He dared not let himself think of Alice's anxiety on his behalf, or Kitty's need of medicine, or he would have broken down and howled like a coward,

so helpless and entrapped did he feel. Mrs. Hamlin was most kind to him, insisting first of all that he should eat, guessing rightly enough that physical exhaustion was at the root of his deep despondency; then, when his hunger was appeased, sent him to the schoolroom in the hope that the old familiar scenes might beguile the tedium of waiting.

Very few boys were present, and work was being carried on in a desultory fashion. Mr. Swayne sat at his desk with an absent-minded air; Stebbings, looking the picture of misery, sat in the corner by the terrace window not attempting to do anything, but looking out over the grey heaving waters of the bay, with a desperate, yearning gaze; while Pinchy Pierrot, and a few of the juniors were clustered in the middle of the room, telling each other stories of the previous night's terrible happenings.

These flung themselves upon Maurice with the warmest of welcomes; Mr. Swayne's greeting was stiff and distant, while the attitude of Stebbings was distinctly unfriendly.

But Maurice was in no mood for the chatter of the small boys, and his soul was too sick with anxiety to care for their highly garnished details of the scenes nightly happening in St. Pierre, so he withdrew himself to his old corner near the door, and listlessly picked up the book coming first to his hand.

It chanced to be the algebra he had used that last day at school, and the sight of it gave him a sudden inspiration to attempt the problem again.

He rose to his feet and going over to the corner, where the slates were kept, picked up the first clean one he could find, and carrying it to his place, sat down and worked out the problem, after the fashion in which he dreamed he was doing it that night when he slept out in the forest, near the cave of the Demon's Mouth.

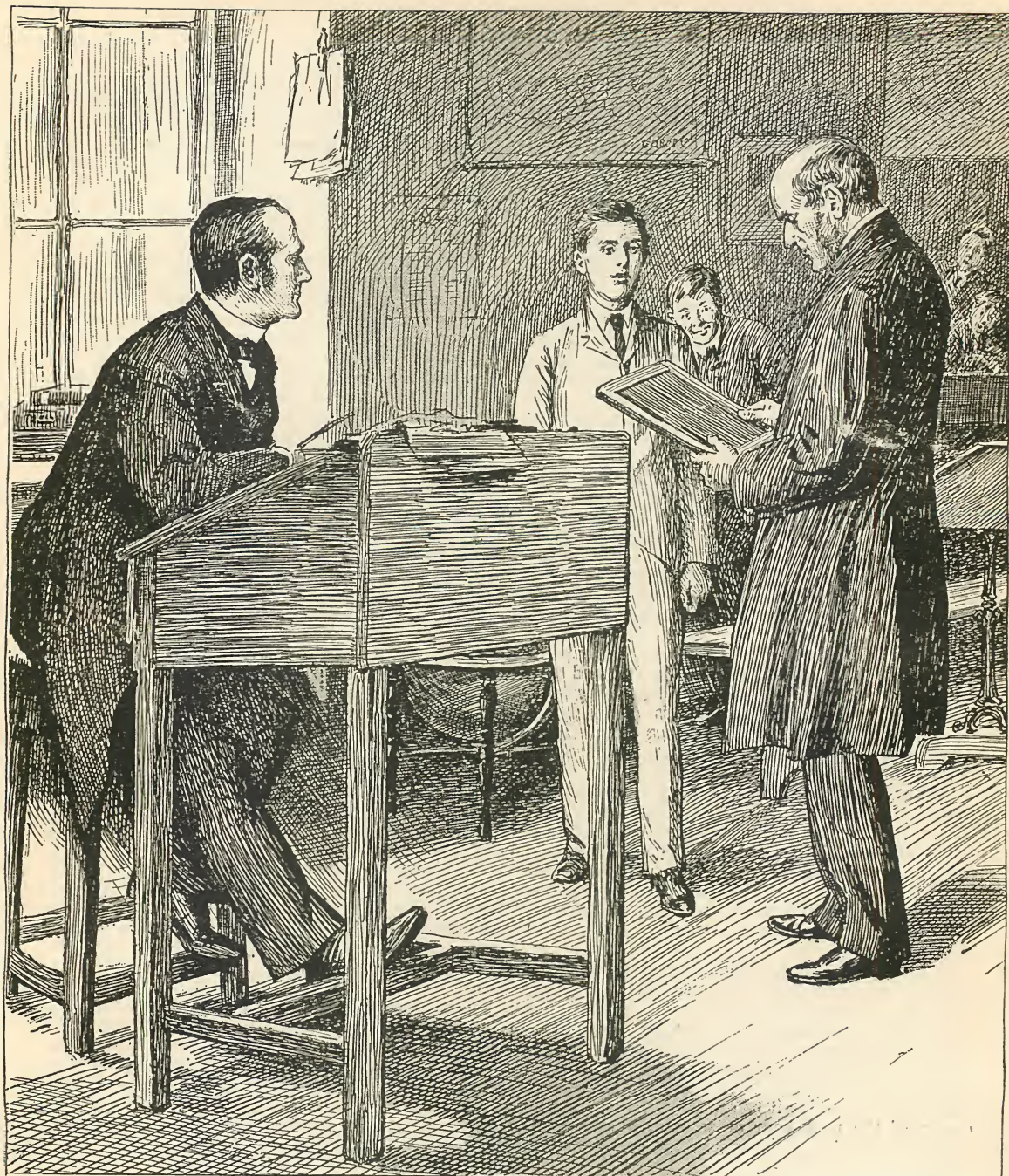
The small boys had stopped their talking, and were silently watching him. Mr. Swayne had shaken off some of his absent-mindedness, and was gazing in the same direction, when Maurice lifted his head with a jerk, crying out joyfully, 'I've done it! I've done that old problem straight through to the end!'

Just then, Mr. Hamlin entered the room, and hearing the exclamation came to the corner where Maurice was sitting with his face aglow with pleasure.

'Yes, you have done it,' he said, 'and cleared your reputation at the same time. Now no one will refuse to believe that some person entered the schoolroom on that day after you left it, and, either by accident or design, wiped the worked problem from your slate.' As he spoke, Mr. Hamlin handed the slate, which Maurice had been working, to Mr. Swayne, who after inspecting it in silence, passed it back, remarking in a frigid tone, 'Yes, the problem is correctly solved.'

'Oh, please, sir, has my pass come, and can I start now?' Maurice asked, thinking Mr. Hamlin had come to apprise him of the fact.

'No, and I am much afraid you will be kept in tonight, for I have been round again myself on your behalf, only to be told that no privilege passes will be issued until to-morrow.'



"The problem is correctly solved."

'But I must go. What will Alice and the children do without me?' he cried sharply.

'They are in God's hands; be content to leave them there,' the clergyman rejoined solemnly.

Darkness fell swift and early that night. But Maurice, whose anxiety would not let him rest under a roof, sat out on the terrace with Stebbings, who

had grown slightly more gracious, talking by snatches, or watching the lurid glow to the northward, where Pelée was burning. Presently there came the soft splash of a paddle under the terrace wall, and then a voice floated up, 'Hi, hi, hi! Am you up dere, any ways, Massa Maurice, for sartin sure?'

(Continued at page 230.)



Mode of Travelling in a Chinese City.

IN THE HEART OF CHINA.



F you steam up the Yang-tse-kiang for about three days, you come to two great Chinese cities; on the north bank is Hankow, and on the south Wuchang.

There are very few foreigners in Wuchang; indeed, it is altogether a Chinese city. It is still surrounded with walls,

on the top of which is the pleasantest walk in the city. These walls are about nine miles round, and very high and grand. There are eight gateways which are very imposing; over each there is a pretty roof with curled-up edges such as you see on Chinese fans and screens. Some of these gates are very busy places, for the market-people gather there to sell their wares. The gates are always closed at sunset and opened at sunrise, except on one day in the year, the Chinese New Year's Eve, when they are not closed at all, as it is a public holiday.

The streets of the city are so narrow that carts and carriages can hardly drive down them, far less pass each other. The place of cabs and omnibuses is taken by sedan-chairs. Some stand waiting to be hired, but most people have their own, for the public ones are very uncomfortable. A Chinese lady is carried out by two or three servants, who trot off at a good pace, down the streets and round the corners, making all the time a strange whooping noise to warn people to get out of the way. Sometimes, however, they charge into a passer-by, or roll a child over in the street. The lady can see very little of what happens, for she carefully draws the curtain of her chair that she may not be seen. There is, however, a little piece of glass let into the blind, through which she can see something of what is going on.

On either side of the streets there are shops. These are all open, rather like a fishmonger's in England. Outside there hangs a sign to show what is sold within. Very often a whole street is given up to selling one article: for instance, there is a chop-stick street.

The Chinese money must make 'shopping' very tiresome, for it consists of little coins called 'cash,' about thirty of which are equal to our penny. Usually they are strung together to make them more portable, a thousand on a string, being knotted together by hundreds. A good deal of paper-money is used as well. It is lighter to carry, but soon becomes very dirty.

In the residential streets of Wuchang there are long walls on either side, and in these large gateways leading to the houses. If a house is a large one, there are two doors: an outer one, which is left open during the day, and an inner one, which is closed. Both doors are fastened during the night with huge bolts, for the Chinese never use locks for their doors, which is strange, as they are specially clever in making them for boxes.

The gateway leads into a paved courtyard with doors on either side and in front. The door in front leads straight into the most important room in the house, called the guest-room. All guest-rooms are furnished very much alike. Straight in front against the wall is a square table with two chairs, one on either side. These are the seats of honour. Along the walls on the right and left are chairs and small tables, the chairs for visitors to sit on, the tables for their cups of tea. The walls are hung with Chinese pictures, or with lines from their classics, or with complimentary addresses presented at some time or other to the owner of the house.

It is good manners for a visitor to sit down near the door, where are the humblest seats. When the host comes, he will very politely invite him to a more honourable place, perhaps even to the high table itself.

Side-doors open from this guest-room into the bedrooms of the house. These are all arranged very much alike too. There is a large four-post bed against the wall, which never has any mattress but a blanket made of cotton-wool spread over boards. In the summer there is matting instead, which is cooler and not uncomfortable. The Chinese cover themselves with another cotton-wool blanket, on the outer side of which is tacked a bright printed or embroidered coverlet. On the inside there is a sheet, the edges of which are folded all round over the outer coverlet, and the white looks very pretty against the bright colour. In a grand house the embroidered hangings are very beautiful and are often made of silk.

There is not much other furniture in the room. There is a dressing-table with My Lady's looking-glass, the black oil for her hair, her fancy hairpins, and such-like trifles. Then there are endless boxes, containing her wardrobe; but no wash-hand-stand is visible. No doubt a basin of water is brought in when required.

There is not a good light in the room, for the Chinese do not yet use much window glass. There are open window spaces filled with fretted wood-work. Specially prepared paper is pasted across the inside. This admits the light, but it is impossible to look out of the window. The Chinese like their bedrooms to be dark; but the guest-room is brighter than might be expected, for in the summer all the doors are kept open to keep the house fresh and cool. It is also possible to take down the whole or part of the side of a house if required, for it consists of a screen-like structure bolted together, and a doorway can be opened anywhere.

This is the general plan of all Chinese houses, but the large ones have many courtyards opening into each other, all repeating the same arrangement of the central guest-room and the bedrooms at the side.

When a Chinaman entertains, the guest-room is arranged with one or more tables, each capable of seating exactly eight persons. There is a great deal of form and ceremony about taking seats, for each is more or less honourable, and the polite Chinese bow this way and that, and each declares he cannot presume to sit above Mr. So-and-So. It takes some little time to get all the guests satisfactorily seated.

Then the feast begins. May it be the good fortune of any foreigner who attends such a feast to have indeed a good appetite! There will probably be about twenty courses, and the visitor fears to give offence by refusing to partake. He is indeed glad when he sees the rice appear, which shows that the meal is drawing to a close.

Each guest is supplied with a bowl and chop-sticks, and there are bowls placed in the middle of the table containing the food. Every one helps with his own chop-sticks, and it is good manners to pick out the most attractive-looking morsels and plant them in your neighbour's bowl. It is rather surprising to a stranger to find his bowl being filled in this way.

Chop-sticks are about as thick as a pencil, and both are held in one hand. The Chinese contrive to pick up their meat, hold it to their mouths, and nibble at it. But the unskilful will probably have the humiliation of dropping it into their laps or on to the floor.

The rice is very tiresome to manage, and some stuff like our vermicelli is worse. A stranger will start a most promising-looking mouthful, and then, by the time it reaches its destination, there is only a poor little scrap left between his sticks, and he has to begin over again. The Chinese hold their bowls quite near their faces, and shovel their food in anyhow; but a foreigner finds it hard to bring his mind to do that.

On the whole the cooking is not bad. A great many eggs and chickens and vegetables are used. The most objectionable food is the pork, which foreigners try politely to avoid. The whole feast closes with tea-drinking. The tea is brought in in little handle-less cups. They would be very hot to hold, but generally they are fixed in metal saucers, and the guests hold the saucer instead of the cup. The tea has no milk or sugar in it, but it is very welcome at the end of the long meal.

Finally the visitors are provided with a basin and towel; they are very glad to wash their hands after their greasy meal. Then, after many bowings and scrapings, the guests all retire to their sedan-chairs and are hurried away by their bearers.

E. C. W.

'WITHOUT FEAR AND WITHOUT REPROACH.'

Tales of the famous Knight, Bayard.

VII.—THE FIGHT AT THE BRIDGE.

THE French army was encamped upon the bank of the river Garigliano, and the Spanish troops upon the opposite side.

Now there were brave men among the Spaniards as among the French, and two Spanish knights in particular, named Gonzalva de Cordova and Pedro de Paes, were famed above all their comrades for their courage and daring in battle.

The bravery of Pedro de Paes was specially remarkable, for, unlike Golzalva, who was a strong and

stalwart knight, he was a little deformed dwarf of scarcely three feet high, and, moreover, so hump-backed that when he was mounted on his charger he was quite hidden from view in front by the horse's head.

This wonderful little dwarf was more enterprising and courageous than any other soldier in the Spanish army, and never seemed content unless he was engaged in warfare.

One day, when both armies were resting in their camps, Pedro planned an attack upon the French, determining to seize the bridge over the river and so force them to retreat. He collected a party of one hundred and twenty horsemen with an equal number of foot soldiers, and arming them all with muskets and arquebuses, he placed himself at their head and started out on this perilous expedition.

They were able, by keeping under cover, to cross the river by a ford Pedro had discovered before, and having reached the other side in safety, they advanced towards the French camp.

Pedro's plan of action was to attract the attention of the French towards his troop, so that another body of Spaniards could seize the bridge, which would thus be left unguarded.

When the French saw his men advancing towards them they thought the whole Spanish army was upon them, and prepared to meet them at the ford, as Pedro had expected.

But Bayard, who was always quick to see through such devices, guessed at once that their real design was to capture the bridge, upon which he was at the moment standing alone with one other knight, Le Basque, who was an equerry to the King.

Seeing their danger, Bayard turned quickly to his companion: 'Master Equerry, my friend,' he said, 'go quickly and seek some of our men to guard this bridge, or we are all ruined. I will try to hold the enemy in play until you come back; but make all haste, lest I am overcome.'

Having dispatched Le Basque, Bayard put spurs to his charger, and reaching the end of the bridge upon the Spanish side, he put his lance in rest and awaited the attack unguarded and alone. He had not long to wait. As soon as the remainder of the Spanish army saw that Pedro's ruse had succeeded in drawing the French away towards the ford, they rushed upon the unguarded bridge.

But they had not reckoned on Bayard, who, standing with his back against the rails of the bridge, to prevent them getting behind him, met the troops as they were in the very act of crossing, and charged them like a furious lion.

So skilfully and with such ferocity did the good knight strike, that he knocked down four men-at-arms at the first shock; two of them fell into the river and were never seen again.

The Spaniards, astonished at such valour in a single warrior, fell upon him with increased fury, so that had not Le Basque and a hundred men ridden up to relieve him, the good knight must have been overcome and killed.

As it was, Le Basque and his troop were just in time to save the bridge, and, routing the Spanish forces, they pursued them for about a mile across



“Bayard put his lance in rest and waited the attack, unguarded and alone.”

country as they fled in confusion. They would have gone even further, had not Bayard, seeing in the distance a force of seven or eight hundred Spaniards coming to aid their countrymen, called on them to halt and retire. ‘Gentlemen!’ he cried, ‘we have done enough for to-day in saving the bridge; let us retire now, keeping as close together as we can.’

His troop drew rein at his words, and began to

retire in a leisurely manner. Bayard, always last in retreat, as he was first in attack, brought up their rear.

As they were slowly retiring they were astonished by a fresh attack on the part of the enemy, who, reinforced by their comrades, fell upon them with the fury of a torrent.

Bayard, who was the first to turn and meet the



“The citizen brought the purse to the Emperor, who took charge of it and called up the merchant.”

onslaught, was sorely pressed, and, being cut off from his companions, was driven back upon a ditch and there surrounded by twenty or thirty of the enemy, who called out, ‘Surrender, surrender, sir!’

The good knight still fought on, but at last he was forced to give in. ‘Sirs, I must surrender,’ he said, ‘for I cannot withstand your whole might alone.’

Thus he gave himself up to the Spanish troop, who

believing him helpless against their overwhelming numbers, did not trouble to dismount or disarm him, but contented themselves with taking away his battle-axe, leaving him his armour and sword. Had they known the name of their prisoner they would have been more careful of him; but when they asked him his name, Bayard simply answered, ‘A French gentleman.’

Meanwhile the good knight's companions, not knowing that he was cut off from them, had valiantly fought their way back to the bridge. But one of their number, a gentleman of Dauphiny and a neighbour of Bayard's, called Pierre de Guifray, cried suddenly, 'Comrades, we have lost Bayard! I vow I will seek him, if I have to go alone! Shall we leave him to die when he has won us such great glory?'

The whole company turned at his words and charged upon their enemy with cries of 'France! France! Bayard! You shall not thus carry off the flower of our knighthood!'

As the Spaniards turned again to meet the French, Bayard, leaving his own tired horse, sprang lightly upon a splendid charger whose rider had been killed in the fray; and, attacking the enemy with great fury, joined his voice to those of his comrades, crying, 'France! Bayard! It is I, Bayard, whom you have let go!'

On learning who it was that had escaped from them, the Spaniards lost all heart, and, quailing before the vigorous blows of the French, they turned their horses' heads and fled.

Wearied with the long fight, the French did not attempt to pursue the enemy, but, after watching their flight for a time, retired quietly to their camp, which they reached without any further adventures.

Thus ended the battle of the Bridge with fresh glory to the French, and, above all, to the brave and good knight, Bayard.

RUDOLPH OF AUSTRIA AS JUDGE.

RUDOLPH of Austria was very willing to let people come to him and lay their cases before him. One day a merchant brought before him the following complaint: He had put up at an inn-keeper's, and had given into his charge a purse containing a considerable sum of money to take care of for him. When the merchant was about to go further on his journey, he asked for the money to be given back to him, but the deceitful landlord said he had never had it; and now the merchant would be glad if the Emperor would get the money back again for him.

Rudolph heard that amongst those who were calling that day to pay him their respects would be this landlord, and he speedily thought out a clever plan. He told the merchant to retire for the present and keep himself in readiness until he should be called. When the landlord appeared, Rudolph inquired with great friendliness after his family and trade, and said at the same time, apparently without any further intention, 'You have a beautiful hat there! will you exchange it for mine?' The landlord was only too proud to wear the Emperor's hat, and consented at once. Rudolph put on the new hat with satisfaction, and went out of the room for a moment.

Outside he called a citizen up to him and gave him the hat, saying: 'Go quickly to the landlord's wife and tell her that her husband wants the leather

purse and the money belonging to the merchant, and that as a token he sends her his hat.'

The woman gave up the money without suspecting anything, and the citizen brought it to the Emperor, who took charge of it and called up the merchant.

The merchant once more made his complaint, but this time in the presence of the landlord, and as he obstinately denied it, Rudolph suddenly pulled the purse out of his own pocket and displayed it before him. The landlord could say nothing; and thus by a simple trick Rudolph saw that justice was done.

W. YARWOOD.

THE SIBYL OF ST. PIERRE.

(Continued from page 224.)

CHAPTER XXIX.



KITTY lay all day in her trance of exhaustion, receiving nourishment when it was given to her, but taking no notice of the anxious faces gathered about her.

Alice found her pulse getting stronger as the hours went on, and rightly judging that her recovery would be only a matter of nursing and freedom from fright, was comforted accordingly.

Loud rumbling noises were heard at irregular intervals from the mountain, but for the hours of daylight, at least, there were no earthquake shocks at Glen Rosa.

Derry's foot was so much better that he could walk with ease, and he proved himself invaluable to Alice, whose manifold duties had almost worn her out.

There was a fund of quaint humour in the Dutch boy, which led him into adapting himself with contented ease to any emergency, and he kept the small Roddy in a simmer of laughter, whilst he cooked supper in the big kitchen at the rear of the house, leaving Alice free to look after her patient in the dining-room, which opened on to the front verandah.

She was sitting by the side of Kitty swinging a big fan to keep the numerous flies off, when she heard a trampling of horses' hoofs, and some one shouting for Mdlle. Rowan.

Hastily flinging a fold of mosquito netting over the sleeping child, she hurried out to the verandah, to find their kindly neighbour, M. Fausset, waiting there.

The Frenchman's jovial face was pinched and puckered almost beyond recognition, and his sleek black hair was rumpled and untidy, to match the disordered and dirty condition of his attire.

'Oh, M. Fausset, what has happened?' cried Alice, struck by the despair in his face and figure.

For a moment he leaned over his horse's neck, sobbing like a hysterical woman, 'It is not what has happened, mademoiselle, so much as what is going to happen. This end of the island is doomed, and any moment may see it wiped out. The quaking last

night was awful, hardly a bit of glass or china in the house but was smashed; our negroes have all run away, and so madame and I have packed our valuables into a cart, turned all the animals adrift saving a couple of horses, and are now going to trek through the mountains to Fort de France. Madame thought you might be glad to fly too, and would prefer going under our protection.'

'Oh, monsieur, how glad I should have been to go, and to take our poor little Kitty away from the terrors that are killing her. But it is useless to think of it, for Maurice has gone to the town, and has not yet returned, whilst every day we are expecting my father and mother to arrive from Europe,' Alice said, much affected by the kindness of the proposal, and her own inability to avail herself of it.

'What a welcome for your estimable parents, a home in ruins and a mountain on fire!' exclaimed the excitable little Frenchman, flinging up his hands with a tragic gesture.

'But the house is not in ruins,' objected Alice, with a backward look at the solid, comfortable house, with its air of homely luxury.

'You cannot tell how soon the ruin may come; one heave of the troubled earth, and away go walls and roof, crash, dash—the edifice crumpled up like a piece of paper. Come then, mademoiselle, whilst yet there is time to flee.'

'I cannot leave until Maurice comes—indeed I cannot,' Alice said, almost with tears in her eyes.

'He may come soon, and then you can follow. We take the forest track under the hills until we cross the road leading to Bains des Pitons, after which the way is plain to see. But you will overtake us long before then, for we shall travel slowly, Madame and I. Ah, how sad it is to leave the house one loves, to flee into a far country!' cried the burly planter, with big tears running down his face, as, waving his hand in farewell, he turned his horse, and rode slowly away.

Alice watched him disappear, her own tears almost blinding her; for dread and anxiety will break the bravest spirit, and she had been sorely tried. But Maurice would be back soon, and then they could decide on the wisest course to pursue. Meanwhile it would not do to let the children see that she had been crying, so she resolutely dried her tears, and went back to Kitty, who was wide awake, and inclined to talk.

'I'm going to be a brave girl now, Alice. Then I'll be well again before Mother comes home. Do you think she will get here to-night?'

'Not quite so soon, darling; not before Thursday or Friday, I am afraid, and it's only Tuesday now,' Alice said, delighted at the new strength displayed in the child's bearing.

'Where is Maurice?' demanded the small invalid, presently, with a shade of anxiety in her eyes.

'He went to St. Pierre this morning to bring some more medicine for you, and he has not returned yet. There are so many sick people that the doctors are all very busy, and so he has had to wait.'

'I wish he would come soon,' sighed the child. 'I dreamed that he had been shut up in the town, and could not get out; but that would not be true, would it?'

'Oh, no,' rejoined Alice, with the happy confidence born of ignorance. 'They do not shut people up in towns in these enlightened days.'

Kitty's wan face wrinkled into a smile of relief. 'I'm very glad, and I hope he will soon be home, though I don't want any medicine, for I am going to be a good girl if the mountain thunders to-night.'

The words were scarcely out of her mouth when a loud detonation shook the house, followed by another, and another, and then—the sickening roll of an earthquake. Every vestige of colour left the child's face, and she clung to Alice with a convulsive grip. Derry and Roddy came hurrying in from the kitchen then, with as much of the supper as they could bring, Derry declaring, with a scared expression, that it was hailing black hail and small stones on the roof of the kitchen, the noise being so deafening that they could not hear each other's voices.

I wish Maurice would come. It is dreadful to think of him out in such a shower,' Alice said, uneasily, rising from her seat and stepping out on to the verandah, to watch for a sign of his approach.

Sunset was drawing near, but the gloom caused by the falling dust and cinders gave the greyness of an English twilight to the scene.

As she watched an opening in the trees for a sight of her brother, she caught a glimpse of a strange object bobbing up and down among the tall plants and flowering shrubs of the garden. It looked so curious that she turned to gaze at it, as the thing came steadily nearer, resolving itself at last into a big flat basket, carried inverted on some person's head.

Who could it be approaching from such a direction, she wondered; then, as a sharper shower of cinders fell on the verandah roof, she saw the individual, a woman, spring out from the tall plants on to the smooth grass of the lawn, then, catching her foot in a trailing vine, fall forward on her face.

'Oh, you poor thing!' exclaimed Alice, with ready sympathy, running down the steps and across the lawn to the help of the prostrate woman.

Already she had recognised the thin form and straggling grey hair of Mother Maddy; she hastened to pick the old woman up, and set her securely on her feet again.

But how the hail of cinders stung and scorched! Alice dragged, rather than led, the old woman under cover of the wide-spreading verandah roof.

'How dreadful it is! Are you hurt?' she gasped, as she shook the cinders and dust from her face and hair.

'I am alive, and I am in time; the rest does not matter,' the old woman panted.

'In time?' the dismay in Alice's tone was reflected in her face, as she leaned against the verandah-post, looking at the sibyl.

'Are you still in doubt that ruin is coming?' cried Mother Maddy, harshly, pointing to the grey haze of falling ashes, and a landscape which was greyer still.

'It could scarcely be more dreadful than it has been,' faltered Alice, standing with her hands tightly clasped, the picture of distress.

'This is only as the beginning, the note of warning, which should make people wise. The mountain will smoke until it swallows the town; how then can you expect to escape, who are closer still?'



"Alice dragged, rather than led, the old woman under cover of the wide-spreading verandah roof."

'If only Maurice were here I should know better what to do!' panted the girl, harassed beyond endurance by the necessity for instant decision.

Then another burst of cannonading from the mountain, a terrific ear-splitting noise that seemed to stop one's heart beating whilst it lasted.

'Oh, come, I cannot leave the children alone!'

shrieked Alice, springing up the steps, and dragging the old woman with her.

'It is but the beginning,' repeated Mother Maddy, calmly, dropping on the nearest bench to recover the breath so rudely shaken from her.

And then, somewhere out of sight beyond the grey rain of ashes, the sun set, and night fell darkly down.

(Continued at page 238.)



The Ferry-boat in daily use on the Euphrates.

AN EASTERN FERRY-BOAT.

FASHIONS change but slowly in the East. Travellers tell us that in Egypt the peasants still plough the fields with the wooden plough that has been in use since the days of Abraham; and in the Soudan war, the Dervishes who fought against our soldiers, were, many of them, clothed in suits of chain armour of exactly the same make as our forefathers wore in the Crusades.

So too, the boats in the East are often as primitive as the implements and the weapons. Look, for instance, at an illustration of a ferry-boat still in daily use on the river Euphrates (in Asia Minor). The builder seems to have seen no new style of boat for hundreds of years, and to have shaped his craft after long-forgotten models.

The ferry-boat has a flat bottom something like a punt, but broader in proportion, and it rises to a considerable height at one end. Here stands the steersman with his long pole, and two men at the other end do their best to row the boat across the river, though it is a marvel how they can do so with such very clumsy oars.

The passengers consist chiefly of men and horses; very seldom is a woman conveyed, for women in the East do not, as a rule, leave their own houses. On those rare occasions when the women of the household are allowed to accompany their lord and master on his travels, they will not be permitted to use a public conveyance, but are hurried into a private boat or carriage, in which they are carefully hidden behind curtains from all curious eyes.

The ferryman, however, does his chief trade in goods, and not in passengers; he takes horses, cows, sheep, and goats, as well as hay, corn, fruit, and vegetables, from the village to the town on the opposite side, and brings back salt, flour, and the other simple requirements of his village friends.

C. C.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

41.—ZOOLOGICAL ACROSTIC.

A QUADRUPED found both in Asia and Africa; it has a large head, short massive limbs, and a thick skin.

1. A dangerous reptile, belonging chiefly to North America.
2. A little animal which has a curious way of defending itself.
3. A small carnivorous quadruped, useful as a destroyer of noxious creatures.
4. An aquatic animal, very common in small ponds.
5. A shell-fish much esteemed as an article of diet.
6. A beast of burden, used in Eastern lands.
7. A very large species of deer.
8. A small, sharp-toothed animal, which probably came first from Western China, but is now found in all parts of the globe.
9. A bird which prefers darkness to daylight.
10. An amphibious animal with a very valuable skin.

C. J. B.

42.—GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS.

1. STAR mad me. The capital of a country in Europe; it is built almost entirely on piles.
2. Rob one. An island in the Indian Archipelago; one of the largest in the world.
3. Lace no cat son. A watering-place in Essex.
4. Mile under F N. A town in Scotland.
5. He stare up. The largest river in Western Asia.
6. Dial for. One of the United States of America.
7. Sallie Gash. A manufacturing town in Scotland.
8. Whales, one. A nail-making town in Worcester-shire.
9. Severn, sin. The chief town in the Northern High-lands of Scotland.
10. As sank. The central State of the American Union.
11. Uncle sat on. A town in Cornwall.
12. I boatman. A province of Canada. C. J. B.

[Answers at page 254.]

ANSWERS.

- | | | |
|-------------|---------|---------|
| 38.—1. HARE | 2. CARP | 3. TRAP |
| AMEN | ALOE | RAVE |
| REND | ROSE | AYER |
| ENDS | PEER | PERT |

- | | |
|-------------------|----------------|
| 39.—1. Geography. | 6. Dromedary. |
| 2. Bracelet. | 7. Elevation. |
| 3. Dovetail. | 8. Diphtheria. |
| 4. Diameter. | 9. Education. |
| 5. Pomegranate. | 10. Tropical. |

- | | | |
|----------------------|-----------------|----------------|
| 40.—(A.)—1. Blunder. | (B.)—1. Reason. | (C.)—1. Glory. |
| 2. Thunder. | 2. Season. | 2. Story. |
| 3. Sunder. | 3. Treason. | 3. Tory. |

THE CHAMELEON.



ANY wonderful tales used to be told of the chameleon, and of its power of changing colour. Those who had never seen it often said that it could change from green to blue, or black, or white. Naturalists know now that it cannot change its colour to such an extreme extent as this, but they also know that it can change its hue in a really wonderful way.

The chameleon is a small greenish lizard with a short, deep, triangular head, having a pointed prominence sticking up at the back of it. It has long, thin legs, and its toes are opposable—that is, they are arranged so that they may be set opposite to each other, just as we can bring our thumbs and fingers together from opposite directions. This enables the chameleon to take a firm hold of the branches of the trees in which it lives. The animal has a long, slender tail, and a ridge, or crest, toothed

like a saw, extends along its back. It appears to be able to move its eyes in different directions at the same time. While most of the lizards are quick and active in their movements, the chameleon is slow. It spends much of its time lying on the branches, seeming to have nothing to do.

The chameleon has been watched and studied for hundreds of years. In ancient times it was believed that it lived upon nothing but air. The Roman naturalist, Pliny, tells us that the chameleon holds the head upright and the mouth open, and is the only animal which receives nourishment neither by meat nor by drink, nor by anything else, but by the air alone. He was mistaken, however. A little closer observation would have shown him that the chameleon lives upon flying insects, which it captures on its tongue as they pass on the wing. Its tongue is very long, and the tip of it is sticky. The chameleon watches patiently until an insect flies within a few inches of its mouth, when it darts out its tongue, strikes the insect with the sticky end of it, and brings it back into its mouth. The movement is so quick that it almost escapes notice. Yet this is the way in which the chameleon contrives to feed itself, and it does not live on air alone, any more than any other animal does.

The colour of the chameleon varies between a light clear green and a dark one, with the addition of spots of red or dark brown which brighten or fade in the green. The colour changes partly with the temper of the animal, partly with the colour and brightness of the sunlight or the ground over which the chameleon walks, or of the foliage among which it lies. A gentleman who kept five of these animals noticed that whenever they were angry or frightened their colour changed, and they were soon covered with a number of small dark-brown spots. The sight of a snake, a lizard, or a tree-frog, or even a doll with glass eyes, had the same effect upon them, putting them into rage or fear, and causing them to change colour.

Experiments have been made upon chameleons with lights of different colours. When a red light was thrown upon the head and fore part of one of them, and a blue light on the hind part, the two portions of the body turned a different colour. The front part was clear green with red spots, the hind part dark green. When a strong light was thrown upon another chameleon, and a screen was so arranged as to cast a shadow on the centre of its back, the portion in shadow turned brownish while the rest remained a darkish green.

These changes of colour are rather puzzling to naturalists. They are brought about, it is believed, by two kinds of colouring matter in the skin, similar to the black pigment which makes the negro black. The colour changes as first one and then the other of these pigments comes to the surface alone, or as they are seen blending together in different degrees.

So far as the chameleon is concerned these changes of colour are probably due to a kind of nervousness, like blushing in human beings, and are probably quite beyond the direct control of the animal itself. They are certainly caused by changes in the nerves of the chameleon, for when the nerves are injured,

as by the breaking of the animal's back-bone, the parts which are controlled by the injured nerves are no longer capable of changing colour.

In its natural state the chameleon's colour changes to some extent with the colour of its surroundings. A chameleon walking on the top of a dark wall in which there were some blocks of white marble, was seen to change its colour when it rested upon one of these blocks.

It used to be thought that these changes of colour were a protection to the chameleon, helping it to escape notice by becoming like its background. But the changes are now known to be not so great and not so quick as people used to think, and it is doubtful whether the animal can really obtain any protection in this way. But we may be sure that the power to vary its colour even so slightly is of some use to it, or has been of some use to its ancestors, or the power would never have existed.

Chameleons are found in many countries. They inhabit southern Europe, especially Spain and Sicily, northern Africa, Asia Minor, India, and Ceylon. There are many kinds of them. The English climate is too cold for them, and they soon die if brought over to this country.

W. A. ATKINSON.

THE AMBASSADOR'S SEAT.

AN ambassador of Charles the Fifth of Spain at the court of Soliman, Emperor of the Turks, was admitted to an audience before that sultan. As, on entering the royal saloon, he did not see any seat for him, and knowing that it was not from forgetfulness, but that the Emperor wished to make him stand from a principle of Mussulman pride, he took off his cloak and seated himself upon it, with as little embarrassment as if that had been the established use of it all his life. He then explained his mission with so much firmness and presence of mind, that Soliman himself could not but admire him.

The audience finished, the ambassador went out without taking up his cloak. One of the attendants, thinking that he left it from forgetfulness, reminded him of it, but he replied with as much gravity as politeness, 'The ambassadors of the King of Spain are not accustomed to carry their seats with them.'

DANGER SIGNALS.

VII.—LA TOUR DE CORDUAN: THE OLDEST OF MODERN LIGHTHOUSES.

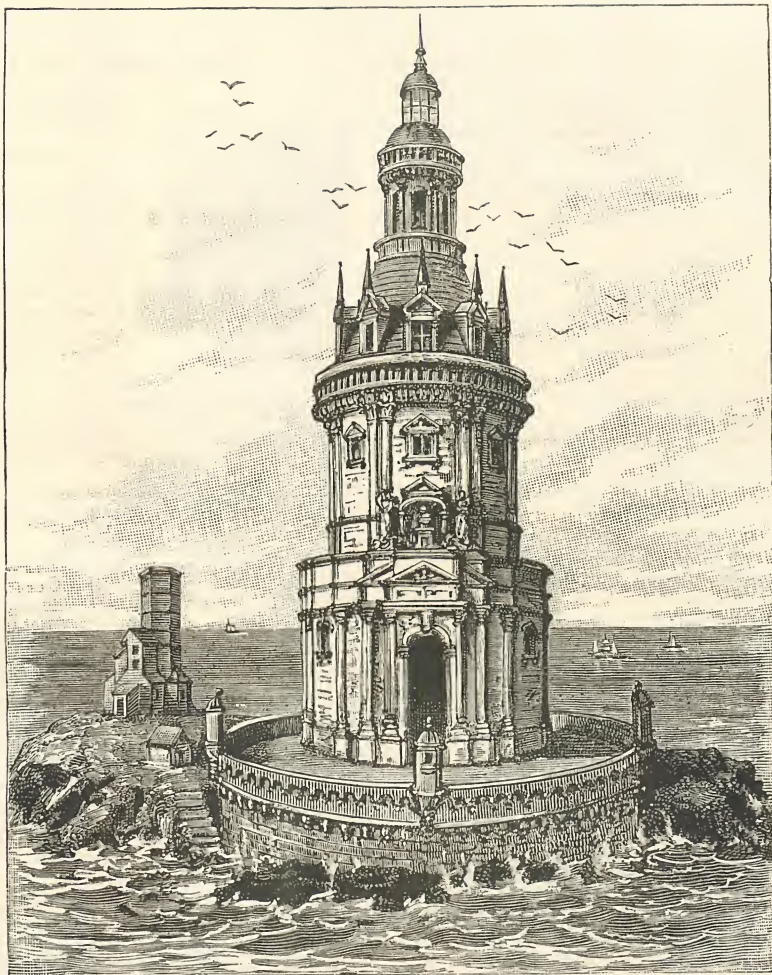
THE song the sea sings is not the same everywhere by a great deal; but whatever its varying moods may be, the wide world over, the good people of Bordeaux declared that it never did anything else than roar and rage at the mouth of their noble river, the Gironde, which empties into the Bay of Biscay. Winds from the broad Atlantic sweep the water here and there along the coast; jagged rocks and sloping sand-dunes turn the



“The ambassadors of the King of Spain are not accustomed to carry their seats with them.”

waves aside, till, meeting in boisterous armies, they are dashed to clouds of spray, that leap high into the air and descend like rain. Nowhere is their fury greater than on an extensive reef called the Corduan rocks, at the mouth of the Gironde, and if we could listen through the past we should never come to a time when the roar of the water

on this reef could not be heard. And if we could see into the past, we should have to look almost as far before we came to the night when a light first shone there as a warning of danger. We can only be sure, however, that the first tower was built seven hundred years ago. Bordeaux was a flourishing town even then, and great was the



La Tour de Corduan : the oldest of Modern Lighthouses.

number of tiny vessels that turned into the Gironde to trade with the capital of Gascony. The principal of these were merchants from Cordova in Spain, come in search of the famous wines of Bordeaux, for which they wished to exchange their even more valuable skins and leathers. Cordova had in those days a population of three hundred thousand people; so it was not surprising that the inhabitants of Bordeaux were pleased to do anything to oblige them.

'Build a tower on the rocks at the mouth of your river,' said the sailor merchants, 'that the light may be seen from a greater distance at sea.' And there is little doubt that they urged their request with hints that their goods would be taken to other ports unless it was granted. So the tower was built and a wood fire lighted on its summit every night, guarded by four men. To meet the expenses which this incurred, every ship which came to Bordeaux, or left it, had to pay so much money, in proportion to its tonnage.

Then there came the time when Gascony was ruled over by Edward the Black Prince, the hero of Poitiers and Cressy, and he who had carried a conquering sword over so many leagues of land determined to do what he could to conquer the dangers of the deep. So he removed the tower on Corduan, and built another in its place, forty-eight feet high, with a broad platform at the top on which a large fire was kept burning, stoked and replenished, by a hermit. Close to the tower a small chapel arose, and round this a few fishermen erected their huts.

But the hermit died, and chapel and huts alike succumbed to the ravages of time and the sea; and at length, in 1584, a great French architect, named Louis de Foix, began to erect the remarkable building which still stands to-day as a monument of his skill—one of the most beautiful, and certainly the most remarkable lighthouse in the world. It was to be a beacon, a church, and a residence fit for a king, all in one. He began by constructing

a circular stone platform, one hundred and thirty-five feet in diameter, round which an elegant parapet runs. From this platform, the tower rose in four stages, each one smaller than the one beneath, and ornamented outside with beautiful columns and carvings. The first floor was a grand entrance-hall, and if you could see it in all its glory, you would probably not wonder that Philip II., King of Spain, asked Louis de Foix to go to Madrid and build the Escorial.

On entering the lighthouse vestibule, you found, right and left of the door, busts of the two French monarchs, Henry III. and Henry IV.

The floor above this was the 'King's apartment,' a room richly decorated with pillars and sculptured walls. In one place a door opened on to a balcony, and it is not difficult to believe that royalty found pleasure in visiting this ocean palace, full of the fresh sea air, and free from all the bustle and uproar of Parisian life.

We may be sure too that if the King's feet ever *did* climb those stairs and saunter out on to the wind-swept balcony, they continued the journey a little higher, to visit the beautiful chapel which occupied the next stage of De Foix's lighthouse. With a lofty and decorated roof (now somewhat curtailed by alterations in the building), this chapel has a double range of windows, beautified by tall Corinthian columns and suitable carvings. Above the door at which you enter is, or was, a marble bust of the great builder himself, with an inscription printed beneath, praising his skill and genius. He never lived to see all the work completed, but honour is due to him nevertheless, for he had shown the way it was to be done, and good design in such work is as worthy as accomplishment.

Above the chapel was the lantern—ninety-four feet from the sea-level. The whole was completed in A.D. 1611, and has successfully defied the wind and wave ever since.

But toward the end of the eighteenth century the terrible revolution swept over the land of France, wilder and more cruel than any storm on the sea, and the Tour de Corduan did not escape its attack. The busts of the two kings in the vestibule were thrown from their pedestals, and destruction was dealt to any symbol of kingly power that came under the hands of the republicans.

When at last this cloud of terror had passed away, Henry III. and Henry IV. were once more restored to their place of honour, and all broken carvings carefully mended. A little before this (in 1789), the height of the tower had been greatly increased, by no means adding to its beauty, and now a handsome lamp, throwing changing colours, adorns its summit, one hundred and eighty-nine feet above high-water mark.

If the Cordovan merchants of long ago could spread their sails once more for the port of Bordeaux, the look-out man at the mast-head would be able to see the twinkling red and white lights at a distance of twenty-seven miles from the river-mouth, and would acknowledge that the good example his masters set has been nobly followed.

JOHN LEA.

THE SIBYL OF ST. PIERRE.

(Continued from page 232.)

CHAPTER XXX.



AURICE leaned over the terrace wall, peering into the darkness below, where the sea splashed softly against the stonework. But though he strained his eyes, he could see nothing, for no stars being visible, the water only reflected the gloom above

with intensified blackness.

'Gusty, is it you?' he called, an undefinable flash of hope thrilling through him at the sound of the familiar voice.

'Hi, hi, hi! 'Pears like am me and no one else. Would you like to get out of this same old town to-night, Massa Maurice?'

'Can you manage it, Gusty; do you think it possible?' Maurice asked eagerly.

'Wisht! der ain't no cause to shout it out to all de town, or me am likely to get more passengers dan de boat can carry; den de sharks will get a cheap supper. Hab you got any string in you's pocket, Massa Maurice?'

'I've a ball of small twine, will that do?' queried Maurice, whose pockets were mostly bulging with miscellaneous articles of a useful description.

'Tie a bit o' something heavy to it an' let him gently down,' commanded Gusty from below, and Maurice did as he was bidden, four big nails tightly bound together being the weight by which the twine was kept steady.

There was a momentary flash as if a match had been struck below, just sufficient to show Maurice where to fling the little string; then darkness again more intense than before.

Maurice swung the string gently for a moment or two, then felt it caught and held fast.

'Pull away, Massa Maurice, pull away. Hi! hi! hi! but it am good fun!' chuckled the black boy from below.

'What is it, Maurice?' asked Stebbings, coming to stand close beside Maurice, as he drew the string up again.

'It's a rope, I think, and that means a chance of escape without waiting the Governor's pleasure regarding a privilege pass,' the other answered with rising excitement as he felt the rope between his fingers.

At that moment Mrs. Hamlin came to the open window of the schoolroom, standing silhouetted against the background of the brightly lighted room.

'Are you sitting there in the dark, boys? Why do you not come in where it is more cheerful?'

Maurice felt his heart beating faster, but was at the same time devoutly thankful that it was not Mr. Swayne who had presented himself at such a critical juncture.

'You are in for it now,' Stebbings muttered below

his breath; but Maurice had had a minute for reflection, and was ready to act.

'May I beg of you to come here for one moment, Mrs. Hamlin; I would come to you, only it is not possible,' he said, in a low, clear tone.

There was a rustle of a dress as the lady came along the terrace, and then she stopped, saying anxiously, 'Is anything the matter? It is so dark that I cannot see where you are.'

'Stebbing, go to Mrs. Hamlin and lead her here,' Maurice said in a quick tone of authority, that two months before he would never have dreamed of using towards a so-called senior; but he had borne such heavy responsibilities since then which had made a man of him before his time.

For a wonder, Stebbings obeyed without demur, going to meet the lady, taking her hand, and conducting her to where Maurice was binding the rope fast about one of the pepper-trees shading the terrace garden.

'What is it, Maurice?' the lady asked, as she reached his side, and he took her hand with a silent, significant gesture, and placed it on the rope.

'It means, ma'am, that a way of escape has been found for me, so that I can get back to Glen Rosa to-night, or, at least, by morning. One of our old plantation hands is down there in a boat; he brought me this rope, which I drew up with a piece of string, and now I shall slide down the rope, and the boat will take me somewhere beyond the town boundary, so that I can get home easily. But I could not go without thanking you for your great kindness to me,' he said, with a quiet determination of manner which showed that he would not be turned from his purpose by any thought of possible danger.

'I say, Maurice, let me come too; much more of this horror will kill me!' burst out Stebbings, with such misery and fear in his tone that both his listeners started in surprise; he had been only sullen before, and no one had even guessed at his utter wretchedness.

'I am afraid you would not find things much better at Glen Rosa; the earthquakes are so bad that we had all of us to sleep in the hurricane cellar one night, and the noise of the thundering is just awful,' Maurice replied, by no means willing to accept any more responsibility in the shape of a panic-stricken visitor.

'I don't mind; at least there is room to run in the country, and to get further away from the horror of it all. I have been trying all day to screw up my courage to drown myself, only I'm such a coward I don't dare.'

'I should hope not, indeed! Oh, Stebbings, how can you talk so wickedly?' cried Mrs. Hamlin, her voice rendered almost inaudible by a loud rumble of thunder from the mountain.

'Let me go, Mrs. Hamlin—do let me go!' he pleaded abjectly, with so much mental suffering in his tone that tears of sympathy started in her kind eyes.

At this moment Gusty's voice sounded from below, 'Am you 'bout ready, Massa Maurice? Dis coon Jacob say he no afford to wait much longer.'

'I'm coming, Gusty. But have you got room in the boat for another person as well?' asked Maurice, rightly guessing it was the boat of the mulatto, Jacob, whom the black boy had requisitioned, and wondering not a little how he had contrived to arrange the bargain.

'Am he a big fat one?' came the reply, croaked in an anxious whisper.

'About my size,' retorted Maurice, for Stebbings, although taller, was not nearly so stout in build as the country boy, and in this case it was the weight which told.

'Let him come, only be quick,' urged Gusty.

'May I go?' said Stebbings, catching at Mrs. Hamlin's hands, and holding them in a fierce, despairing grip, like that of a drowning man.

Perhaps some intuition of coming doom moved the heart of the gentle little lady, for she replied, 'Yes, go. I will make it right with Mr. Hamlin, and if matters improve, you and Derry can return to school together at the end of the week.'

'You first, then, while I keep the rope steady,' Maurice said briefly; and with a quick movement Stebbings sprang on the wall, then, slipping over, began to lower himself hand over hand, a sailor-like accomplishment for which most of Mr. Hamlin's boys were famous.

Again a match was struck and extinguished, but in the flash of it Maurice had seen the big arms of that brawny mulatto, Jacob, seize the dangling form of Stebbings and swing him lightly into the boat.

Then the rope was freed, and Maurice turned to Mrs. Hamlin once more.

'It is my turn now; good-bye, and thank you!'

'Oh, Maurice, how good and brave you are!' she cried, taking his hands and holding them for a moment in a close pressure. 'If I had ever had a son, I should have wanted him to be steady and self-reliant like you.'

Maurice choked back a lump in his throat; he did not feel specially brave or courageous; it was only the thought of Alice and the children which steeled his heart against the fear of mere personal danger.

Then he went over the wall as Stebbings had done, and began the descent with his hands; but he was heavier than his companion, or else it might have been the rope had already been too sorely tried, for when he was half-way down there came an ominous crack, and with no more of warning it broke, precipitating Maurice into the water below.

There was a sharp cry from Mrs. Hamlin above, a growl of disgust from Jacob, then as Maurice came gasping to the surface, he was seized by Gusty and promptly dragged inboard.

'Hi, hi, hi! That ole rope no sort of good at all,' chuckled Gusty, to whom a wetting more or less appeared to matter very little.

'Maurice, Maurice, are you hurt?' cried the anxious voice of Mrs. Hamlin from above, being uncertain in the darkness whether her favourite might not even now be struggling in the deep water, at the mercy of any roving shark.



"The rope broke, precipitating Maurice into the sea."

'No, thank you, ma'am,' gasped the unfortunate victim of the broken rope, swallowing a great mouthful of sea-water in his endeavour to reply quickly, and set the lady's fears at rest.

'Good-bye, good-bye!' she called softly, her voice having a solemn, mournful cadence, as if she knew it was to be good-bye for ever in this world.

And Maurice, shivering from his sudden wetting, felt a yet colder thrill at her sad farewell, as if he too realised its finality.

Just then, away to the northward a pillar of red flame showed against the darkness of the night, and the noise as of a hundred cannon rent the air.

(Continued at page 246.)



“‘I can’t stop it, Charlie ; it must work differently from the one Father had.’”

'MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR.'



THE Easter holidays were beginning at Ruffton College, and everything was bustle and confusion. The hall was piled up with boxes, and the big station omnibus drove to every train, filled with boys in high spirits at the prospect of getting home. There were two boys, however, Jack and Charlie Oliver, who watched

these departures with doleful faces, for that very morning a letter had reached them containing the news that their sister Ethel had taken scarlet fever, and consequently they could not go home.

'If Dr. Pearson can keep you for a few days, I will try and make arrangements for you to go somewhere,' their father wrote; but the boys did not take much comfort from that, for their home was far away in the north, and they had no friends living near the school.

Two mornings after, however, while they were wandering drearily round the deserted play-ground, the porter brought out a letter, addressed in a strange handwriting to 'The Masters Oliver.'

Jack turned it over curiously. 'Who on earth can it be from?' he said. 'See here, what a stunning crest.'

'Open it and see,' said Charlie; 'it must be for us anyhow; we are the only Olivers at the school.'

The letter was short, but to the point.

'Dear Boys,' it began, 'I heard from your father to-day that you are stranded at school for the holidays. Perhaps you will find my house a little less dull, even though I am an old bachelor. I am writing to Dr. Pearson, and will call for you on Friday at twelve o'clock.—Yours sincerely, ADOLPHUS JERVIS.'

The two boys looked at each other for a moment when they had read the letter as if they doubted if it were real.

'Good gracious!' said Jack; 'that must be old Sir Adolphus Jervis, of Jerviston Hall. You know father knew him in India. He lives at the other side of the county, in a splendid house. Won't the other fellows feel jealous when they hear where we've spent our holidays?'

'We had better go and see the Doctor,' suggested Charlie; 'he will have had a letter too,' and they turned towards the Doctor's house.

His housekeeper met them at the door. 'Dr. Pearson has gone over to Sudbury for the day, Master Oliver, but he told me to tell you you may do what you like as long as you are in at eight o'clock; and he mentioned that you were invited somewhere; I have to have your things packed by noon to-morrow.'

'That's what we came about. Thanks, Mrs. Armor. Come along, Charlie; what do you say to taking the train over to Masterton, and spending the day there? We can see the cathedral and have our dinner in the town, and we shall get back by the six o'clock train.'

Charlie agreed, and they set off in high spirits, for it seemed as if, after all, they would have a good time during the holidays. They arrived at Masterton in due time, and after having what Charlie called 'a jolly tuck-in,' they explored the fine old cathedral thoroughly, going round all the monuments and climbing to the top of the tower.

When they had been all over it, they found they had still two hours to wait before the train started. 'I tell you what we will do,' said Jack. 'It is a slow train and stops at every station; let us walk out to Hinton—it's not more than four miles—and catch it there.' 'All right,' said Charlie, and they set out.

They walked along the broad highway for nearly three miles until they came to a signboard which told them that Hinton Station was half a mile off, down a narrow lane which branched off the public road.

Just here, by the side of the road, stood a motor-car, apparently left for a few minutes while its owner went to a little inn which peeped out from among the trees a little way down the lane.

'Hallo,' cried Jack, pulling out his watch, 'we have nearly an hour yet before the train is due; come along and let us look at this car.' They stood for some time examining the vehicle all over, for their father was an engineer, and they were deeply interested in such things.

'I am going to get on,' and Jack climbed up. 'Look here, Charlie, how beautifully finished the works are. Don't be frightened, you little goose; it will not run away. Besides, I can see down that other road, and there is not any one coming.'

Charlie, who always followed Jack's lead, got up, and Jack, who had gone for a motor tour with his father during the previous summer, began to explain how it was worked.

Both boys were soon so engrossed that they did not notice an old gentleman come out of the inn and hurry up the road, until a shout of 'Come down from that, you young vagabonds!' startled them.

Jack in his haste turned one of the handles, and before he knew what had happened, the car began to move slowly along. He tried to push back the handle again, but he could not, and to his horror the car began to move quicker and quicker, till at last they were rattling at a smart pace along the road, while the old gentleman, and another man who had joined him, grew smaller and smaller in the distance, and their shouts became fainter.

'Oh, Jack, stop it quick!—he will be so angry, and, besides, we had no right to touch the car. Oh, do stop it, or I will jump out,' cried Charlie.

'Sit still, do you hear, Charlie, and don't make such a noise. You will be killed if you jump. I will stop it in a moment; I don't quite see how it works, but I will soon find out, and then we will go back and apologise.'

Charlie obediently held his tongue, and sat clinging to his seat—for the rapid pace made him feel giddy—watching Jack, who, with rather a white face, was anxiously trying one handle after another.

They were climbing a steep hill now, and were going slowly, and he seemed to be able to guide it, for he could make it dart from one side of the road to

the other, in a way that only increased Charlie's terror.

At last he said slowly, '*I can't stop it, Charlie. It must work differently from the one Father had.*'

'Oh, Jack, what on earth shall we do? Couldn't we jump off now, while it is going slowly?'

'And leave it to run into the first thing it meets? No, no, Charlie. I can guide it fairly well, and we must just go on till it stops.'

'And when will it stop?' urged Charlie, his voice trembling, for he was a timid little fellow.

'Goodness knows!—never, perhaps,' said Jack so desperately that Charlie quite collapsed, and sat crying quietly to himself.

Jack glanced at his little brother; he was three years older than he was, and he felt he ought not to have got him into such a scrape. 'What an ass I am,' he muttered; 'Father always said I should get more than I bargained for some day, if I persisted in touching things I had no business to touch. But cheer up, Charlie,' he added aloud; 'hold tight; if we were down this hill I think we are all right; this is the Bath road, and after this it is quite level, and we must stop before we get to Bath.'

Down the hill they rattled at a break-neck speed; fortunately they met nothing, and Jack gained more confidence as the car settled down to a steady pace on the level.

Things went smoothly for a while until a long village street came in sight. 'Can you see a bell or anything, Charlie?' he asked anxiously; but Charlie shook his head. 'Never mind, we must just shout, that's all. We'd better cry "fore" as we do at golf.'

The reverberating noise peculiar to motors warned the village folk of its approach, and they rushed to their doors to see it arrive, and to snatch the children out of its way. They were puzzled when it dashed right through the village without even slackening its speed, giving them only a glimpse of the two boys, who, with their hands at their mouths, were standing up in it and yelling as if they were mad.

'Government ought to interfere,' said one old man. 'It's like nothing but them fire-engines as I once saw in London,' and he shook his head and looked gravely after the car, now vanishing in a cloud of dust.

After this the boys sped on their journey for nearly an hour, with nothing but the passing of an occasional cart to vary the monotony.

They spoke very little to one another; Charlie was tired out, and Jack was grimly beginning to realise the trouble he had got into; he was beginning, too, to long for anything, even an accident, which would stop this wild race.

(Concluded at page 254.)

THE ELEPHANT'S SNEEZE.

Founded on Fact.

MANY of the inhabitants of the more distant parts of America have never seen an elephant, for it is an expensive and risky business to bring such a great creature the long sea journey from Asia or Africa. So there was great excitement lately at

the Maryland Industrial Exposition when it was announced that Jumbo II. had arrived in that city, and was to form one of the great attractions of the show. Crowds flocked to see the wondrous beast from every part of the continent, and some of the sight-seers considered themselves extremely fortunate, for in addition to seeing the elephant, they were lucky enough to hear it sneeze!

With mere men, a sneeze is an every-day affair, but not so with 'my lord the elephant,' for it is very rarely indeed that an elephant sneezes, and when he does all the Oriental races consider it a very good omen, and feel sure that some special good fortune is about to happen.

Jumbo's sneeze is said to have been like the bursting of a boiler, and it created quite a panic amongst the crowds of sight-seers—people running in all directions, many not knowing what had happened, but imagining some tremendous disaster had occurred!

But among the superstitious Mohammedans and Singhalese who were lodged in villages in the exhibition grounds, there was only joy and wild excitement. They rushed to his cage, and bowing low before the elephant, they began praying that some of the good fortune brought by the sneeze might fall on them and their families.

THE MOONBEAM'S MISSION.

'IF I were like the sunshine,
So beautiful and bright,
A silver moonbeam whispered
One sultry summer night,

'Then I might shine in beauty
As he does all the day,
Instead of in the night-time,
When all is still and grey.

'For when the sun arises
The world is glad and fair;
The flowers shed forth their perfume,
The birds' songs fill the air.

'The children love the sunshine,
It makes them laugh and play;
Oh, yes, it must be joyous
To shine all through the day!

'But now the world is silent,
Each bird is in its nest;
The flowers have closed their petals,
The children gone to rest.'

That night a little sufferer
Lay wakeful on her bed;
She watched the silver moonlight,
And with a smile she said:

'I'm glad the moon shines softly;
For when the sun is bright
They have to draw my curtains—
I cannot bear its light.'



A—Humble Bees.

B—Hornets (reduced).

C—Bombardier Beetles ; Lace-winged Flies.

And when the silver moonbeam
 Heard what the sick child said,
 It shone in sweet contentment
 Upon the little bed.

And so with little children—
 There's not a girl or boy
 Who cannot bring to some one
 A ray of love and joy.

The moonbeam had a mission
 The sunshine could not do;
 And there is work, dear children,
 That must be done by you.

EMMA BENSTEAD.

WONDERS OF LITTLE LIVES.

VII.—HUMBLE BEES; HORNETS; BOMBARDIER BEETLES; LACE-WINGED FLIES.

SOME eighteen different kind of humble-bees are to be found in the British Islands, though some of these are only rarely to be met with; whilst others, though common in one part of the country, are rare in another.

The domestic habits of many species have been very carefully studied, and prove to be extremely interesting, forming, as they do, a strong contrast to those of the hive-bee. Let us briefly sketch the life-history of the common humble-bee.

As in the case of so many bees and wasps, the colonies, or rather families, of humble-bees that give such a charm to the summer months by their soothing hum, are the descendants of a single female. Having passed the winter in a state of torpor in some hollow tree, thatched roof, or similarly sheltered place, she is awakened by the warmth of the spring sun. Her first care after this long sleep is the foundation of a new colony. This entails the excavation of a burrow, which is a very laborious work, since it may take the form of a shaft, sometimes as much as five feet long, before the nursery for the young is made. This done, instead of building a series of cells or chambers for the reception of the eggs, she collects a quantity of pollen and honey upon the floor of the nursery, and in this deposits her eggs. In a very little while these hatch out, and the young grubs at once begin to devour the food by which they are surrounded. This diet is supplemented by food brought by the busy parent, and so nourishing does it appear to be, that after a few days they have completed their growth. They then spin for themselves a silken cocoon, and within this undergo their change into the adult form. This attained, they gnaw a hole through the top of the cocoon and creep out, leaving the empty sleeping-bag to form a vessel in which food may be stored. These are known as 'workers.' For some days they remain in the nest whilst the wings are unfolding, and the downy hairs in which they are clothed get dry. At last they are ready to take their part in the business of life. Later, small females are produced, and these lay

eggs of a peculiar kind, which produce, not more workers, or more females like themselves, but drones, or males. Finally, the last eggs to be laid are those which bring forth large females like the foundress of the colony, and upon these rests the responsibility of founding more colonies next year. The rest die.

Like many industrious and well-ordered communities, the humble-bees often fall victims to fraud. They become preyed upon by idle and worthless tribes of bees who succeed in evading the cares and responsibilities of rearing their young by foisting them on their industrious neighbours. This they contrive to do by imitating the colour and appearance of their hard-working relatives, and thus they are enabled to pass unnoticed into their nurseries, where they lay their eggs and leave them to be hatched and tended by their unconscious foster-parents. 'Workers' are unknown among the parasites, only males and females being produced.

Many years ago Darwin pointed out a remarkable connection between cats and red clover, in which he showed that the abundance of this flower may be affected by the amount of protection which cats indirectly afford to the humble-bees. The seeds of the red clover can only be made fruitful through the agency of the humble-bees, who carry pollen from place to place. Hence if the humble-bees became exterminated, the red clover would ultimately also disappear. Now the greatest enemies of the bees are mice, which destroy their nests; and the greatest enemies of the mice are cats. Thus nests of humble-bees are most abundant near villages and small towns, because there will be found the greatest number of cats that destroy the mice. It is possible that if there were no cats, the number of mice would so greatly increase as to bring about the extinction of the humble-bees, and thus, in the end, of clover.

Whilst most of us entertain a sort of kindly regard for the humble-bee, the same is by no means the case where the hornets are concerned. More vicious and spiteful than wasps, they are also more to be feared on account of their more powerful sting.

The hornet is really a species of wasp, but it may readily be distinguished from any other wasp or bee found in our islands by its great size.

The nest of the hornet is very much like that of the wasp and is built in hollow trees, on some convenient beam in a loft or out-house, or in the holes made by sparrows in the eaves of thatched roofs. Their nests differ, however, from that of the wasps, in that several entries are made, instead of one only.

The young are fed on the bodies of insects, which the workers of the colony chew up for the benefit of their charges.

Thus, the hornets, like the wasp, are very useful on account of the large quantity of noxious insects which they destroy. At the same time, when fruit is ripe, both wasp and hornet do much damage by gnawing holes in the finest and ripest they can find, and thus rendering them unfit for food.

The bombardier beetle is quite a common species, though local in its distribution. Near London it

may be found under stones on the banks of the Thames at Erith. It is a prettily coloured insect, having the wing-cases of a deep blue, whilst the head, fore part of the body, and limbs are light red—thus it may even be said to be conspicuously coloured. Beauty, however, is not its chief claim to distinction. This rests on the remarkable power which it possesses of discharging a peculiarly offensive-smelling liquid, which, on reaching the air, at once turns to a smoke-like vapour, visible as a little cloud. Each discharge, though weaker than the last, when made in rapid succession, is accompanied by a slight sound. This peculiar power is of great use to the insect when chased by larger beetles, which are deterred from pursuit by 'volley-firing' of this description.

It is extremely interesting to note that the skunk is similarly armed. Now, the skunk, like the beetle, is conspicuously coloured; and it is generally believed by the scientific that the plan of colouration has been adopted for the purpose of warning enemies that it would be unwise to attack them. Hence they are said to be 'warningly coloured.' The contents of this awful scent-bag are of no use either to skunk or beetle, if the enemy gets near enough to bite, for this might prove fatal. But by labelling themselves in this fashion they escape a constant persecution. Of course these warningly coloured animals occasionally fall victims to the love of experiment on the part of the inexperienced. But these, once vanquished, are not likely to repeat the experiment as long as they live.

The lace-winged fly is not only a very beautiful, but also a very useful insect, closely allied to the 'ant-lion' on the one hand, and the dragon-flies and May-flies on the other. Green in colour, its wings are large and of the most wonderful gauze-like texture. The eyes shine like burnished gold, and hence this insect is often known as the golden-eyed fly.

The eggs of one species of lace-winged fly—several species occur in this country—are borne upon long slender stalks fixed to the surface of a leaf, or along its stalk, and so closely do they resemble a fungus that they have more than once been mistaken for this growth.

The young, like those of other insects, are quite unlike their parents, and without wings. They are, however, at this stage of existence extremely useful to the gardener and farmer, since they feed on aphides and plant-lice. On this account their presence is much welcomed in hop-gardens.

The adult lace-wing is so beautiful that one feels almost shocked to learn that it can, like the bombardier beetle, emit an extremely disagreeable odour. But then this is the only protection which so feeble a creature has wherewith to defend itself against more powerful neighbours. The cool green colour of the lace-wing looks tempting, and, moreover, its body too looks very juicy. To dispel this vision of a delicate tit-bit, the lace-wing promptly takes advantage of the only escape with which Nature has provided it.

W. P. PYCRAFT, A.L.S., F.Z.S.

THE SIBYL OF ST. PIERRE.

(Continued from page 240.)

CHAPTER XXXI.



SERIES of disasters attended the voyage in Jacob's boat, which was never meant to carry four people, and was in consequence in continual danger of being swamped.

First, Maurice nearly upset the heavily laden craft, when he was dragged in by Gusty, streaming wet from his sudden and unexpected immersion.

Then Gusty, who volunteered to help Jacob in rowing, tumbled overboard himself through excess of zeal in an art of which he knew nothing.

He was fished in with great difficulty, choking, spitting, and making an extraordinary fuss about the salt taste of the water he had swallowed.

'I can handle an oar; give it to me, Jacob, and let us get to shore as quickly as we can,' said Stebbings, who was more accustomed to the sea than either Maurice or Gusty.

Jacob, who had been indulging in a fluent flow of abuse, passed the oar to Stebbings, growling a half-incoherent something to the effect that if they shipped any more water this trip, he should be compelled to drown himself to avoid getting wet—an Irishism which might have sounded humorous if he had not been in such a very bad temper.

Stebbings did not upset himself in the water as the others had done, but he struck his oar against a small boat they were passing in the darkness, and had it wrenched from his hand, after which their progress was of the slowest, Jacob sweetening his single-handed toil by heaping abuse on his helpless and unfortunate passengers.

It was after midnight when they landed near La Carbet, where Jacob had his home, and then came the question of payment, the mulatto having his own ideas as to the payment he ought to receive, which were out of all proportion to the value of the services rendered. At length, after considerable haggling, he consented to accept all the money both boys happened to have about them, and this being promptly paid over, the three boys set out on their land journey through the pitchy darkness to Glen Rosa.

It was well that Gusty possessed the faculty known among the natives as 'smelling his way,' for without him the other two would as likely as not have turned back on their tracks and walked straight into the sea. As it was their progress was sufficiently unpleasant, until they were able to strike a road, for floundering about in a patch of yams, or taking headers among melon vines are not ideal pastimes on a black, dark night.

Meanwhile away in the direction of Pelée lurid flames streaked the sky, softened and dulled by

intervening clouds of smoke and steam, a grand and fearful sight, rendered yet more awe-inspiring by the constant rumbling of the subterranean thunder.

Maurice, who had not been to bed on the previous night, was so worn out that he kept dropping to sleep as he walked, and was always stumbling in consequence.

'How did you know where to find me, Gusty?' he asked, clinging to the arm of the black boy now, in order to avoid another tumble.

'Hi, hi, hi! Dat ole gendarme what send you back, he talk so loud, his voice go right through de winder o' dat little small shop, whar Auntie Jemima sells de fried fish rissoles. Dat Massa Maurice, I say to myself, and he want to get back to Missy Alice and de pickaninnies on de ole plantation, and Gusty am de boy to help him to do it, so brudder Jacob must be hunted up and made to be obligin' to white folks for once, and dat's de way it all come roun', don't you see—hi, hi, hi!' and Gusty chuckled and choked with merriment, as if never in his life before had he known such good fun.

'What is that?' cried Stebbings in a frightened tone, as a shower of cinders and pebbles dropped smartly on his upturned face.

They were, as near as they could guess, about two miles from St. Pierre at this time, and at that point of the journey where the road turns sharply in towards the mountain.

'It is only a shower of ashes and dust; we are constantly having them, and Glen Rosa is nearly an inch deep already,' Maurice answered wearily, wondering how many more steps he could go without falling down.

'It is worse—it is fire, falling fire; why, we shall be burned to cinders as we run!' yelled Stebbings, trying to break away from Gusty, who was guiding him along the dark road, and to flee he knew not whither.

'No use to run; we creep in under dis bank and lie low till it am over,' Gusty said, with calm philosophy, just as if he had been used to showers of red-hot pebbles once a week or so for the last ten years or more.

The road, running under a hill, had a high overhanging bank on one side, and on the other the woodland dropped in a sharp descent to cultivated fields at the bottom of the valley.

Groping their way up among the interlacing tree-roots and the matted undergrowth of the bank, regardless of snakes or other wanderers of similar unfriendly habits, the three boys lay outstretched under the overhanging earth, sheltered from the fiery downpour.

How long it lasted they did not know, but dawn was breaking before they ventured to leave their place of refuge under the bank.

Maurice slept heavily during the time of waiting, but woke stiff and unrefreshed, his wet garments having partly dried on him.

A scene of awful desolation met their eyes when daylight broke; the country so far as they could see was blasted and scorched by the rain of fire; cane-pieces, where the cane was yet uncut, were

beaten down, burned, or still smouldering. It was a woeful ruin which the sun looked upon that morning.

But the thunder of the mountain had ceased, and though a heavy pall of smoke brooded over Pelée, the atmosphere had cleared enough for the sun to shine through the haze. Plainly the worst was over, so the three told themselves, as they hurried forward on the road to Glen Rosa, and terrible as was the havoc wrought, it might have been very much worse.

The further they went, however, the more evident it became that they had stopped last night on the outer edge of the shower, for even big trees were burning, having been fired by the red-hot cinders flung out from the mountain.

Every moment now seemed to Maurice as long as an hour. What should he find at Glen Rosa when he reached it, and how had Alice and the children fared through the manifold horrors of the night?

If harm had come to them, how would he be able to meet his father and mother again? True, it was no fault of his that he had been detained in the town; still, he had been absent when those in his care needed him most, and the thought of it was torture.

At last they came in sight of the house, or at least where the house should have been—only now there was nothing but smoke-blackened ruins.

'Missy Alice stop all night in de hurricane cellar; no fire touch her dere,' uttered Gusty, in consoling fashion.

The thought was consoling, and the probability so strong, that Maurice found courage to go forward with his two companions, all three running now, in order that the suspense might be the sooner ended.

Maurice did not speak a word, or Stebbings either, but Gusty kept up a running fire of ejaculations which neither of the others heeded, and so they arrived presently on the lawn before the ruined house, or at least that part of the grounds which used to be a lawn, but was now a mass of ashes and lava-dust a couple of inches deep.

No sign of life was visible anywhere, such animals as had been about the place having been either killed or frightened away into remoter parts of the plantation.

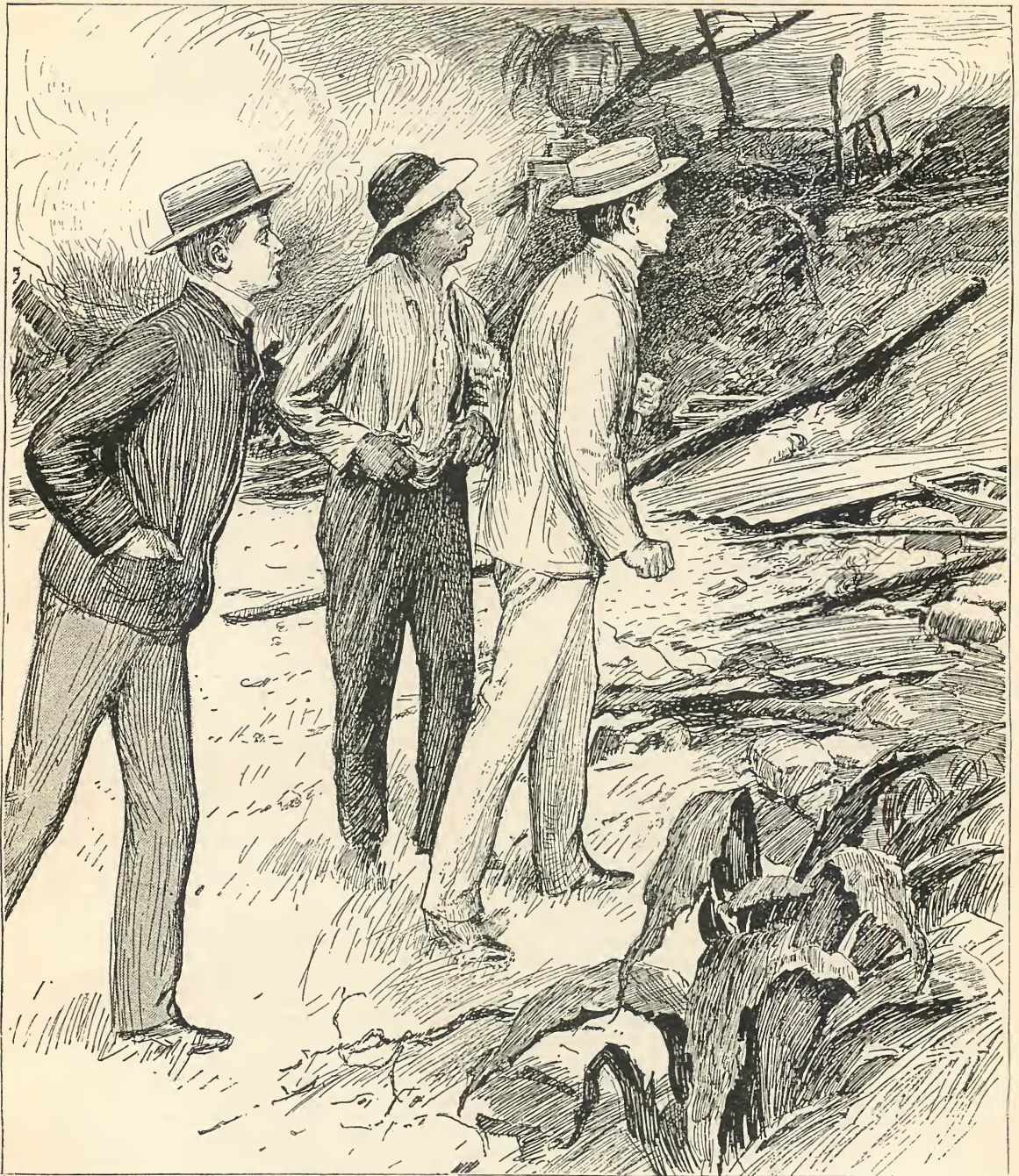
One moment Maurice halted, as if petrified by the sight which met his eyes, and then with a sharp cry sprang towards the low door of the hurricane cellar.

But even there the earthquake had been before him: the centre arch had been wrenched apart, whilst the others were so shaken that a touch would have brought the whole place about his ears. It was empty too, just as he remembered it having been left, when they moved back into the house.

Then where was Alice, and where had she taken Derry and the two children?

He stood staring like one in a dream, until Stebbings came up and laid a hand on his shoulder. 'Don't look like that, Maurice; they might have got away before it began, you know,' he said, but there was a scared look on his face which belied his words.

After all, Gusty was more consoling, for he said



"At last they came in sight of where the house should have been — nothing now but smoke-blackened ruins."

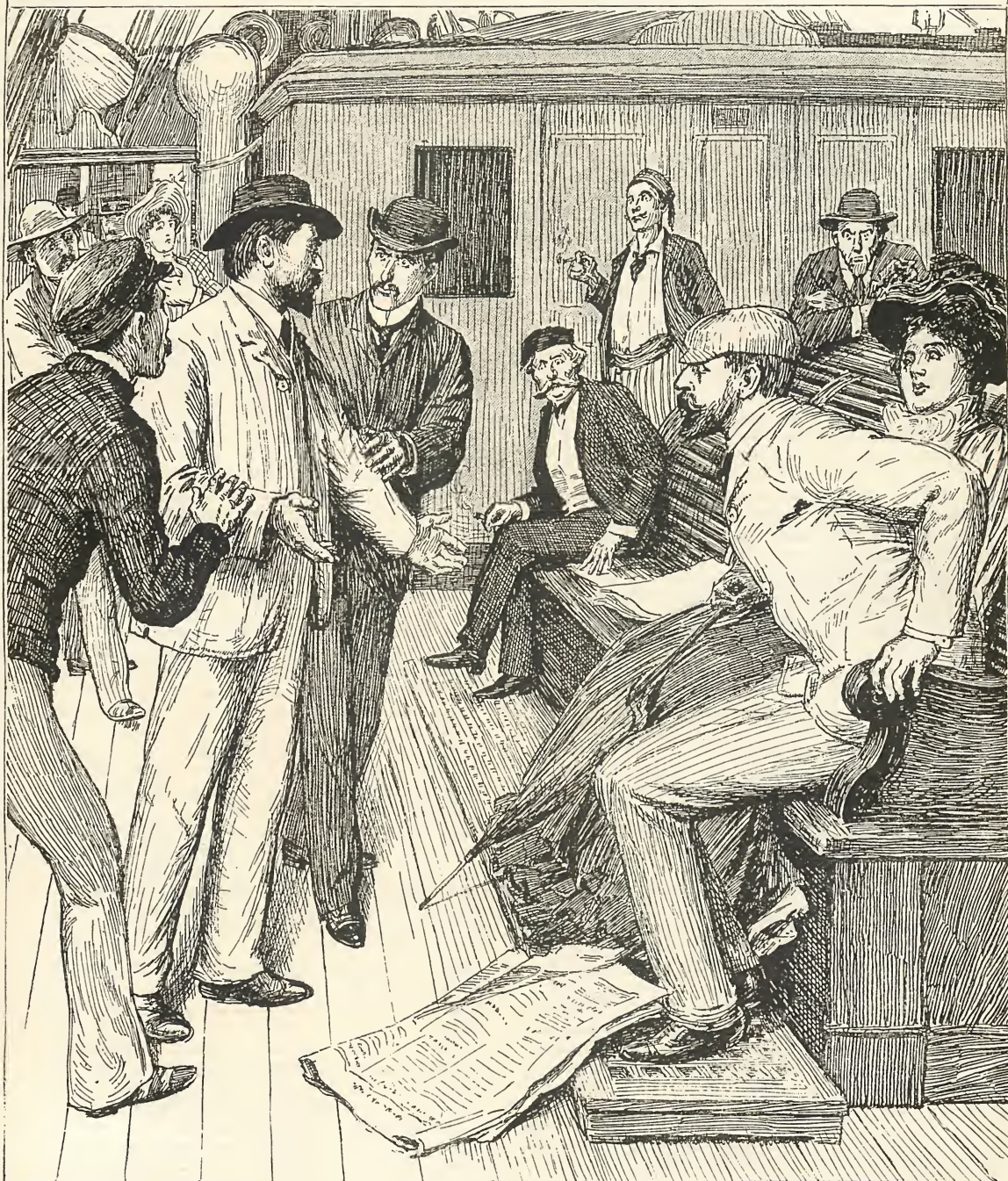
with his customary chuckle, 'Hi, hi, hi! It am just like when Mother Maddy burned de cabin at Black Rock to make folks think she was gone dead: a mighty sharp coon she was, an' could allers count twenty sooner dan udder folks could do more dan a dozen.'

'Where is Mother Maddy?' asked Maurice, with

a start, for a thought had flashed into his mind as to whether she might not have come to warn Alice of the impending hail of fire.

But Gusty shook his head with a despondent air. 'I couldn't find her, Massa Maurice; she clean gone from everywhere.'

(Continued at page 250.)



"A young man forced his way on board. 'Have you heard about Pelée?' he cried."

THE SIBYL OF ST. PIERRE.

(Continued from page 248.)

CHAPTER XXXII.



HE West Indian steamer *Lifey*, with Mr. and Mrs. Rowan among its passengers, was timed to reach St. Thomas, the farthest of the Virgin Islands, by Tuesday, May 6th. But owing to a breakdown of her machinery when passing the Azores, it was likely she would be a day or even more behind time.

The passengers on board were bound for various places among the islands, whilst some few were going further still to the distant ports of Caracas, Surinam, and the towns of the Orinoco.

Mr. and Mrs. Rowan found some old acquaintances among these travellers, and the hot, bright days of the voyage went swiftly by in a restful monotony of pleasant intercourse.

But when they came within about a hundred miles of Sombrero, a new and altogether alarming feature displayed itself. A grey gloom, which was not darkness but dust, showed itself on the south-west horizon, and speedily enveloped them.

Many and various were the causes assigned as the explanation of the phenomenon; but by-and-by an uneasy rumour spread through the ship's company, starting from no one knew where, and gathering strength as it spread, to the effect that one of the many West Indian craters had developed activity, that the grey gloom was lava-dust flung out by violent volcanic eruption.

When Mr. Rowan heard it he winced as if some one had dealt him a blow, and going in search of his wife, sat down beside her in an absolutely stupefied condition.

'Do you feel ill, James, or is it only the heat?' she asked, after some time had passed during which he had kept silence.

'I am worried,' he answered briefly, for it never once occurred to him to keep his care from her. They had told each other their troubles for nearly twenty years, so it was surely late in the day to begin a policy of silence now; besides, it was only a question of time as to when the rumour would reach her ears also.

'Worried, are you?' she said, looking at him a little wistfully, yet in no way alarmed, for he had a more sombre nature than her own, and some things over which he brooded as positive disaster, scarcely ruffled the serenity of her brow. 'What is it about—business or the children?'

'The children. Do you know what they are saying on the forward deck, Bertha?' he asked, bringing out the words with difficulty.

'How should I, seeing that I have no power of second sight or hearing?' she said, smiling still, as she sewed on, embroidering a frock for Kitty, and thinking how exceedingly sweet it would be to clasp the little maiden in her arms again.

'They are saying a volcano must be erupting in one of the islands,' he said, breathing hard, and battling down the fear which was taking such violent possession of him.

'How dreadful!' she answered, yet with a good deal of composure, for the mention of such a disaster only touched her sympathies, but did not awaken her fears. 'Where do they think it is—St. Vincent?'

'No one knows, of course; it is all pure theory and speculation, but oh, Bertha, suppose it should be Pelée!'

'Our mountain? Oh, no, it could not be, of course!' she exclaimed sharply; but dropping her work and turning to him with an anxious look in her eyes. 'The very idea is absurd; why, Pelée has been extinct for nearly half a century or so, and don't you know that picnic parties bathe in the crater lake?'

'I know they used to do, certainly, and I dare say I should not have dreamed of activity there, but for that meddlesome old Sibyl of St. Pierre,' he said, with a savage intonation, just as if he would have enjoyed shaking the sibyl in question, or giving formal consent to her being ducked, to wash the witchcraft out of her.

'Poor old Mother Maddy, do you mean? I know she has always been careful to impress people with the depth of her knowledge, but I never imagined any one took her seriously,' Mrs. Rowan said, with a ring of scorn in her tone.

'I don't know that I put any faith in her prophecies at the time, even though there was an insistent ring about her way of saying a thing, which made you want to believe in spite of yourself; but you remember what it was she said, that when the Demon's Mouth spit steam and scalding water, then Pelée would smoke and consume the town.'

'I remember, certainly, but what of that? For all that you and I know, that geyser the boys found at the Demon's Mouth might have been spouting scalding water for the last fifty years,' she said, almost petulantly, being more anxious than she would admit even to herself.

Mr. Rowan shook his head with a dreary air: 'I could wish that it had, but I happen to know better. I saw the place once about two years ago, when that great French savant, M. Maupassant, was staying on M. Fausset's plantation, and we explored that part of the island right through to Trinity Bay. The water then was the coldest I had ever felt, and entirely free, so far as taste and appearance went, from sulphur deposit, although I remember noticing a splash of vivid lemon yellow on the roof of the cave above the pool.'

'Then why did you not speak of this, when the boys came home declaring that the water was so hot and spouting at intervals?' Mrs. Rowan said quickly. 'In that case we should not have left the children; we should have brought them all with us.'

'Because I did not attach the least importance to it, nor should I now but for the coincidence of this theory about an eruption, tallying as it does with Mother Maddy's assertion concerning the Demon's Mouth,' he replied.

Mrs. Rowan said nothing more, but putting away the dainty needlework, into which she had been

sewing so many pleasant thoughts and fancies, she sat with her hands folded tightly, gazing out over the heaving grey waters to the bank of dark mysterious fog, into which the good ship was running.

All the restful, calm, and serene enjoyment of the voyage was over now for her, and the remaining time at sea would be passed in a devouring impatience to reach her children, and to assure herself that nothing ailed them and that no danger menaced their peace.

Hour by hour the gloom over the sea grew and deepened; it was not night, but something worse by far, and when at its proper time the faint light which should have been a glorious sunset faded out, leaving only dense blackness behind, a sensation of awe and dread stole over the ship's company, for they were journeying to they knew not what, and none could even guess what horrors awaited them at the end of their voyage.

Mr. and Mrs. Rowan sat apart, sharing their fears with no one: to speak of them seemed putting them in the range of possibilities, and that neither could could stand as yet. The distant boom of thunder sounded at intervals through the night.

It was Friday afternoon before the *Liffey* came to anchor inside the Dutchman's Cap on the island of St. Thomas, and then the terrible explanation of the grey gloom overhanging the sea was the first tidings they heard.

The Souffrière on St. Vincent was in violent eruption, and as if that were not enough, the long-extinct crater of Mont Pelée had also burst into activity again, entirely destroying the town of St. Pierre.

There was a sharp cry of terror as the news went round, and one poor lady fainted: she had children in Martinique, the passengers told each other, so it was not wonderful that the disastrous tidings had overcome her powers of endurance.

It was Mrs. Rowan who fainted, and she was still unconscious when a young man, pale and harassed-looking, forced his way on board the vessel by means of the coaling planks, elbowing the sturdy coaling-negresses to right and left as he came.

'Uncle James, I have just heard you were on board, and so I came to you at once—have you heard about Pelée?' he cried, making his way with difficulty through the crowd to Mr. Rowan's side.

'Yes, we have heard, and it has nearly killed your aunt, who is below—she is unconscious still,' groaned Mr. Rowan. 'But where did you come from, Andrew—St. Pierre?'

'No, from New York; we anchored an hour ago. I should have been home a week or ten days before, but for business which took me all round by Buffalo and Cleveland,' replied Andrew Mackern, who looked years older already, by reason of his travels and the responsibilities of his new position.

'Then the children are alone, and——' but Mr. Rowan's voice faltered and broke; he could not say the thing he feared—that they had perished like the people of St. Pierre.

But Andrew read his thought and answered it instantly: 'Glen Rosa is not St. Pierre, Uncle James, and the children may be all right. The dreadful

part is the suspense of waiting, and it may be a few days even before we can get there, for they are saying that the cables are all broken, and the island impossible of approach.'

'We might have been spared all this,' said Mr. Rowan bitterly, 'only we would not believe Mother Maddy's warning.'

(Continued at page 262.)

ON MANY WATERS.

VIII.—CHINESE JUNKS AND SAMPANS.

IF originality means talent, the Chinese must be one of the cleverest nations on the earth, for whereas other nations have always desired to profit by the devices and learning from foreign States, the good people of the Celestial Empire desired no knowledge but their own. A law strictly carried out for many centuries assigned the punishment of death by strangulation to any John Chinaman venturing to cross his own frontier, to discover for himself how other folk lived, laboured, and died.

During the last century, when the population became unbearably large and poor, men were at last permitted to quit China and serve as servants or coolies in other lands, and of late years foreign Governments have taken the law into their own hands and forced intercourse upon the Chinese whether they liked it or not, by way both of trade and of missionary enterprise.

Their nearest neighbours, the Japanese, taught their brethren of the pigtail various hard but wholesome lessons in the dreadful war between the countries a few years ago, and proved to them that, at least as far as war vessels were concerned, the antique Chinese pattern would not do; and now the fleet of China is composed of modern ironclads and gunboats.

The national ships were far more picturesque, if less effective, but their motion was slow and they were unwieldy to manage. Still, in the wild typhoons or circular storms, which are common in Chinese waters, these boats behave well and justify the talent of the country in their construction.

The junk is still the trading vessel of the nation, and in many ways resembles an ancient European ship, especially one of Dutch construction. The fore-castle and the poop stand high above the water, which gives an imposing appearance to a fleet of these ships. The bottom is flat, with no stem or keel, and the width is very great considering the length. The bow on deck is square, and there is an anchor on each side of it. Usually a junk has three masts and a short bowsprit; the masts, which are very large, are generally made from one single piece of wood. The sails of the foremast and mainmast were always in old times, and are often now, made of strips of bamboo placed close together and overlapping each other. The sails are of large size and are divided into sections with curved edges, which give a curiously picturesque effect, and alone would render a junk quite unlike other vessels. These sails are fastened to the masts with iron rings, and a rope on either side keeps them to the wind. The third mast usually has sails of cotton or matting, also



Chinese Junks and Sampans.

divided, but more easy to manage. The rudder is hung by bolts, and easily removable; at sea it is often fastened beneath the bottom of the vessel.

On the great Canton River other boats peculiar to the country are, and have been from unknown times, in great request. These are known as sampans, and many of them are used as homes for the poorer people, whole families spending their lives in these

aquatic houses; and, considering the horribly dirty and unhealthy condition of Chinese towns and villages in general, these boat-folk have at least the advantage of plenty of fresh air. Indeed, the great river must be to thousands of the Chinese what parks and recreation-grounds are in our own great cities to the inhabitants of sunless courts and crowded alleys.

HELENA HEATH.



“One of the pears rolled in the mud, and I have forgotten which of them it was.”

PREFERRED IT PEELED.

THROUGH infirmity Louis XVIII. used to be wheeled about in a hand-carriage in the palace gardens of St. Cloud. One day, he saw two pears on an espalier, and asked the gardener to break them off, and bring them to him in a summer-house. The

gardener had a son six years old, whom he told to take the pears to the King. The King took one, began to eat it, and told the boy to eat the other one. But he was greatly astonished to see the boy peel the pear.

‘What!’ said Louis; ‘I, the King of France, am not above eating an unpeeled pear, and you, the son of a poor gardener, cannot do likewise?’

The boy answered quite frankly and fearlessly, 'I usually do eat fruit with the skin on, your Majesty, but I don't do it this time, because whilst I was bringing the pears to you, one of them rolled away into the mud, and I have quite forgotten which one of them it was.'

W. YARWOOD.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

43.—ARITHMOGRAPH.

I AM a word of ten letters. I am indispensable to students and authors, and useful to most persons.

1. My 7, 6, 9, 8, are a woman's name, and so are my 1, 6, 9, 8.
2. My 3, 6, 1, are a common and useful fish.
3. My 7, 6, and my 7, 6, 4, are signs of negation.
4. My 9, 8, 4, are an unpleasant and destructive little animal.
5. My 3, 6, 9, 7, are necessary for food.
6. My 9, 6, 8, 1, are a way for travelling.
7. My 1, 2, 8, 9, 10, are a daily register.
8. My 3, 8, 9, 4, are a carriage with two wheels.

C. J. B.

44.—CHARADE.

If you are my second, you will answer my first, but my whole will be questionable.

J. F.

45.—GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

THE initials are those of a country which is almost as large as the whole of Europe. It possesses three great rivers, a variable climate, luxuriant vegetation, and numerous species of animals and birds.

1. A part of British India, containing one of the largest cities in the world.
2. A Swiss mountain, frequently ascended by tourists.
3. A Chinese seaport, situated on an island of the same name.
4. A large gulf, which penetrates for many miles into the Netherlands.
5. A watering-place in the West Riding of Yorkshire.
6. The second city of France.

C. J. B.

46.—CHARADE.

My first a curling tale displays,
My second is a tail always,
My whole's a tail of foreign ways.

J. F.

[Answers at page 266.]

ANSWERS.

41.—Rhinoceros.

- | | | | |
|-----------------|------------|-----------|-----------|
| 1. Rattlesnake. | 4. Newt. | 6. Camel. | 8. Rat. |
| 2. Hedgehog. | 5. Oyster. | 7. Elk. | 9. Owl. |
| 3. Ichneumon. | | | 10. Seal. |

- | | |
|--------------------|-----------------|
| 42.—1. Amsterdam. | 7. Galashiels. |
| 2. Borneo. | 8. Halesowen. |
| 3. Clacton-on-Sea. | 9. Inverness. |
| 4. Dunfermline. | 10. Kansas. |
| 5. Euphrates. | 11. Launceston. |
| 6. Florida. | 12. Manitoba. |

'MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR.'

(Concluded from page 243.)



AT the next village the people seemed to be expecting them, for they had all turned out and were standing in groups on the footpath. The car dashed through, its occupants shouting as before; but this time the villagers shouted back at them, and their shouts sounded rather threatening; while at the end of the street two policemen on bicycles shot out after them, and were soon riding close behind the car.

'Stop, or it will be the worse for you, you young thieves,' shouted one of them, a red-faced man, who seemed to feel it an exertion to keep up.

'I would if I could, but I can't,' shouted back Jack.

'Don't tell me any such story,' answered the irate constable. 'The sooner you stop the easier you will get off. I and my mate don't mean to lose sight of you if you go on for fifty miles, so don't expect to get clear away.'

'I should only be too glad to stop the beastly thing if you can tell me how,' shouted Jack, whose throat was parched and dry.

Evidently the policeman did not believe him, or did not know how to stop a motor, for there was silence for some time.

At last the other man shouted out a suggestion, winking to his comrade as he did so.

'I say, young 'un, if you really want to stop, take the road to the left which we are coming to; there's something there that will help you.'

Jack only heard 'road to the left,' but he caught at the words, and as he saw the road in front branch in two, he guided the car to the left. Too late he saw it was only a side road leading to some marshy ground, beyond which lay a pond. The thought flashed through his mind that they would both be drowned, but there seemed no help for it. On they went, but evidently the policeman knew what he was talking about. The car ploughed heavily through the mud, and by the time it came to the edge of the pond it was at a standstill, the wheels half buried in the soft mud.

The policemen jumped off their bicycles, and the younger man, who had suggested the road, stood regarding the boys with a broad grin on his face; but the red-faced man, who was sorely out of breath, rushed in through the mud, and, jumping on the car, seized the boys by their collars. 'We have got you now, you young vagabonds! you thought you would steal the car, did you, and put us off with lies? Perhaps the next time you are asked to stop, you will stop.'

Jack tried to shake him off, and said haughtily, 'You have made a great mistake, constable; we had no thought of stealing the car; it ran away by mistake. We come from Dr. Pearson's school over at Ruffton, and we will apologise to the owner when we see him; so will you kindly let go of my collar?'

But the policeman only grew more angry and took a tighter grip.

'Don't you try to gull me like that, you young scoundrel. The car ran away with you! a *very* likely story! You ran away with it, and if that is not stealing I don't know what you call it; the old gentleman seems to think as I do, too, for he telegraphed that there would be five pounds reward to whoever stopped you, and I and my mate are not going to ride hard for ten miles, and let you go at the end—so just come along,' and without wasting further words, he dragged the astonished boys off the car, and marched them along the road for nearly two miles, until they came to a little hamlet where there was a police-office.

It was a walk they never forgot. Charlie was crying outright, and begging the policeman not to put him in prison, but Jack marched along in silent misery, his head high and his face scarlet with shame as the people came to their doors to see the unusual spectacle of two boys being taken to the 'lock-up.' At last they reach the neat little police-station standing in a garden gay with flowers. There was a nice-looking young woman at the door, with a baby on her arm, who looked kindly at the boys, with their dusty clothes and tired faces. Her friendly face softened Jack, and he made one more appeal, partly to her, and partly to the policeman.

'If you would only believe us, and let us go back to school, we will pay for any damages we have done to the car; indeed we will—we are gentlemen, really we are.'

'Perhaps you are mistaken, Tom; they do look and talk like gentlefolks,' whispered the young woman.

'Kind of gentlefolk that belong to swell gangs of London thieves,' answered Tom; 'anyhow they won't take any harm here till to-morrow, and then the old gent and the Justice can decide. All I know is Peter and I stopped them, and we will hold on to our five pounds. Here, in with you! it's comfortable quarters, though bare; I want to be off to help Peter to get the car out of the mud.'

He unlocked the door of a small cell as he spoke, and pushing the boys in, locked it again on the outside. He must have left the key with the woman, however, for presently she brought in some bread-and-milk, and a pile of blankets which she spread on the hard boards which served as a bed; she tried to persuade the boys to eat, saying that if their tale were true, matters would be put all right in the morning; but they were too miserable to listen to her, or to be hungry, and were glad to lie down on the hard bed without undressing, and cry themselves to sleep. At least Charlie did, but Jack lay awake for a long time, wondering if they would really be tried as common thieves, and thinking of the shame it would bring on his parents. He longed now—oh, so deeply—that he had not given way to his besetting sin of curiosity.

It was late next morning before they were awakened by the key grating harshly in the lock, and as they sprang to their feet, wondering confusedly where they were, and why their bones ached so, they saw that their red-faced friend of yesterday

was ushering two gentlemen into their cell. One was a pleasant-looking young man, the squire of the place and a Justice of the Peace; and the other was a tall, grey-haired gentleman, in a rough shooting-coat and leather gaiters. He seemed to be very excited and was rubbing his head with his hands until he made his hair stand on end.

'Nice country this,' he was saying, 'when one cannot get off a carriage without having it stolen. The audacity, too—they ran away with it before my eyes, and left me to shout till I was as dry as a whistle. Oh, here they are; young enough, anyhow. Well, what have you to say for yourselves?'

'Oh, please,' said Jack eagerly, 'if you would just listen—I know we were very wrong, but, indeed, we didn't dream of running away with the car. We had just come over to Masterton from Rufton College for the day—'

But the mention of the school set the old gentleman off on another tack.

'That's another thing,' he said; 'here I promised to go to-day to that very place and get two boys, sons of an old friend of mine, Arthur Oliver. The poor little fellows were left at school for the holidays. I know what that means—and I promised to have them stay with me. Told my housekeeper to have heaps of good things in the house—schoolboys can eat anything, got digestions like hippopotamuses—and ordered in two ponies; and here I am forty miles away, and they will think I have forgotten them.'

Jack grew hot all over, but Charlie cried out gladly, 'Then you are Sir Adolphus Jervis! I am so glad. I know you will believe us. Look! here's my name inside my collar,' and he began to unbutton his jacket.

'Eh! how do you know my name, and what am I to believe?' said the old gentleman, a curious light coming into his eyes, which had looked so stern before, as he gazed into the little boy's eager face.

'I don't know whatever you will think of us, sir,' said Jack, 'but we are the two boys you asked to stay with you,' and, gathering courage, he told his tale from the beginning, not trying to shield himself at all, and ended by saying that it served him right for ever having touched the car.

To his astonishment Sir Adolphus burst into such a hearty laugh that the Justice and even the policeman joined him.

'And please, sir,' added Jack, 'will you let us pay for mending the car out of our pocket-money? We have each five shillings now, and we always get more at the beginning of the term.'

But the old gentleman only laughed louder and patted him on the shoulder. 'I was a boy once myself,' he said. 'I fancy the fright you must have got was punishment enough. Very plucky of you both to stick on. Besides, the car is none the worse except for the mud, and my man is washing that off. Come along and have some breakfast; then you will ride straight home with me, and I will send over a man to Rufton with a note to the Doctor to explain matters and to get your things.'

The boys began to feel hungry all at once, and Sir Adolphus' eyes twinkled more than ever as he saw



"It was a walk they never forgot. Charlie was crying outright, but Jack marched in silent misery."

how they enjoyed the breakfast he ordered for them at an inn close to the police-station.

Long before they reached Jerviston, Jack had thoroughly mastered the working of the car, and during that happy holiday Charlie and he scoured the country far and wide on it, accompanied by their host.

Indeed, so fond did Sir Adolphus grow of them, that every year afterwards they paid him a long visit, and they always say that the best thing that their sister Ethel ever did for them was to catch scarlet fever, and leave them at school to be run away with by a motor-car.

E. W. GRIERSON.



XMAS PRESENTS.



“ ‘Thank you, *Captain*,’ said Napoleon. — ‘In what regiment, Sire?’ ”

ONE WAY TO PROMOTION.

NAPOLEON'S hat once blew off on the march, and a young lieutenant who was near picked it up and returned it to the Emperor.

'Thank you, *Captain*,' said Napoleon, absently, not noticing the officer's rank.

'In what regiment, Sire?' asked the lieutenant quickly.

The Emperor was so pleased with the ready retort that he promoted the officer at an early opportunity.

J. H.

MONSIEUR LEDRU.

Founded on Fact.



SOME years ago there lived as Mayor of the little town of Fontenay, near Paris, a doctor named Ledru, whose history is a very remarkable one.

His father, who was very wealthy and a great miser, said to this young fellow on his eighteenth birthday, 'Take this,' and he handed the lad half-a-crown; 'I began

life at your age with half-a-crown; here is one for you. Go, and be as fortunate as I have been.' So saying, he turned his son out of the house and shut the door in his face.

The lad, utterly surprised and dismayed, at first hardly knew what to do; but he had a kind old friend who was always ready to help any one over a difficulty. Young Ledru went to this man, and by his advice and help set himself to the study of medicine. In time he became celebrated in his profession, and had the good fortune to be made the private physician of a lady of wealth, whose life he saved by his skill. Out of gratitude she proposed to become his wife and to settle her large fortune upon him, on condition that he ceased to practise as a medical man.

Ledru agreed to this plan, and he and the lady lived together for many years very happily, enjoying her wealth and benefiting their poorer neighbours.

Then came the dreadful French Revolution, and in the general wreck of property the wife lost all her fortune, and was only too glad for her husband once more to resume his profession. He had not forgotten his skill, and before long they were again in affluent circumstances.

The death of the miserly old father occurred about this time. He left an immense fortune to be divided between Monsieur Ledru and his two maiden sisters; and our doctor at once took possession of the old family estate, from which he had been so cruelly banished when a boy, and which the unkindness of his parent had never after permitted him to enter.

In moving a mirror from over the chimney-piece in an unused room in his old home, he found an immense heap of gold, which the old miser had hidden

in the chimney. This fortune he divided with his sisters, and spent the greater part of his own wealth in deeds of charity to the sick and afflicted.

In time he became Mayor of the village from which, as a lad, he had been so cruelly exiled; and in his later years was always known by the affectionate title of '*Le Père de Fontenay*' (the father of Fontenay).

'WITHOUT FEAR AND WITHOUT REPROACH.'

Tales of the famous Knight, Bayard.

VIII.—THE DEFEAT OF MALVEZZO.

THE Emperor Maximilian and King Louis XII. of France, in alliance with some other princes, had resolved to overthrow the turbulent republic of Venice, which had risen to great power in northern Italy. A large army was collected, and the allied troops marched slowly across Lombardy towards Venice, receiving the submission of the chief towns as they went. Among these towns which gave up their keys to the invaders was Padua, then and always a place of great importance. But as soon as the allies (under the command of the Emperor) had passed on, Padua revolted and joined the side of Venice. The Emperor at once returned with his army and sat down before Padua to begin a long and wearisome siege. Bayard was with the Emperor, in command of five hundred of the French troops.

Not far from Padua, about twenty or twenty-five miles distant, in fact, lay the city of Trevisa, a fine, strong fortress garrisoned by the Venetians. From this place the Venetian commander, Lucio Malvezzo, used to make gallant sallies against the allied army before Padua. He never risked an open battle, or fought by daylight; but two or three times a week he would make a sudden silent attack on the Emperor's camp, generally in the dead of night, just about dawn. If he found his enemy prepared, or success unlikely, he withdrew at once and retreated in good order with all speed, never losing a man on such occasions. But if the besieger's camp was unguarded or not watchful, he would attack them fiercely and mercilessly, sparing neither himself nor his troops until he had managed to inflict great loss.

By this means the allied forces were kept in a state of constant uneasiness. They never knew, when they lay down to rest each night, whether they would not within a few hours be massacred as they slept, or at least be called upon to fight for their lives. Malvezzo and his daring were on everybody's lips, and it became far more important to check him than to take Padua itself.

The good knight Bayard at length resolved that he would himself do something to get rid of Malvezzo. He spoke of the matter to two of his intimate friends, the Captains La Crote and La Clayette, who lodged in the same house with him.

'This Captain Malvezzo,' said he, 'is very troublesome to us. There is hardly a day dawns but he comes and wakes us rudely. Every one is speaking

of his daring, and he has won too great fame for our credit. I am not jealous, indeed, of his exploits, but sorry that he should not be made to have a different idea of our courage. Now I have learnt a good deal about him through my spies, and if you will come forth with me to-morrow morning early, you shall see something worth seeing. It is time he made another attack, for we have slept peaceably these last two nights.'

'We will go with you wherever and whenever you like,' answered his two friends.

'Very well,' said Bayard; 'let each of you arm thirty of your best gentlemen-at-arms two hours after midnight. I will bring a like number, with such good men as Bonnet, Mipont, and Croissé, whom you know well. There must be no noise, no loud signals or blowing of trumpets. We will mount as quietly as possible, and then trust to me to lead you by the right path.'

The plan was carried out. Between the hours of two and three in the morning, in the month of September, the little force of a hundred gentlemen left the camp quietly and rode off in the direction of Malvezzo's fortress, Trevisa, guided by a spy whom Bayard knew to be trustworthy, having employed him before and paid him well.

They rode in the darkness for about ten miles, and then, as it was beginning to grow light, halted by the spy's advice at a large deserted mansion, surrounded by a long wall. Close by ran the chief road from Trevisa to Padua.

'Malvezzo must pass this way if he carries out his plan of attacking the camp this night,' said the spy to Bayard. 'If you lie in wait there and let him pass you, you will have him in a trap and force him to fight; and the long wall will prevent his seeing you even if he were on the look-out for an ambush.'

Bayard and his captains approved of this plan, and the whole force remained at the deserted house. For well-nigh two hours nothing happened. The grey uncertain light gradually grew brighter; at last day broke, and still the waiting knights heard no sound. They began to think the spy had betrayed them, when at last they caught the distant clatter of horses' hoofs and the jingling of harness.

Bayard called to an old soldier of his company: 'Monart, climb up to yonder dovecot and look out. You have a wide view from there; tell us who are coming.'

Monart did as he was told. The dovecot was high and overlooked the country far and wide. A good way off he saw a fair-sized body of men, perhaps three hundred strong, advancing rapidly along the road from Trevisa. As they drew nearer, the French learnt that they were indeed Malvezzo and his men, consisting of a hundred gentlemen-at-arms under Malvezzo himself, and a good two hundred of Albanian cavalry, led by a captain named Scanderbeg.

Monart came down from his dovecot as the enemy drew near, and until they had passed and were out of hearing the French knights remained perfectly quiet behind the sheltering wall. They had resolved to attack in spite of being outnumbered by three to one.

At last the Venetians were gone. Bayard rapidly got his men into fighting order, every knight adjusting his own saddle-girths, for they had brought no grooms or pages with them.

'Gentlemen, we have not met with so noble an adventure these ten years past,' cried Bayard to his comrades, as they made all ready for the pursuit. 'They are three to one, but we are gentlemen of France, who care nothing for numbers. After them!'

'Bayard! Bayard! France! France! To the pursuit!' shouted the rest, catching their leader's spirit; and with that they galloped off down the road after the enemy.

Malvezzo heard their horses' hoofs and their trumpet sounding the charge, and turned, thinking at first that they might be an extra body of troops from Trevisa, anxious to join his adventure. But he was soon assured that they were no Venetians, for their cries of 'France! Bayard!' were borne down the wind before them as they swept along the road at full speed. The Venetian captain looked about him. The road was bordered by deep trenches, too wide for an ordinary knight on horseback to leap, unless he had an exceptional steed. Padua lay in front, and between him and Trevisa were the French, now thundering down upon him. He saw that he was trapped, and hastily drew up his men in a position of defence.

The French horsemen crashed into their ranks, killing a score or more at their first onset, and throwing them all into confusion. In a few moments the fight had become a confused *mêlée*, each man attacking the foe nearest him. But the impetuous onslaught of the French told, and Malvezzo felt his troops losing ground. He was, however, a commander of resource, and turned to Scanderbeg, who was fighting near him.

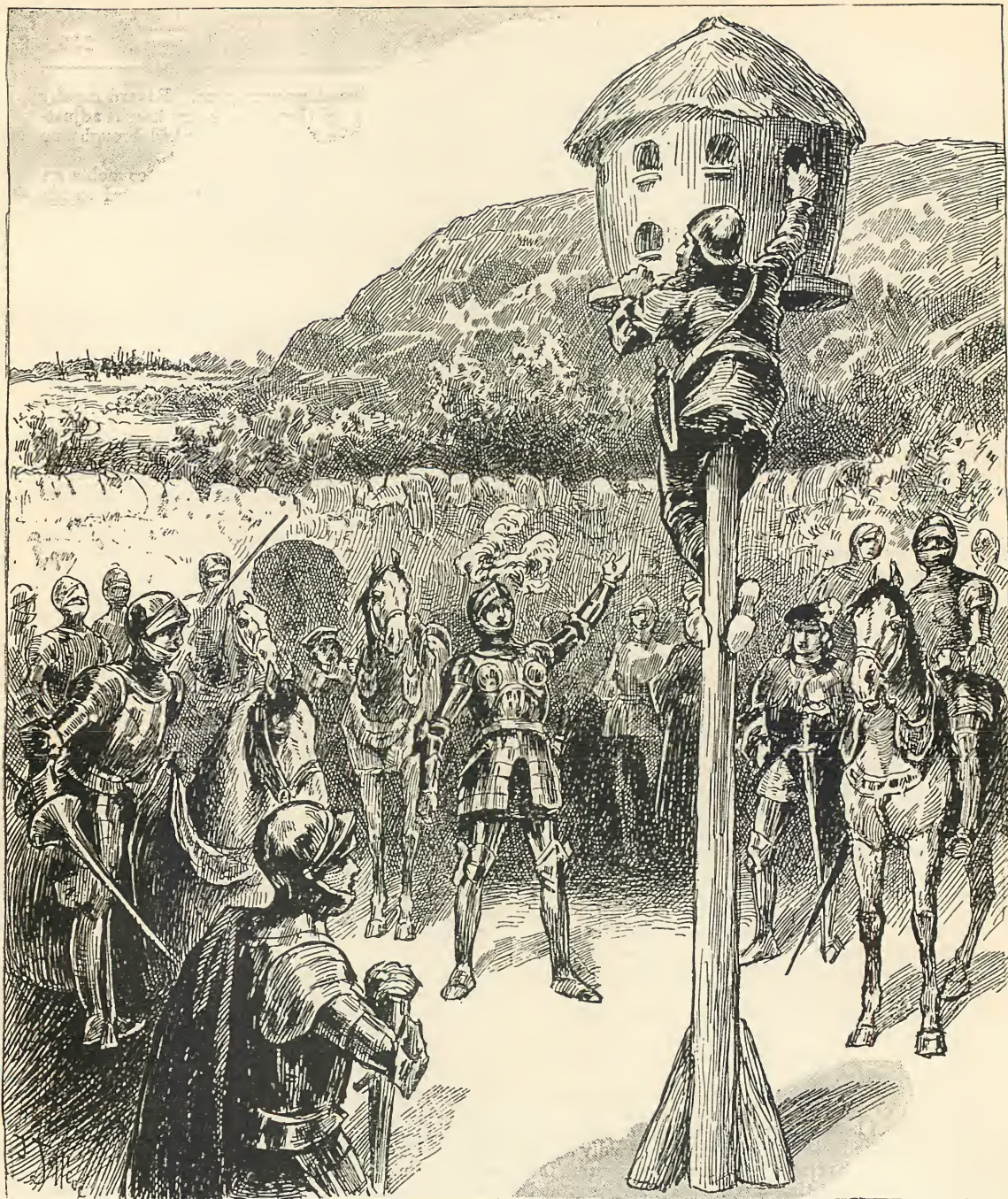
'Your men have lighter arms and nimbler horses,' he said quickly; 'they will be able to scramble across these vile trenches. Take as many as you can get together, drop out of the fight, cross the trenches and take the French in the rear!'

Scanderbeg obeyed, and soon a hundred and fifty of his cavalry were stealthily withdrawing across the trenches. But Bayard was no less wary than Malvezzo, and saw the manœuvre.

'La Crote,' he called to his comrade, 'watch the rear with some of your picked men, and see that we are not surprised. Some of these Albanian rascals are creeping round to get behind us.'

The Albanians got to the rear and attacked. But they did not take the French unawares, as they had hoped. La Crote and his men resisted valiantly, so valiantly in fact that at last they were able themselves to attack in return. The enemy began to retreat and give ground, and before long they turned and fled headlong towards Trevisa.

La Crote did not pursue them far, but turned to help Bayard in the fight against the enemy in front. Here too the French were successful, and at length the whole of the enemy, except those of the Albanians who had already fled, and some twenty or thirty who scrambled across the trenches with Malvezzo and made off as best they could, were either taken prisoners or slain. More were captured, in



“‘Climb up to yonder dovecot, and tell us who are coming,’ called Bayard to an old soldier.”

fact, than escaped or were killed. The captives even outnumbered their captors, for the hundred Frenchmen, at the end of the fight, found that they had over a hundred and sixty prisoners.

When the victorious troop returned to camp with the disarmed prisoners, so far outnumbering them, in their midst, the allies were uncertain whether to rejoice or wonder. Their great enemy, Malvezzo,

was defeated and had received a thorough lesson, and for a time their joy knew no bounds. Bayard came in for unlimited praise and thanks, and the Emperor personally commended him. But the knight ‘without fear and without reproach’ was content simply to have done his duty, even if the doing of it meant showing a daring and resource greater than that of any other knight of his day.



ATTENTION!

I'M only a little doggie,
But I know that my love is strong
For our liege lord, King Edward,
And may his reign be long!

When the royal name is mentioned
I rise and stand erect,
Saluting like a soldier
With loyal, true respect.

So all you English doggies
Hear now the song I sing,
Salute the royal title
And bark, 'God save the King!'

GOING DOWN A VOLCANO.



ABOUT the beginning of the last century there was an English boy who told his parents a remarkable dream he had. He was then fourteen, and dreamt he had succeeded in climbing to the top of Mount Etna. After taking a good look all round at the volcano itself, he resolved to try if he could reach the bottom of the crater. Along part of the sides flames and smoke came out, but he got past these, and found holes in the wall of the crater which served as steps, so that he managed to descend. But he had no sooner landed on the bottom than it gave way, and he seemed to feel himself blown up in the air, awaking with a violent start. The dream, in fact, was what we call a nightmare, but he forgot it for some years.

When he grew up to be a man, he entered the British army, and it so happened that he was sent to Messina with other officers. One day he and some others resolved to ascend Mount Etna; after the party had journeyed awhile, several got tired and gave in. This officer and two companions, with two guides, went on; they had a severe scramble for several hours, but reached the summit of the volcano in time to behold the rising of the sun. They rested for an hour, and had something to eat, when the officer who had dreamt about Etna years before said to his companions, 'We are on the top of the famous crater; why should we not pay a visit to the bottom?' For the volcano was then quiet, nor had there been an eruption for many years. He was of course laughed at, and on his applying to the guides to know if they would accompany him, they shook their heads, saying, 'We have always heard the English were mad, and now we know it.' The officer, being strong and active, resolved to go; another officer at last agreed to go with him; the guides refused to help in any way. Looked at from above, the crater was a big space, but towards the bottom it narrowed very much. From one edge of it a few puffs of smoke came up, but there was no flame. They observed that upon one side the wall of the crater had given way, so that there was a sloping bank reaching to the bottom. Down this the two managed to descend without difficulty or danger, though it took them nearly an hour. Then, to the amazement of the guides, they stood on the lowest stone within the crater of Mount Etna. Right in the centre was a large hole almost blocked with fragments and ashes. Going down was not laborious, but the returning was; the stuff kept on slipping as they trod, and caused the two officers some fear lest they should not have strength to reach the top. This, however, they did, but were greatly exhausted. They were glad to refresh themselves, and after a time managed to go down the mountain with the other officer and the guides. At Messina, the people said that they were the first to go down, and the first who thought of such an enterprise.

But the finish of the story is curious: it was not till the officer went to bed that night, that he connected his adventure with the dream of years before. As he lay awake he thought of this, and thought how odd it was that he should dream of what he had never heard of as possible, and live to do it himself.

J. R. S. C.

THE SIBYL OF ST. PIERRE.

(Continued from page 251.)

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE wild panic in St. Pierre had quieted down; business was being resumed, and although the cordon was still drawn about the town, people were allowed to come and go with some amount of freedom again.

The example of the Governor had been more useful in toning down apprehension than a whole sackful of mandates and commands. If he could bring his wife and children into the town, there could be little danger for other people, so the townsfolk argued, and a strong belief ensued that Pelée had done her worst, and would now sink into quietude once more.

With this easing of the strain of apprehension, the doctors found their hands less full with nervous patients and cases of panic fever. This was especially so with Dr. Brown, whose practice lay almost entirely among the English residents of the town and its environs.

Having a pause in the hurry and rush of the past few days, he bethought him of poor little Kitty Rowan, and determined, if only he could get a few hours of sleep first, to ride out to Glen Rosa and see for himself how she fared.

Accordingly, leaving the town before dawn on Thursday morning, he rode out towards Glen Rosa, thinking to get his visit over and be back in ample time for visiting his town patients.

The mountain had ceased its thundering, although a dense cloud of steam and smoke hovered about it, and the sun when it rose shone with undimmed brilliancy upon the devastated land.

Near to the town the ruin was not so manifest, but out in the country the desolation was awful; whole fields had been burnt to cinders, only the conformation of the ash-heaps showing what manner of crop had been there. Trees were burned to the stem, or so battered and riddled with the falling fire that their withered, blackened foliage hung in piteous rags.

'Why, they must have had a shower of red-hot scorice out here!' the doctor exclaimed to himself, and straightway began to applaud in his heart the wisdom of the Governor's action, in penning those poor, frightened, panic-stricken people up in the town, since there at least had been no such terror as here.

Half-a-mile from Glen Rosa he saw a dejected-looking black boy coming towards him, the first human being he had chanced upon since turning into the Glen Rosa road.

'What has been the matter out here?' Dr. Brown called out, reining up his horse, and preparing to interview the boy, who was no other than Gusty.

'More things am de matter, sar, dan dere is time in dis morning to tell,' he answered, flourishing his rag of a hat with Frenchified politeness; then he inquired in an anxious, yet incredulous tone: 'It am no ways possible as you am de English doctor what sent de medicine for Missy Kitty back a yonder two, three days or so?'

'Yes, I am; what is wrong? is the child dead?' the doctor asked sharply, yet with no special surprise, for strong adults might well have perished with fear at such a visitation as had laid that smiling country desolate.

'She might as well be, seein' we don't know whar she is, and the loss of her has sent poor Massa Maurice ravin' mad in every bone in his body,' answered Gusty.

'What a state of things!' exclaimed the doctor. 'I should imagine I have not come a moment too soon. Here, scramble up behind me, boy, and tell me what is wrong whilst I put my horse forward.'

Gusty needed no second invitation—he never did where a horse was concerned—and hanging on as best he knew how, behind the doctor's saddle, told all the tragic happenings which had taken place since Maurice paid his second visit to the town for medicine for little sick Kitty.

'But they can't have gone far, a young lady, two small children, one of them an invalid, and a boy with a sprained ankle!' the doctor said, after hearing of the strange disappearance of Alice, Derry, and the children.

'We can't find 'em, and we am afraid, Massa Stebbings and me, dat dey all got burned to cinders in de house, like Mother Maddy wasn't,' retorted Gusty, whose illustrations were apt to be far-fetched and rather mixed.

Dr. Brown was clearly puzzled, and putting his horse to a smart canter went forward as fast as he could, thereby entailing no little discomfort on poor Gusty, whose seat was none of the surest.

A little removed from the heap of blackened ruins which had once been the roomy and comfortable house at Glen Rosa, stood the group of buildings used in pressing and preparing the sugar-cane. In one of these, a low brick shed which had suffered nothing, either from fire or earthquake, although the others were in a state of tottering ruin, lay Maurice, unconscious and raving, being tended to the best of his ability by Stebbings.

To this place came Dr. Brown conducted by Gusty, and after a brief examination of the patient pronounced Maurice to be suffering from rheumatic fever, brought on by sleeping in his wet clothes, but aggravated and intensified by the torture of anxiety through which he had passed.

'But he can't stay here,' said the doctor, looking round the dark, grimy shed, and out through the open door over the desolate landscape.

'We had nowhere else to take him, sir, for he was seized all of a sudden just as he was going off to hunt for his sister and the others,' Stebbings replied. The terror and the suffering through which he had passed had shaken the air of swaggering

self-conceit from him, and the doctor, who knew him, decided mentally that the change was a great improvement.

'You did your best, and without your care he would have died, as he may do still, even with the most careful nursing. But I will ride back to the town as fast as I can, and send an ambulance for him; if there is no room for him in the hospital. I can perhaps get the Sisters of St. Lazare to nurse him for me. What is it he is saying all the time, something about a slate being cleaned?' asked the doctor, curiously, as he paused to listen a moment to the burden of poor Maurice's delirium.

The pale face of Stebbings flushed a deep crimson, and he hung his head a moment, then, throwing it up with a jerk, said, in a hurried, almost incoherent tone, 'It is my fault, sir, only I have always been too proud to confess it. Ever so long ago, I had been with the head master one morning to the Jardin des Plantes, and came away before the others in order to get my hair cut, but before I went to the shop I rushed round to the school to jot down some botanical notes. The schoolroom was empty, and I just seized the first slate I could find and cleaned it, intending to put down the notes in the rough and copy them after; but when I had cleaned the slate I found it belonged to Maurice Rowan; I knew then that I had probably rubbed out something important, for we were both working for a scholarship. I was angry with myself for having been so stupid, and putting away the slate, got out of the house without any one seeing me. As things fell out, Maurice was under a cloud about the business from that time until the other day, for he could not do again the problem that I had rubbed out; never did it, in fact, until he came into the schoolroom that day he could not get out of the town, and sitting down in the old place worked the problem from beginning to finish, so clearing his name from the suspicion that had rested on it. But even then I would not confess that I had cleaned the slate, because the others would have thought it malice, though it was only carelessness.'

'What makes you tell me this now?' asked the doctor, brusquely.

'Because I want to get the wretched business off my mind. I keep telling him, only he won't understand,' rejoined Stebbings bitterly.

'Don't attempt to make him at present. Keep him as quiet as you can, and I will either send a nurse with the ambulance or come myself. And, Stebbings, I fancy that, after all, you will make a fine man yet,' the doctor said, kindly, as he mounted his horse, which Gusty had been holding, and set off again in the direction of the town.

He did not spare his horse, though the mountain was fearfully hot. Maurice's case was critically urgent, because of the necessity of removing him before consciousness returned, for the doctor felt there was not the slightest doubt that Alice and the children had been burned to death in the rain of fire which destroyed the house, and for Maurice to awake to the realisation of this in his present state would either kill him or destroy his reason.

By dint of riding hard the doctor was back within sight of St. Pierre by seven o'clock, and was letting



"A vast cloud broke from the side of the crater, bursting into flame."

his horse pause for a moment's breathing-space before descending the hill into the city when an awful explosion from the mountain crater stunned both horse and rider with its frightful roar, while at the same instant a vast cloud broke from the side of the crater, and flashed down the mountain slopes towards the town, bursting into flame as it went.

The terrible sight was too much for the doctor's

horse; taking the bit between its teeth, the poor dumb creature bolted back into the desolate country away from the fringe of that cloud of burning death.

Clinging to the horse's neck, bewildered, dizzy, and sick with horror, Dr. Brown was borne away from the fearful sight, which one scarcely might look on and yet remain alive.

(Continued at page 270.)



"The beak caught the gun about half-way down the barrel."

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

True Tales of Events of the year 1804.

VIII.—THE GOLDEN EAGLE OF WETHERBY.

LATE in the year 1804 one of the Countess of Aberdeen's game-keepers, Cummins by name, was walking in Stockfield Park, near Wetherby, in the pursuit of his ordinary duties, when he saw against the dull autumn sky what appeared to him to be an immense hawk, flying rapidly towards him, but some distance above his head. The bird was far larger than any hawk Cummins had ever seen, larger indeed than any English bird he had known; and accordingly, partly from curiosity and partly from fear, he let fly at it with his gun. A few feathers fell, but apparently the creature was unharmed. The game-keeper rapidly loaded and fired again, and even a third time. The last shot seemed to disable the bird's wing, for it fluttered clumsily in the air for a moment and then fell heavily almost at the marksman's feet.

But it was by no means dead yet. When Cummins tried to seize it, it drew its head back and with a sudden thrust tore a deep cut down his fore-arm, rending the clothes as if they had been paper. In vain the game-keeper tried to get behind the infuriated bird and catch it by the wings. In spite of its wounds—for each shot had hit, and it had been struck in the wing, in the neck (very slightly) and in the body—it was surprisingly active on its feet, and its terrible beak and talons kept the enemy at a safe distance. Cummins had almost given the attempt at capture up in despair, when a bright idea struck him. Picking up his gun, which he had thrown down so as to have both hands free, he made as if to strike the bird with it, rather slowly. As quick as thought the snapping beak drew back, lunged forward, and caught the gun about half-way down the barrel, closing firmly round it, with the sharp point of the upper jaw fixed in the wood. Still gripping the gun hard, the bird allowed itself to be half-led, half-dragged by the game-keeper to his cottage, where, after a vain attempt, lasting many days, to tame it and heal its wounds, it was shot and stuffed.

After its death the enormous bird was examined, and proved to be not a huge hawk, as in the dusk Cummins had at first thought it to be, but the King of Birds himself, a Golden Eagle—and a large one at that, for it measured nine feet four inches across its out-stretched wings. No wonder that it was hard to kill!

The Golden Eagle is now extinct in England and probably was practically so in 1804. It is still, though very rarely, seen in remote parts of Scotland and Ireland. It is not naturally fierce, for many instances are recorded of one having been tamed. But it is a most determined and courageous fighter when roused, a skilful and daring hunter, and by reason of its great size and strength a very dangerous opponent even for a man. One of the most remarkable things about it is that of all the small animals it preys upon—rabbits, hares, young lambs, and the like—it prefers the cat as its quarry.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

47.—GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.

1. A town in the Midland counties.
2. A river in Yorkshire.
3. The largest collection of water.
4. A town on the Thames, near London.
5. A country of Europe.
6. The most celebrated river in Egypt.
7. The largest manufacturing town of Scotland.
8. The key of the Mediterranean.
9. The ancient name of Portugal.
10. A seaport of Egypt.
- 11 and 12. The principal rivers of France and Ireland.

The initials give the name of that which, though not itself very grave, cannot be approached by the most thoughtless without reflection. J.

48.—CONUNDRUM.

WALKING along a street one day,
I heard an urchin cry,
'Here are my last four oranges:
A penny may them buy.'

I gave the penny to the boy,
So earnest was his suit,
And went to see some little friends,
Who thanked me for the fruit.

I told them what I paid the boy;
One quickly made reply:
'You're very like a telescope—
Now guess the reason why.

J.

[Answers at page 282.]

ANSWERS.

43.—Dictionary.

- | | | |
|-------------------|----------|-----------|
| 1. Nora and Dora. | 4. Rat. | 6. Road. |
| 2. Cod. | 5. Corn. | 7. Diary. |
| 3. No and Not. | | 8. Cart. |

44.—Questionable.

45.—Brazil.

1. B engal.
2. R igi.
3. A moy,
4. Z uyder Zee.
5. I kley.
6. L yons.

46.—Pig-tail.

WONDERS OF LITTLE LIVES.

VIII.—MOSQUITOES AND LOCUSTS.

'UNITY is strength' is a well-known saying, and this is indeed true of the creatures known as gnats or mosquitoes. A frail and feeble folk, and insignificant in size, they are, nevertheless, in many parts of the world, more dreaded than lions could be. This terror which they inspire is due to the fact that they attack their prey, not singly, but in hordes of thousands, or even millions, and consequently render

large tracts of country unendurable for many months in the year. They are found all over the world, from the far north to the tropics, and southward till animal life ceases.

The Esquimaux and the Lapps, as well as many natives in tropical countries, cover their skins with grease to defend themselves from the attack of these pigmies. In tropical countries further relief from the incessant war they wage is sought behind muslin nets, known as mosquito-curtains. Even we in England have cause, at times, to dread the painful wounds they inflict.

There is a popular notion that the gnat and the mosquito are two quite different insects, the latter being much the more dreaded of the two. As a matter of fact, however, the gnat and the mosquito are one and the same creature. But what is really remarkable about these insects is the fact that it is the females which are trained to the exercise of war. That is to say, whilst the males are small and harmless, living upon the juices of plants, the females are large, and have the mouth-parts modified so as to form a piercing and sucking organ of great power. Most of us have experienced the wounds which these tiny little flies can inflict. By injecting a tiny portion of poison with the long stiletto, a numbing effect is produced, so that the robber sucks her victims at leisure and unsuspected; later, after she has left, the pain caused by the poison takes effect, and this is accompanied by much swelling. Thus these creatures repay by an unkind action the benefit which they have derived from their victim.

In some countries, however, mosquitoes become the bearers of terrible diseases or of fevers, and, in consequence, unceasing war is being waged against them. But this is only effective when the young, which live in stagnant water, can be destroyed, and this is done by draining the pools in which they live, whenever possible.

The larvæ, as the young gnats are called, are tiny creatures, usually greenish in colour, but sometimes red or blue, with a round head and long body. They are exceedingly active, moving through the pools at a good rate by wriggling their bodies. A rain-water butt in summer will usually be found swarming with young gnats. Every now and then they come to the surface to breathe; this they do by thrusting the tail up into the air, the air being drawn in through a peculiar pair of tubes near the end of the body. After about seven days of larval life, what is known as the pupal stage is entered upon. During this time no food is taken, and the full-grown winged form is rapidly assumed. In about two days, in fact, the perfect insect emerges, dries its newly acquired wings, and flies away. Later it returns to the water to lay its eggs, about three hundred in number, from which a new generation arises.

In England about twenty-five different kinds of gnats are found. Near relatives of the gnat are the 'Midge' and the 'Daddy Long-legs.' Much smaller than the gnat, the midge is quite harmless. On fine summer evenings the males of the species have a habit of dancing in the air in swarms, so as to form dense clouds resembling smoke; so much, indeed, that in 1736 an alarm of fire was

raised in Salisbury, the vast columns of gnats swarming round the Cathedral spire being mistaken for smoke clouds.

The locust is a species of grasshopper, and in some countries is much dreaded, since, travelling in vast hordes, it carries ruin and destruction in its train, so that a fair and fertile land will be transformed into a desolate waste in a few hours. Each member of these multitudes is ravenously hungry, and not until every green leaf has been devoured will a start be made for some new feeding-ground. What an invasion of these creatures is like may be gathered from the fact that a single band of these robbers may extend over an area of two or three miles in width, and take several hours to pass over a given spot. So thickly are they clustered, indeed, that the sun in broad day is obscured, as if by thick clouds! Sometimes one of these invading hosts will fall into the sea; their dead bodies soon afterwards are cast up on land in heaps like sandhills, and these will extend for as much as forty miles along the beach.

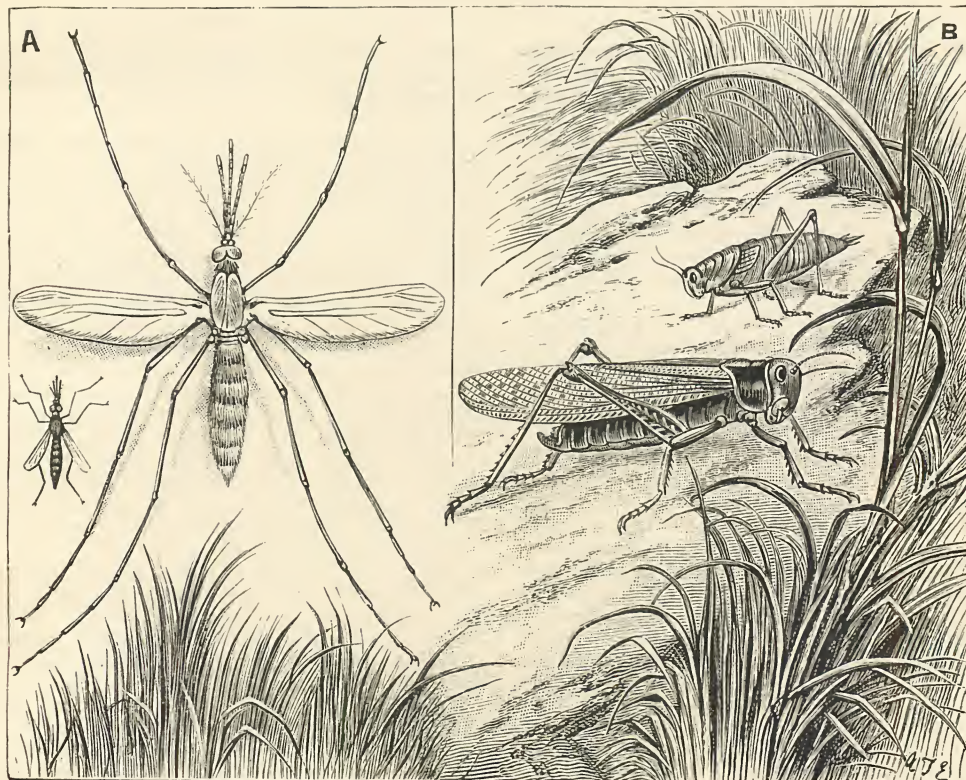
The island of Cyprus, which a few years ago suffered terribly from the ravages of these insects, was cleared by an ingenious device. Taking advantage of the fact that the young have no wings, and that they travel across country in enormous armies, deep pits were dug, and beyond these a long fence of canvas was erected; the top of the canvas was covered with highly glazed American leather, over which the locusts cannot climb, being unable to obtain a foothold on the polished surface. As a consequence the whole army sooner or later fell into the pits, where it was annihilated. In five years the island was cleared of locusts, but at the terrible expense of thirteen thousand pounds a year! Over two hundred thousand millions were killed in a single season.

Some locusts are very beautifully coloured, whilst in size they vary greatly, the largest being about five inches long. In some countries they are eaten, being roasted, salted, fried in butter, or dried in the sun, according to taste.

Locusts, and their allies the crickets and grasshoppers, have a keen sense of hearing, and have, besides, the power of producing a rude kind of music. The 'ears' of these creatures, strangely enough, are not to be found in the head, but must be sought for either on the body or on the first pair of legs, some kinds having them on the one place, some on the other. But they are not like our ears, or the ears of dogs, for instance, large and fleshy, for they are formed by a delicate skin stretched over a sort of pouch, in the body or leg as the case may be.

The 'music' is produced by rubbing the roughened surface of the inside of the great leaping legs against the outer surface of the wing-cases, or by rubbing the wing-case of one side against a membrane stretched over a ring at the hinder end of the opposite wing-case.

When the young locust leaves the egg it resembles a tiny copy of its parent, differing only in that it has no wings and quite a soft body. After a while, as in the case of all other insects, as well as crabs and lobsters, the soft skin becomes hard, and further



A—Mosquito (natural size, and much enlarged).

B—Locusts.

growth is impossible. As a consequence, in a very short time the little creature grows too big for his skin, which then bursts, and he creeps out of it clothed in a new skin, quite soft like the first. This skin also hardens and growth again makes a new suit necessary. Six times is this process repeated, and after each time the wings grow larger, till at last both wings and body attain their full size. Each of these changes of skin is called a moult.

Locusts are found but rarely in England, but grasshoppers and crickets, which differ only in a slight degree from locusts, are common.

W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., A.L.S.

SOMETHING ABOUT RAVENS.

AN old Greek author mentions a man who had heard that ravens lived to be a hundred years old, and so he got a young raven to find out if it was true, forgetting that he himself could not live so long. Certainly ravens do reach a great age, and so probably do their relations, the rooks and crows, when they escape the perils of bird-life. Sometimes a raven and a rook have been mistaken for each other, but the raven is the larger and handsomer bird. The beak, too, is blacker and stronger than in the rook, while the upper part is hairy. It may seem curious that ravens are not more common as wild birds, since they live so many years,

and their nests generally contain four to six young birds. But probably after some years the old ravens leave off making nests and bringing up families. These birds have the habit of piling nest upon nest in a tree for years; sometimes, however, they build amongst rocks or in a ruined house or tower. Those who collect birds' eggs have helped to make the raven scarcer by carrying off its eggs. Upon the Farne Islands the pied raven is found, which is black and white.

At one time ravens were caught to keep as pets. But we do not often see a tame raven in England now, though on the Continent it is not unusual for a tourist to notice one hopping about a town or country garden. A solemn-looking bird it is, with its glossy black plumage and stately movements; yet when tame it is inclined to be very brisk and impudent. It is fond of visiting kitchens if cooking is going on, and has a liking for stealing, hiding its booty in odd places.

There are still to be found people who have a dislike to the raven, supposing it to be an 'unlucky' bird, and who therefore would not have it in their houses. In some districts of England the folk say, as an explanation of the raven's scarceness, that these birds went away at the time of the Crimean War, the species being known to haunt battle-fields. Many centuries ago the sea-kings of the north took a raven with them in their expeditions, using the bird to guide them towards the land.

J. CLIFFORD.



The Artifice of a Cat.

A CUNNING CAT.

A CAT that lived in an outhouse was seen one day to take a portion of her dinner and place it deliberately in front of a mouse-hole in a corner. She then retired to a distance and set

herself to watch. Not many minutes after, a fine plump mouse came out, gave a look round, and, seeing nothing suspicious, began to eat the food. While the mouse was thus pleasantly engaged, pussy made the fatal spring, and devoured her unwary prey.

H. B. S.

OLD BANKSIDE, SURREY.

WHEN King Edward VII. passed in stately procession along many London streets and roads on the day after his coronation, he went through an historic district on the Surrey side of the Thames. While he was being greeted by the enthusiastic crowds of Southwark, close by, where we have now a forest of houses, was Bankside, a notable open space in bygone days. This extended from London Bridge to where Blackfriars Bridge is now, or rather beyond that point, and was a famous place for all sorts of amusements, much resorted to by Londoners. The land was said to be the property of the Crown, but some very odd things seem to have been permitted there. A few houses were scattered about and one or two gardens, the rest of the space being like a common or large field.

Names are yet to be seen which remind us of some of these houses. There was a garden called the Pike Garden; this had ponds for the rearing of fresh-water fish, especially pike, to be served up at the royal table.

The Paris Garden was not a place where you would have found flowers; in fact it is said to have been a bear-garden, where bears, and bulls too, were baited. Less cruel amusements are mentioned, such as fencing, or a show of performing dogs and ponies. Queen Elizabeth is recorded to have visited it on May 29th, 1599, with the French ambassador, going to it by water in her state barge. We can picture the Paris Garden to ourselves, as resembling a football ground, a great space in the centre, with rows of seats round the sides, rising one above another. By an unfortunate accident, a very full gallery broke down on an afternoon in Elizabeth's reign, and many were hurt.

Still greater was the disaster which befell another famous place for varied amusements, called the Globe. This was a large, six-sided house of wood, which is said to have received its name because it had for its sign a figure of Hercules supporting the globe. It was partly, but only partly, roofed with reeds or thatch, the centre being open, and the first building of the name was probably built in the time of Henry VIII. But in the year 1613, the King's servants were giving one of those entertainments which at that time were popular; it was called a Masque, with a grand show of dresses and adornments, and, at one part of it, cannon were fired outside. Some sparks from one of these, it was supposed, set light to the roof, which was soon in a blaze. The people got out quickly, some leaving their cloaks behind, but no one was burnt, though all had to escape through two narrow doors. The following year the Globe was rebuilt; it appears to have stood on part of the ground where a brewery is now, and a Globe Alley is yet in existence.

Upon Bankside also stood the ancient palace of the Bishops of Winchester, with large courts round it, and the Bishops of Rochester had a palace near, though not till later. Scattered here and there were inns or hostleries, to which strollers and sightseers resorted: several of these in the reign of Richard II. belonged to Walworth, Lord Mayor of London, who

killed the rebel Wat Tyler, when he was insulting the young monarch. One of them had the 'Falcon' for its sign, and near it was a mill, probably a water one, fed by a streamlet running into the Thames.

CRIS.

THE SIBYL OF ST. PIERRE.

(Continued from page 264.)

CHAPTER XXXIV.



IMPENETRABLE darkness hovered over mountain and town, and for days the place of doom was hidden from view by falling ashes and brooding clouds of poisonous volcanic vapour.

It was Sunday morning before the small steamer with Mr. Rowan and Andrew

Mackern came in sight of the towering crown of Pelée, shrouded now in a dull violet haze.

Mr. Rowan had a bowed, crushed look as he walked the deck leaning on his nephew's arm; his dark hair, too, showed many streaks of grey, fresh come since the news of disaster had met him at St. Thomas.

Somewhere yonder, under the southern slopes of Pelée, his children had met a sudden doom, or were living still in a terror which was more agonising than death itself. No wonder that the heart of the father turned sick and faint with yearning towards the children who perhaps had suffered such an awful fate.

But the agony of the father was equalled, if not excelled, by the crushing weight of bitter self-reproach endured by Andrew, who told himself that if only he had remained in St. Pierre he must have seen signs of forthcoming doom, and might have removed his cousins to a place of safety.

The slow, heavy hours dragged on, whilst the little boat laboriously made for the island, passing on the way poor floating human *débris*, which, fleeing the fiery death behind, had found their fate in the surging tide.

Slowly the boat crawled past Precheur, and a few miles further south came in sight of the ruined town.

A low cry of horror broke from the watchers on deck as the huge desolation of the city of death loomed into view. As far as eye could reach nothing was visible but ashes and the grey volcanic mud, whilst the fitful wind, blowing now hot, now cold, bore on its breath such pestilential odours as sickened to the soul those who came to seek the living among the dead.

The captain of the steamer was dubious about landing, for all harbour boundaries appeared to have been swept away; but as his boat crawled cautiously up the roadstead, a British ship at anchor came into view, and, guided by the signals from the larger vessel, the little boat made for the shore.

'Uncle James, let me go alone,' pleaded Andrew when at length the two stood on the shore of the

land which such a short time before had been home to both, but which was now home only to the unshrouded dead.

'No, no, my boy. What do you think I am afraid of? After sights like these, I feel it would be almost a happiness to know that they all died in ignorance of such grim horrors.'

'It may not be so bad at Glen Rosa,' said Andrew, but in the dreary tone of one who has little faith in his own attempt at consolation.

'It cannot be worse,' Mr. Rowan answered, with brief, sad emphasis, and therein he spoke truly, for, appalling as was the ruin which had come upon the country districts, it was nothing to the disaster which had engulfed the city and laid it waste in a desolation too awful for pen to paint or human tongue to describe.

The once familiar road was hard to find: ruined houses, charred and blackened trunks of trees, were all the landmarks that remained; everything else was buried in ashes and volcanic dust.

There were no means of transit available except walking, and Mr. Rowan strode silently on through that solitude of desolation, with Andrew walking as silently by his side.

Not a bird or beast or insect did they see in all that hideous walk. What was not dead had fled from that land of the shadow of death.

Uphill and downhill they toiled in the stifling oppressive heat, Andrew thinking with curious inconsequence of those merry journeys in the past when he and Maurice had ridden their short-legged ponies to the town in the cool, dewy mornings, or trotted them gaily back at night when the work of the day was over.

But Mr. Rowan seemed incapable of thought, as he strode along with such feverish haste that Andrew had difficulty in keeping pace with him.

So changed was the face of the country, denuded of verdure, that presently they could only guide themselves by the outlines of the lower hills, for the charred tree-stems standing under bare poles, like the forests of an English winter, had nothing familiar about them, and were to the last degree bewildering.

All at once Mr. Rowan stopped, his figure stiffening into a pose of despair. 'There's the house, burned to the ground!' he said hoarsely.

'But they might have taken refuge in the hurricane cellar, you know,' Andrew reminded him hastily, then cried out sharply, 'There is some one left alive, uncle—look at that little flag yonder!' pointing to a parti-coloured rag, hanging limp and motionless from the naked bough of a magnolia-tree.

'Perhaps they are—but no, I dare not hope, I must not hope!' gasped Mr. Rowan, in a smothered tone, striding on at a greater rate than before, only now he carried his head erect, his gaze eagerly searching for any sign of life amid the ruins of his former home.

'There's a fire somewhere, look at that thin line of smoke down by the factory,' cried Andrew, when they reached the open space before the desolate heap, which was once the house at Glen Rosa.

Mr. Rowan turned silently in the direction pointed out by his nephew, but the hope was dying swiftly

in his heart again, for he had caught a glimpse of the broken-down arch of the hurricane cellar, and guessed that the fire had but finished what the earthquake had begun.

'There is a boy! it is Maurice—no, it is not!' and Andrew's voice, which had begun on a shout of joyful certainty, dropped suddenly to a whisper of fear.

'There *was* a boy certainly, but where has he gone?' Mr. Rowan asked blankly, rubbing his eyes, as if wondering if the appearance had been conjured up by his own fancy.

'Here he comes,' Andrew replied, as the boy, who had momentarily disappeared, came into sight again, running towards them.

'Did the doctor send you, and have you brought any supplies?' he called eagerly, as he approached within speaking distance.

'Why, it is Stebbings, that boy at Mr. Hamlin's, who used to come in every week from Fort de France!' exclaimed Andrew, in a tone of amazement, recognising in the haggard boy the schoolfellow of Maurice's who had been his rival also.

But Stebbings did not recognise Andrew; he seemed too weak and weary to have any thought, save for the greatly desired supplies.

'Dr. Brown said he would get some nourishment over for Maurice before sundown if possible, for his life depends on his strength being kept up,' said the boy in such dreary, pathetic disappointment that Andrew shivered; but Mr. Rowan cried out joyfully, 'Do you hear, Andrew, they are alive!'

'Steady there!' cried Andrew, seizing Stebbings, who swayed and reeled as if about to fall. 'Steady there! Are you hungry, or what is the matter?'

'I'm nearly starved, and Gusty has been two days gone already; the doctor promised to send to-day because there's not enough food to keep Maurice alive through the night.'

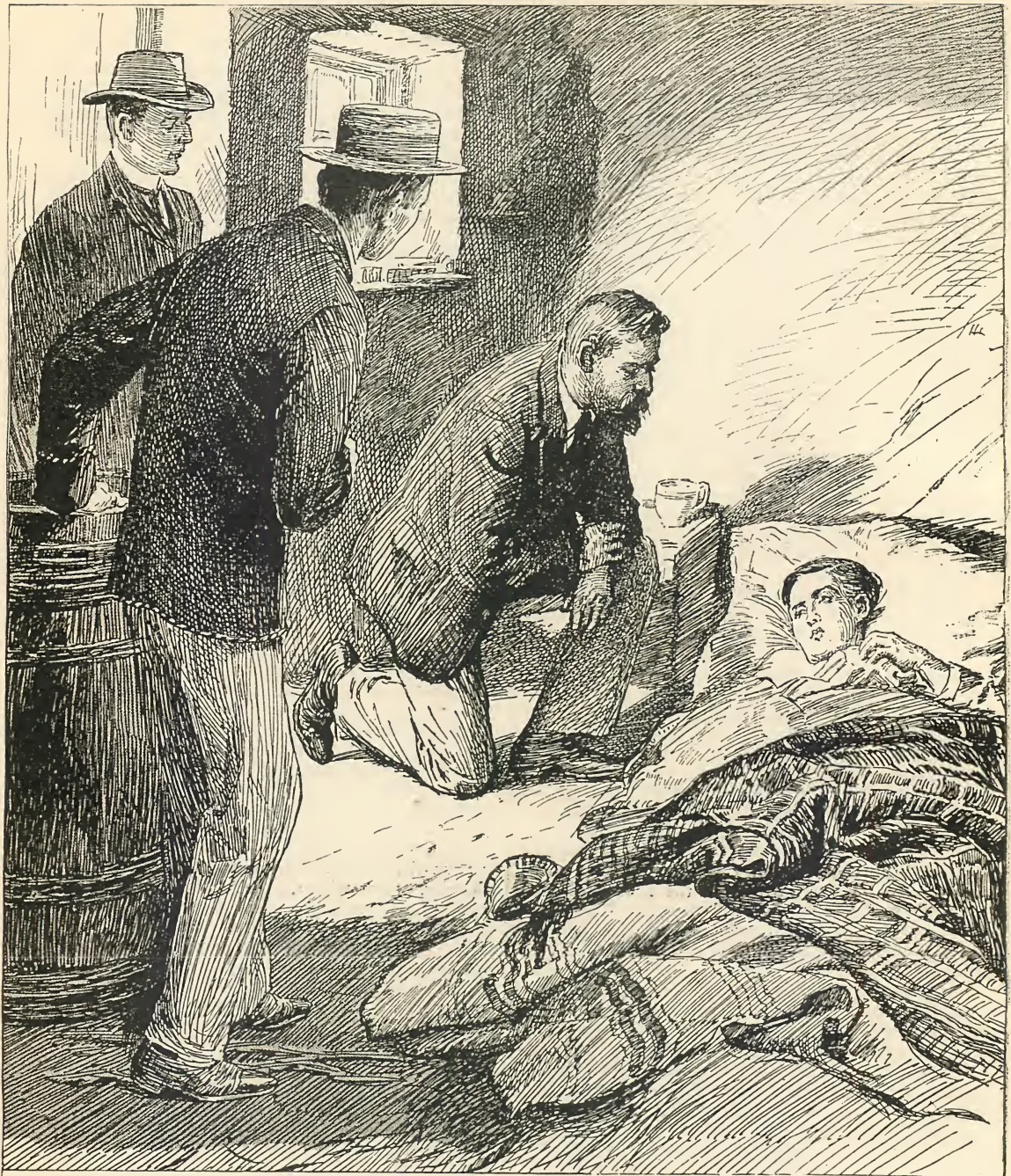
'We will see to him and you too,' Andrew answered cheerily. 'But where is he? If he is so ill, you must go and break it to him gently that his father and cousin have come—gently, mind.'

'Oh, there is no need, he does not know anybody, not even me, though I've never left him. Come along, he is in here, and, walking feebly and slowly, Stebbings led the way to the little brick-built shed, which had been Maurice's sick-room since the previous Wednesday.

There, on an improvised bed on the floor, lay the sick boy, not raving in delirium now, only muttering indistinctly, as his hands restlessly plucked and pulled at the rug thrown lightly over him, and which Gusty had found amid the ruins of the hurricane cellar.

'Maurice, Maurice! Oh, my son, have I found you?' Mr. Rowan exclaimed, moved out of his habitual quiet reserve, as he bent in fervent thanksgiving by his son; but the boy only rolled his head with a troubled air, as if the new element of excitement was fraught with added suffering to him.

Andrew gently drew his uncle away. 'Don't disturb him, Uncle; he is best left alone until he gets used to us; come outside and give Stebbings some food, whilst he tells us what has become of Alice and the two little ones.'



“ ‘Maurice! Maurice! Oh, my son, have I found you?’ ”

Mr Rowan and Andrew had both brought well-packed wallets of provisions from the boat, and from this store they gave Stebbings a good square meal, whilst he told them of the uncertainty of the fate which had overtaken the missing members of the family.

‘I’m truly grateful, Andrew, that we left your aunt at St. Thomas,’ Mr. Rowan was saying, in

broken tones, when suddenly a piercing whistle rent the air, followed by a shout, and a moment later Gusty came into view, leading a heavily-laden mule, whilst a man on horseback rode behind.

‘I’ve news, Massa Stebbings, of Missy Alice an’ the pickaninnies,’ the black boy cried, raising his voice in a jubilant shout.

(Continued at page 278.)



North Unst — the most northerly lighthouse in the British Isles.

DANGER SIGNALS.

VIII.—NORTH UNST: THE MOST NORTHERLY Lighthouse IN THE BRITISH ISLES.

THE Bishop Rock lighthouse is the most southerly lighthouse in the British Isles. Let us take a journey now to the most northerly, built on a lonely crag called Muckle Flugga, standing in the turbulent sea one mile beyond the last point of land in the Shetland Islands. From Bishop Rock to Muckle Flugga is about seven hundred miles as the crow flies, and many more by sea. Yet if we made this journey at night in some coasting vessel, either east or west, there would hardly be a moment when the darkness was not pierced by the rays from some lighthouse, tower, or beacon—so many and powerful are the warnings erected.

Over the Bishop Rock the sea is ever flowing in calm or storm, but the crag of Muckle Flugga rises from the waves to a height of two hundred feet.

'Surely that is high enough,' said the authorities, when it was decided to put a lighthouse there. 'Surely that is high enough in itself to place any lantern beyond the reach of the waves. Why go to the expense and trouble of building a tower on the top of the one nature has already provided?'

It was a reasonable conclusion to arrive at. So out of Glasgow harbour one day in 1854 puffed the steamship *Pharos*, with all materials on board necessary for erecting a short temporary tower, and a building in which to store oil and other things connected with a lighthouse establishment.

The Lords of the Admiralty were very anxious for matters to be pushed rapidly forward, because at that time England was at war with Russia, and as many of our battle-ships were cruising in the unruly waters that wash the most northern shores of Shetland, it became highly advisable to warn them off the dangerous coast. No doubt, under these circumstances the steamship *Pharos* ploughed her way up the western coast of Scotland with as much speed as possible. But we will go to Muckle Flugga in advance of her, and see what kind of place it was before she brought her lighthouse.

On the northern side, facing the great waste of water that stretches away to the Arctic circle and beyond, the rock rises in a cliff, nearly two hundred feet high. On the southern side it is not quite so steep, though far steeper than even a schoolboy would care to climb without help. The summit of this cone-shaped rock is a narrow space affording no more ground than was just sufficient to erect the lighthouse building on.

Though the immediate needs of the sad year 1854 seemed to draw particular attention to this wild and dangerous spot, there were plenty of other good reasons why a warning light should be burned upon it. One of these (though perhaps not the one most considered) was that the people of Shetland did not always have more to eat than was just enough for themselves. This may seem to you a curious reason for building a lighthouse, but if we think things carefully out we sometimes find the 'reason' is a long way off the 'fact.' Before the *Pharos* arrives there will be time to explain

In bygone days the soil of the Shetland Islands was used for little more than growing grass to feed sheep and ponies upon. No cornfields waved their golden store in the August sunshine; no orchards offered their ripe fruit at the summer's end. Fishing was the principal business of the coast-dwellers; but even this was not practised with very great energy.

Thus it often happened that in stormy seasons, when communication by sea was difficult and other unfavourable circumstances arose, famine would visit the island. Under such a trial as this a great number of the inhabitants resorted to a cruel means of supplying their wants. If any storm-tossed vessel come in sight, they would lure it on to the rocks by showing lights as though safe anchorage might be found there. Even those who looked upon such a practice as wicked were often governed by a terrible superstition which led them to do equally cruel things. 'Never try to save a drowning man,' one islander would say to another, 'for if you do he will one day work you harm.' Of course, such a fancy is not believed in Shetland now; and those who have studied the matter say that the superstition arose from the fact that the seaside villagers, being often short of food, dreaded the coming of ship-wrecked sailors, who would only be so many more mouths to feed. So to quiet their consciences for allowing those to perish who were cast upon their coast, the foolish doctrine was spread that to help a drowning man would lead to misfortune in the end; and thus the scarcity of food led indirectly to the building of a lighthouse.

Many are the dark stories told concerning this cruel belief. On one occasion a large vessel was seen to be in peril close to the rocks. A group of fishermen gathered on the shore, greedily hoping to secure any valuables which might be washed to land when the ship broke up. No effort did they make to render help to those who were in such sore need of it.

'Look! look!' cried one presently, pointing excitedly at the doomed vessel, 'see what yon man is doing!'

Following the direction of his glance, his companions saw a sailor flung from the ship's side into the boiling surf. One end of a rope was fastened round his waist, the other end being secured to the ship. Gallantly struggling with the leaping waves he fought his way to shore, and at last succeeded in reaching a place of comparative safety. Silently the group of islanders watched him while he fastened the rope to a huge boulder, and gave the signal to his distressed companions that all was secure. Then one after another, over the vessel's side, came the crew, till some dozen men were seen to be clinging to the rope. Little by little they dragged themselves toward the shore, and the one who had brought the rope ran back into the water to encourage them. There seemed every probability that all would be saved, when suddenly a man broke away from among the onlookers. Calling to his companions, he ran down to the boulder where the rope was fastened.

'We have little enough to feed ourselves,' he cried, 'and if these men should live and ask us for food, we too shall soon be starving.'

With one voice the others agreed and eagerly lent their aid in unfastening the rope. To such ready hands it was but the work of a moment, and with a despairing cry the thirteen sailors fell back into the waves, to be seen no more.

High time, surely, that the *Pharos* should come with her lighthouse to warn vessels from such an inhospitable shore! There was only one place on Muckle Flugga at which materials could be landed; this was on the southern side, and to make it possible to carry them to the summit, steps had to be cut in the steep rock. One hundred and twenty tons of stores and other matter had to be transported to the top up this rugged path. It was all carried, little by little, each workman taking his share, and so industrious were all those who undertook the work, that on October 11th, twenty-six days after the *Pharos* arrived, the temporary light was ready.

In the iron shelters erected for the workmen round the lantern, a few remained during the winter to prepare the rock for the permanent lighthouse which was to be built at greater leisure. Two hundred feet below them murmured the sea, lashing itself into foam against the base of Muckle Flugga. Sometimes the white crests climbed the rocky wall as though to see what was going on at the top. That was when the north wind was blowing, and the men had gone into their iron house and bolted the iron door. Then the workmen laughed at the roaring sea, feeling sure that they were beyond its reach. But one December morning a visitor whom they never expected to see knocked at their iron door. It was an impatient visitor who did not wait to be asked in, for at the very moment his knock came the door flew open; a huge white-crested wave swirled and rippled round the feet of the astonished men. Then it flowed away again, with a surly sound, as though to say, 'See what I can do when I like. A doorstep two hundred feet high is nothing to me, when I have the good north wind at my back.'

Again and again during the storm heavy bodies of sea-water fell upon the roof of the shelter, and it became only too evident that the lantern itself was far from safe. As a consequence the plans for the new tower had to be altered, and now, if you ever go to Muckle Flugga, you will find a handsome tower fifty feet high rising from the pinnacle of rock and containing sleeping-room, kitchen, and provision store. It carries a fixed light—an unblinking sentinel watching the ever-changing moods of the northern sea. Four keepers are appointed to take charge of it, alternately, two at a time, and their homes are built four miles away, in a sheltered inlet on the Island of Unst. JOHN LEA.

A MARVELLOUS ESCAPE.

THE famous Venetian prisoner, Giacomo Casanova, was distinguished only by his misfortunes, and his crime—if he committed any—is unknown to this day. One night he was awakened by the emissaries of the dread Inquisition, and hurried off to the Piombi. The fair, white ducal palace of Venice does not look like a prison. Yet many years ago,

we are told, while the palace-chambers were thronged with grand folk, there were prisons above and below them.

Under the leads were strong wooden boxes, with doors opening upon an immense garret. These were styled the Piombi ('leads'), but still more terrible were the Poggi, or wells, where men were hidden deep in the foundations of the palace, to which no ray of sunshine ever penetrated.

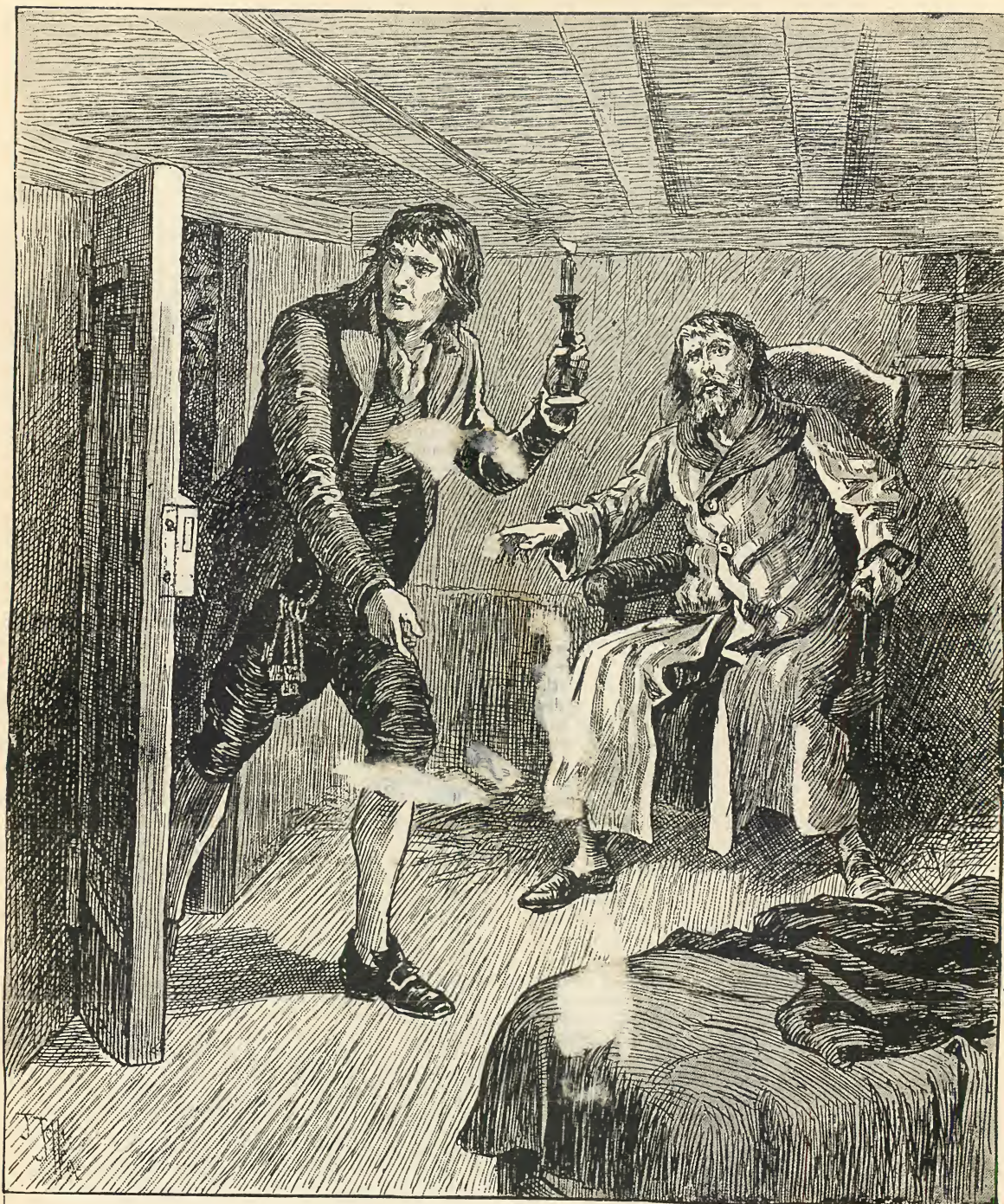
Casanova was confined in one of the Piombi. The cell to which he was taken was scarcely five feet and a half high and twelve feet square. Giving way to despair, he was very shortly in a violent fever.

His illness, however, proved a good thing for him, as the physician, summoned by the jailer, obtained permission for the prisoner to walk for a few minutes every day in the open garret, while his tiny room was swept and his bed made. In the course of years, a curious variety of objects had accumulated in this garret, and one day Casanova, when the jailer was not looking, picked up a fragment of polished black marble, and hid it in his breast. At another time, he found, in a heap of waste paper, a large iron bolt as thick as his thumb, and over a foot long. This also he concealed in his dressing-gown, hiding it afterwards in the stuffed seat of an armchair which he had been allowed to send for.

The possibility of escape now occurred to him. Day after day, till his hands were torn and bleeding, he laboured, rubbing the bolt against the bit of marble, until at last he possessed a strong, sharp-pointed tool.

To what use could he put it? After days of steady thought, he determined to make a hole in the floor of his cell. His knowledge of the palace told him that his box must be directly over the room of the Inquisition's secretary. If, thought Casanova, a hole could be made in the floor, big enough for his body to pass through, he might possibly let himself down in the night by means of the sheets from his bed, hide under the great table in the secretary's room, and in the early morning, when the doors were opened, escape amid the crowd frequenting the passages of the building.

But the difficulties in the way! How was such a hole to be hidden from the sharp eyes of the jailer who daily swept the cell? The sweeping would have to be discontinued, yet what excuse could he make for dispensing with it? It was a favour he had specially requested! Stopped, however, it *must* be, so he told the jailer's servants that they need no longer sweep the room. They, glad enough to be spared the trouble, said nothing about the matter. A week passed, then, one morning, appeared the jailer himself, carrying a candle in his hand. He ordered that the bed should be moved, and carefully examined every plank of the room. Casanova complained that the dust raised by sweeping injured his lungs, and said that he would rather endure the dirt and vermin than cough his life away. The jailer suggested that the floor should be sprinkled instead of swept, but the prisoner protested that the dampness would be as harmful to him as the dust. The keeper's suspicions were aroused. He



“He ordered that the bed should be moved.”

kept quiet for a week, then suddenly reappeared, to sweep and search as before.

Casanova was extremely prudent. No signs of work were visible, for no work had as yet been begun. The next morning, coughing violently, he showed his keeper a handkerchief stained with blood drawn from his finger, and said that the

sweeping had brought on hæmorrhage of the lungs, and that, if continued, it would cause his death. The alarmed jailer called in a physician. He, completely deceived, told of a young man who had broken a blood-vessel through swallowing dust, and ordered the discontinuance of the sweeping. So the jailer brought his brooms no more, and Casanova



"I intend to hold this Welsh castle until all the old women in France shall hear of it."

could begin his tedious task of digging through the flooring beneath his bed. The arrival of another prisoner, who shared his cell for a time, was a terrible interruption. As soon as he was alone again, he set to work with redoubled energy, and bored through six inches of planking in three weeks. Then he suddenly encountered a filling-in of broken

marble and cement, such as is largely used in Venetian building. For a little while he despaired of success.

Yet still he worked on, and in four days' time reached the panel which formed the ceiling of the lower room. At this crisis a new prisoner was brought in, who proved to be an old friend of

Casanova's. This man at first clamoured to have the room swept and sprinkled, and Casanova was compelled to confide in him. He then promised to do everything in his power to assist his friend's escape, but would not attempt anything on his own behalf.

(Concluded at page 282.)

THE MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH.

IN 1468 Harlech Castle was in the possession of Davydd-ap-Ivan-ap-Einion, a man of singular strength and beauty, and of great bravery. He was firmly attached to the House of Lancaster, and the Earl of Pembroke was dispatched to reduce the fortress. When called on to surrender the fortress, Davydd replied to the messenger who brought the summons, 'Tell your leader that some years ago I held a castle in France against its besiegers so long that all the old women in Wales talked of me; and that I intend to hold this Welsh castle now until all the old women in France shall hear of it.'

He was at last compelled by famine to yield, and it is said that this heroic defence and honourable capitulation gave rise to the fine melody known as 'The March of the Men of Harlech.'

W. YARWOOD.

A POOR SERVANT.

'HE that governs himself,' says a certain ancient writer, 'hath a great fool for his master.' To judge by the experience of Honoré de Balzac, Self is also a bad servant. The father of this famous French author was greatly disappointed because his son preferred literary to legal work. Yet he allowed the boy two years in which to prove—or disprove—his fitness for the work of his own choice. Honoré was installed in an attic near the library where he intended to work.

His mother was of opinion that a little hardship would soon bring her wilful son to his senses, but from Honoré's letters to his sister we gather that he made fun of his difficulties.

In his first letter he informed his sister that he had engaged a servant. Thus he writes:—

'His name is Myself, and he is a bad bargain! Myself is clumsy, thoughtless, lazy. When his master is hungry or thirsty, often enough Myself has neither food nor drink for him. He does not even know how to protect his unfortunate master from the wind which whistles through window and door. As soon as I awake I ring for Myself. He makes my bed; then he sweeps my room, and clumsy he is at the work.

"Myself!"

"Yes, sir."

"Look at that cobweb, and the fluff under the bed, and the dust on the window!"

'The lazy fellow stares at me without stirring; yet in spite of all his faults I cannot get rid of that stupid Myself.'

But it was this same 'Myself' who afterwards became such a famous contributor to French literature.

E. D.

THE SIBYL OF ST. PIERRE.

(Continued from page 272.)

CHAPTER XXXV.



HEN the doctor's horse galloped so madly away from the fiery destruction sweeping down upon the city, the animal took, as if by instinct, the road back to Glen Rosa, whilst the man clinging to its neck let it go whither it would, never dreaming that his life would be saved, only believing the horrors of his fate to be a little longer drawn out.

But the horse was a good one, and it was fleeing for its life, escaping swiftly from the rain of cinders and ashes, immediately after the awful eruption which destroyed St. Pierre; and although a dense sulphurous darkness dropped at once upon the countryside, the animal succeeded in reaching Glen Rosa, with the good doctor, more dead than alive, still clinging to the saddle.

Stebbins and Gusty did what they could for him, feeling, both of them, right glad to have a companion in the awful solitude and gloom.

The rain of red-hot scoræ did not reach to the plantation that day, though ashes fell in almost uninterrupted showers until the following morning.

Contrary to the doctor's fears, Maurice lived through the night, even seeming better when morning came, though, being unconscious still, he was mercifully spared the terrors which racked his companions.

When Friday came, the doctor mounted his horse again, and rode away to discover the fate of those left behind in the city on the previous day. Then Gusty, to whom the forest bye-ways of the island were like an open book, set off on foot to make his way over the hills, through the densely wooded valleys to Fort de France, to carry news of Stebbins' safety to the family, who might otherwise believe him to have perished in St. Pierre, and also to bring back food, supplies, and medicine for Maurice.

Meanwhile Stebbins was left at Glen Rosa, to care for the invalid, and, saving for a brief visit from the doctor on Saturday, no one else penetrated his awful seclusion, until Sunday brought Mr. Rowan and Andrew to his relief.

The supply of food available he had jealously hoarded for his patient, going hungry himself, although there were yams and other roots in plenty in the garden and plantation, if only he had known where to look for them. As it was, he subsisted on a little rough sugar which he found in a corner of the ruined boiling-house, coming at length to loathe the cloying sweetness with such disgust, that he felt if he lived to be a hundred years old he should never like sugar again.

Another and equally serious scarcity was drinking water. All the springs and wells in the district having mysteriously run dry, just before the out-

break of volcanic activity, the household at Glen Rosa had been forced to depend for supplies on the water of a little lake or big pond in the lemon grove. But this had become so encrusted with ashes and lava dust, and so diminished in quantity too, as to be scarcely more than a dirty mud-hole.

Such as it was, however, Stebbings had made the best of it, straining, boiling, and straining again, the necessity for constant activity and watchfulness keeping him from breaking down altogether under the strain of the solitude.

He had got so far in his history of that terrible time, when the hailing shout of Gusty attracted the attention of his listeners, and brought a thrill of hope to their sore hearts.

News of Alice and the children! It must surely be good news then, so each one argued in his heart, as they hurried to meet the black boy and his companion.

The man on horseback proved to be Mr. Stebbings senior, who had come the long ride through the forest in order to assure himself, by the evidence of his own eyes, that his son was alive and well, bringing with him at Gusty's request a mule's burden of provisions and medical comforts.

But the news? Andrew felt that he would like to shake the information out of Gusty, so incoherent and hard to understand was the story the black boy had to tell.

'Hi, hi, hi! 'Pears like it was Massa Fausset what told it all to me,—how he saw wid his own eyes dat de house was empty o' any livin' thing 'ceptin' it might ha' been a rat or two, an' a few spiders,' chuckled Gusty, because to his way of thinking the tidings he had brought seemed so superlatively good.

'Mr. Stebbings, what does it all mean—I cannot make head or tail of Gusty's story?' asked Andrew, appealing in desperation to that gentleman.

'I saw M. Fausset myself, but I could not discover wherein the excessive hopefulness of the story lay,' replied Mr. Stebbings, with a swift glance round upon the devastated landscape. 'The planter told me that he and his wife made up their minds to flee on Tuesday, because of the continual earthquake shocks; but knowing that Mr. and Mrs. Rowan were away, they considered themselves responsible for the welfare of the young people at Glen Rosa, and before they started M. Fausset rode over here, to beg your cousins to accompany himself and Madame Fausset in their flight. Maurice had gone to St. Pierre for Kitty's medicine, however, and Miss Rowan would not leave whilst he was absent, although she appeared restlessly anxious to get away. M. Fausset went back then, and he and his wife started on their journey. But neither of them were at ease in leaving these young folk behind, and when they had tracked for a mile or so through the forest with their cart, Madame Fausset insisted on her husband returning to Glen Rosa, to make one more attempt to persuade Miss Rowan to flee with them. The rain of cinders and red-hot pebbles began, just as he reached the house, the doors and windows of which were still open, and the lamp burning, but though he shouted and halloed with

all his might, no one answered him, the place was deserted and still as the grave. He dared not stay to investigate further, however, for his horse was rearing and whinnying with fright and pain from the hail of hot cinders, so he rode back through the dark forest, to where Madame waited with the cart, and both decided that Maurice must have returned, and taken his sister and the others away with him.'

'But they were gone before he reached here, so your son says, or at least there was no trace of them and the house was in flames; so where could they have gone, or who could have helped them get away?' Andrew asked, in increasing perplexity.

'That is what we have to discover; of course they may have fled from the house, only to perish at a little distance away. Perhaps some investigation of the surrounding country might help us; a search of this kind must be to the last degree harrowing,—we had better get Mr. Rowan to remain with his son,' Mr. Stebbings suggested.

The horse and mule being too worn out for anything further in the way of journeying that day, they were tethered under a shed where no fall of ashes could frighten them, and Mr. Rowan and Stebbings junior being left with Maurice, the others dispersed in different direction to carefully explore the neighbourhood.

But what a thoroughly hopeless task it was! Every foot of ground was inches deep in ashes and lava dust; they might, too, have walked over the dead bodies of those for whom they searched, without ever knowing that they were there.

Until night fell they continued their quest, then returned to the shed which had to be their shelter for the time being, and lay down for a few hours of sleep.

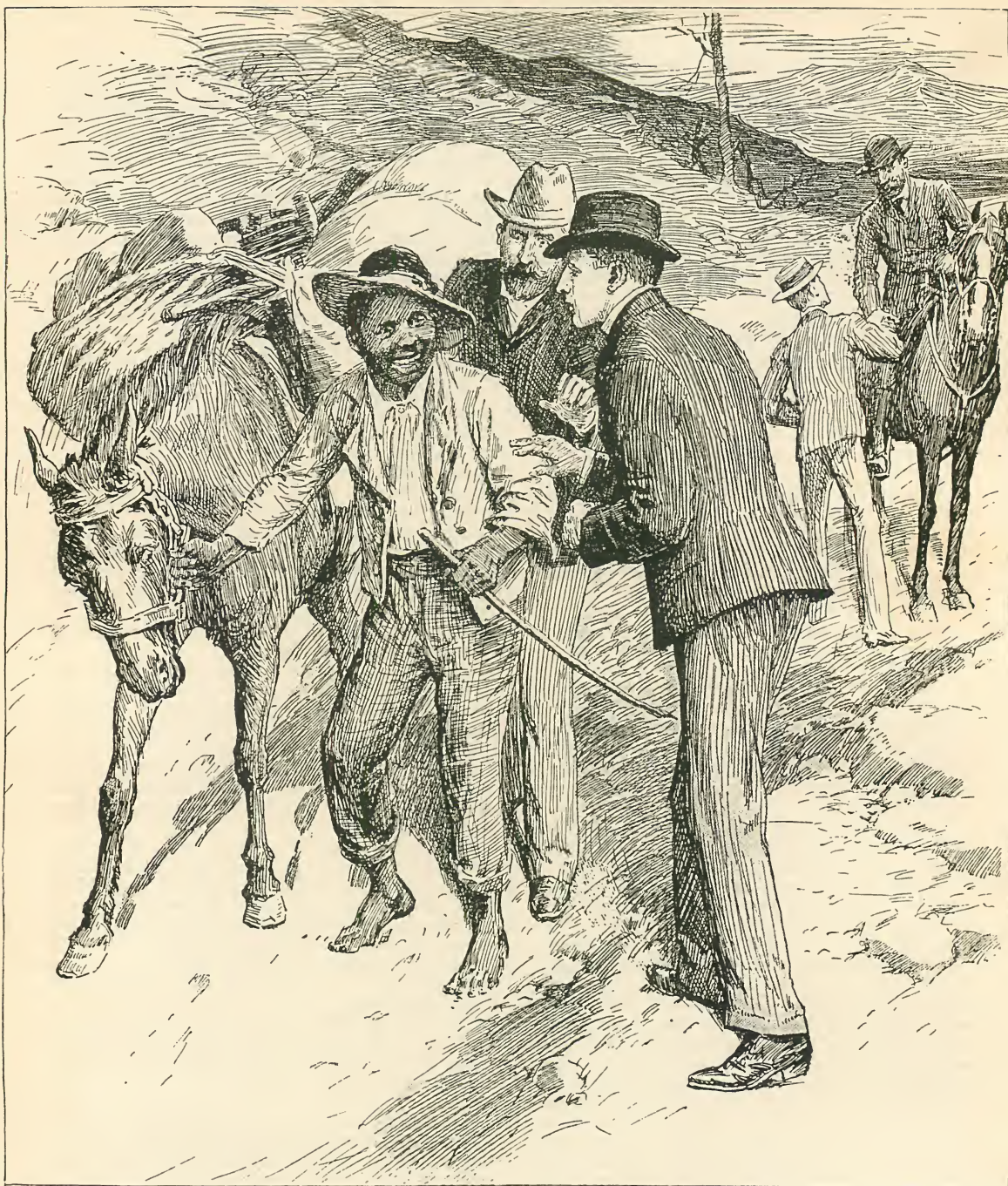
Morning brought Dr. Brown, who rode over from La Carbet with the promised supplies, which it had been impossible to procure on the previous day. His coming enabled Mr. Rowan to send back a message to the steamboat still lying off St. Pierre, requesting that an ambulance might be sent for Maurice by Tuesday or Wednesday, so that he might be sent to St. Thomas, where his mother could nurse him.

'Will you go with your son?' asked Dr. Brown, knowing well that he could spare none of the nurses at his disposal in La Carbet, to care for Maurice on the long voyage to the island of St. Thomas.

'No, I shall not leave the neighbourhood whilst the slightest doubt remains regarding the fate of the others; but Andrew can go with him, and then return to help me,' Mr. Rowan replied.

'You would not like Mrs. Rowan to be sent for? She might come with safety now, I think,' the doctor said, looking at Maurice as he lay on his comfortless bed, and thinking how badly he needed a woman's care.

'Not on any account. The suspense we are enduring would kill her. Besides, I would at all costs spare her a sight of this desolation, which would be a nightmare horror to her for the remainder of her days, especially if——' but Mr.



Arrival of Gusto with Provisions and Medical Comforts.

Rowan turned his head with a quick jerk, leaving his sentence unfinished.

It was hours later, when Mr. Rowan, who was laboriously digging for yams under the ashes and volcanic *débris*, chanced to look up in order to wipe his hot face, and saw coming towards him from the high ground where the ginger plantations

lay, a weird bowed figure, whom to see once was never to forget.

'It is Mother Maddy!' he exclaimed in amazement, knowing that Gusto believed her to have perished at Le Guérin. 'Can it be possible that she has brought me news of the children?'

(Concluded at page 236.)



Absence of Mind — a cold walk in a fit of abstraction.

A COLD WALK.

ABSENCE of mind has been a marked characteristic of many great philosophers. Amongst others it was very conspicuous in Adam Smith, the author of *The Wealth of Nations*. It is said of him that he rose early one Sunday morning, and went down into his garden at Kirkcaldy, dressed only in the garment he had gone to sleep in. All unconscious of his scanty clothing, he left the garden and walked along the highroad. The fit of abstraction lasted so long, that, when the sound of many bells roused him from his reverie, the philosopher found himself in the town of Dunfermline. He had walked about twelve miles in this unconscious state, and his appearance in the streets, less than half dressed, and utterly amazed at his position, caused great amusement to the public.

A. R. B.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS

49.—CHARADE.

More than half this world is mine; in the sun I gleam and shine;

I am hot and I am cold; cheap to get, and hard to hold;

Rough and wild, or smooth as silk; black as ink, or white as milk;

Counted as of little worth, till there comes a time of dearth;

Sought for then in desperate need, as a precious thing indeed.

Living with a merry heart, I must play a funny part;
Full of quips and cranks and jokes, to enliven sober folks;

Some there are who take me ill, others greet me with goodwill;

Laugh I must, whate'er they say: 'every dog must have his day.'

When you see me I'm behind; do not pull or you will find

Dire results may sometimes spring from a simple-seeming thing.

Flashing eyes and sharpened claws well may give the boldest pause;

Whether I am long or short, tread not on me in your sport.

Neatly clad in black and white, pacing with a quaint delight

By the river or the brook, always with a cheerful look,
Watching where the midges rise, 'neath the happy summer skies,—

You may find one, two, and three, all of them combined in me.

C. J. B.

50.—PUZZLE.

What do we get in tea which has never been in the kettle?

What does the hand contain which the wrist is without?

What is there in a ripe apple which did not appear in the blossom?

What does a father possess but not his son? S.

[Answers at page 303.]

ANSWERS.

47.—Looking Glass.

- | | |
|--------------|------------------|
| 1. L incoln. | 8. G ibraltar. |
| 2. O use. | 9. L usitania. |
| 3. O cean. | 10. A lexandria. |
| 4. K ington. | 11. S eine. |
| 5. I taly. | 12. S hannon. |
| 6. N ile. | |
| 7. G lasgow. | |

48.—Each orange did a farthing cost;—

To this you must assent.

Why, then, the reason's plain enough:

You make a farthing (far thing) present.

THE IDLER OF OLDEN DAYS.

THE 'loafer' or idle fellow who does nothing himself and, as often as not, hinders others at their work, seems to have been as well known in olden days as now. You may still read on a plaster wall of a recently dug-out house at Pompeii the warning notice: '*Otiosis locus hic non est; discede, morator*,' which in English means: 'No place here for loafers; move along!'

Pompeii, it will be remembered, was once a prosperous city at the foot of Vesuvius till it was overwhelmed and literally buried by an eruption of burning lava from the mountain, which had till then been considered an extinct volcano.

Pliny was at that time in command of the Roman fleet, and having received notice of the threatened eruption, he at once set out with some ships, and arrived outside Pompeii on August 24th, A.D. 79. But he was too late to save the people at the foot of Vesuvius, for he could not effect a landing, and had himself to retire some little way to Stabiae. He should have gone further, for during the night he was suffocated by the poisonous fumes which arose from the earth, and he died on the following morning.

A MARVELLOUS ESCAPE.

(Concluded from page 278.)



AT last, when Casanova had spent over a year in the Piombi, only a thin skin of panel remained unbroken. The night of August 27th was fixed upon for the attempted escape, but the 25th brought Casanova's labours to a sad end. On that morning the jailer, thinking that he was bringing exceedingly good news, entered the cell, and informed Casanova that he was to be transferred to a much larger and better room.

What a blow for the poor prisoner! Not only had all his hard work been wasted, but he knew that detection was inevitable. One consolation remained—the armchair, in which the sharpened bolt was concealed, would go with him into the new cell. Scarcely was he settled there when the storm

burst. When the bed was removed, the hole in the floor was, of course, seen. The jailer, in a towering rage, demanded of Casanova the tools which he had used, and the name of him who provided the prisoner with them. Casanova was silent. The jailer threatened to examine him by torture. To this Casanova replied, 'If I am put to the torture, I shall tell the truth. I shall say that you alone furnished me with the tools.'

The turnkeys grinned. The jailer used strong language, then, wild with rage, rushed out of the cell. An appeal to the authorities was out of the question, for it would have been his own death-warrant. He had the hole mended, and revenged himself on the prisoner by giving him almost uneatable food for eight days. On the ninth day, at Casanova's request, he brought in an account of the sum per day allowed by the tribunal for food, and also a basket of lemons and a roasted fowl, the gift of a friend. From this time he became more amiable, and showed himself remarkably indulgent.

Casanova wished for books, and the jailer said that in the next cell there was a prisoner who had some which he might lend. This man proved to be a monk. Casanova, having made his acquaintance by means of the book-exchange suggested by the jailer, found that he was as anxious to escape as *he* himself was. But there seemed no chance for either prisoner! The jailer and turnkeys sounded floor and walls every day. Casanova, not to be daunted, resolved to break through the *roof*. An idea occurred to him, to carry out which he needed the monk's help.

The jailer was petitioned for some prints, which the monk stuck up on his walls. Behind one, which, of course, was always put back to hide the work, a hole was to be made. But the only available tool was Casanova's bolt. How was this to reach the other?

A chance came at last. Full of danger as it was, Casanova used it. One of the books lent to him was a large folio, with the binding loose at the back. Casanova tried to conceal the bolt in this binding, but it was too long, and stuck out over an inch at each end. He was almost in despair, when the recurrence of a certain feast day brought him fresh hope. On this day the orthodox food is macaroni floating in oil, and Casanova, telling the jailer that he wanted to make some return for his neighbour's kindness, asked for materials with which to make a pudding, and the largest dish he had, in order to do honour to the day. The request was granted. A huge flat copper dish received the macaroni; it was filled with oil almost to overflowing, then placed upon the book, which served as a tray. Into the binding of the book Casanova had slipped the precious bolt. The jailer, who was strictly charged to carry the dish very steadily, himself conveyed the tool! Fortunately it never occurred to him to examine the 'tray.'

In a few days' time the monk had made behind one of his pictures a hole big enough to crawl through, and thus reach the cage in which Casanova was confined.

In an ordinary prison, with a constant guard, such work would, of course, have been impossible; but here the prisoners were visited only once a day,

quite early in the morning, so that twenty-four hours always came between. One day, therefore, at noon, the monk broke through the thin wood which was now the only barrier, and dropped into Casanova's cell.

The next step was to tear open enough of the leaden roofing to give them passage, and the wonderful bolt soon accomplished this. The two men would not attempt their flight until midnight, lest the bright moonlight should show their figures to the people walking below. A fog which arose gave them the benefit of darkness, but made the roof so slippery that it was almost impossible to reach the ridge.

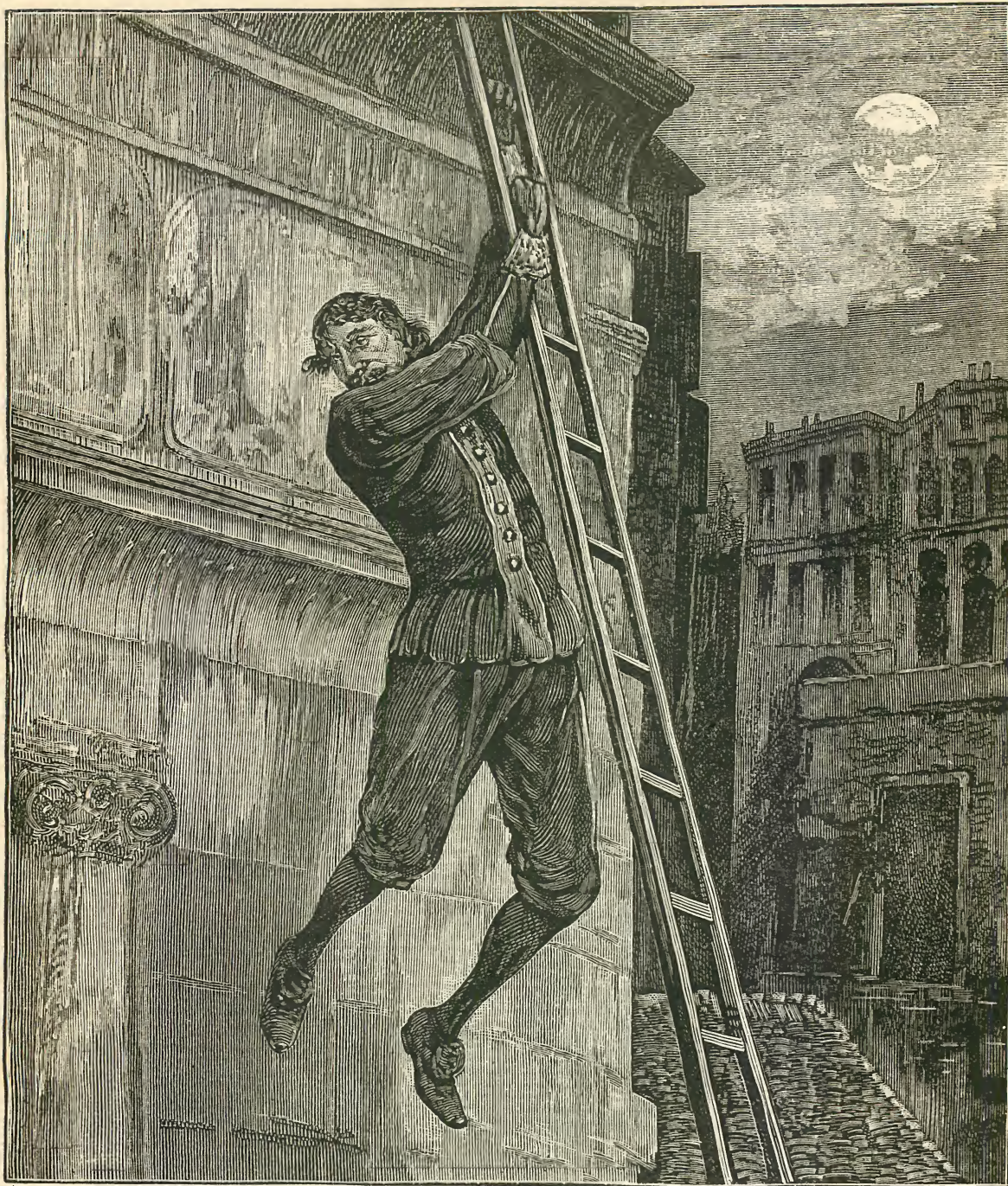
When they gained it at last, they seated themselves astride and made ready to use their rope, which they had twisted from strips of their bed-clothing. It was long enough, but not one point could they find to which they might fasten it. What was now to be done? Return would mean condemnation for life to the Poggi. Two hundred and fifty feet below them flowed the canal, and for a moment Casanova was tempted to let himself drop into the dark water, and so end all. Courage, however, returned, and catching sight of a small window in the slope of the roof, looking toward the canal, he slid down towards it, taking the risk of being unable to stop there. Then, peering over the edge, he saw an iron grating, behind which were small panes set in lead. Toiling with bleeding hands, aided by his bolt, he wrenched away the bars, and, having assisted the reluctant monk to descend, he lowered him by their cord through the window, which proved to be quite fifty feet from the floor.

So far, all was well; but now, how was Casanova to join his faint-hearted companion? In a corner of the roof he had seen a ladder, and with untold difficulty he succeeded in dragging it nearer, and lowering it by means of his cord until one end struck the inside roof of the window. He could not possibly get it farther in, except by raising the outer end, projecting considerably beyond the palace roof. Yet this had to be done. Lying down, he worked desperately, until, rising in order to exert more strength, he slipped, and felt himself falling.

'It was a horrible moment,' wrote Casanova, years after, 'at the recollection of which I still shudder. The natural instinct of self-preservation enabled me, almost unconsciously, to exert my utmost strength to cling on, and, wonderful to relate, I succeeded!'

But the ladder had moved in some feet, and it was now comparatively easy for Casanova to join his friend, and break open with the invaluable bolt the few remaining doors. The pair soon found themselves at the head of the great staircase. Thence they passed to 'the giant stairs,' at the foot of which was the principal door of the palace. This was always unlocked at an early hour, but Casanova thought it best to show himself at once at one of the windows overlooking the court.

He had the appearance of some brawling masquerader who had spent the night in dissipation. A passer-by who saw him informed the porter that a guest had been locked in the palace. The man stared stupidly as he unlocked the door, and in



A Marvellous Escape.

another minute the two prisoners were in a gondola, on their way to Mestre.

They were by no means out of danger; but after various adventures they ultimately reached a place of safety.

Sad it is to have to relate that in future years Casanova became a servant of that very power

which had so oppressed himself. The memory of his own sufferings did not deter him from bringing similar sorrow upon others, and in reading the story of his life, one feels that his career would have ended more honourably had that slip precipitated his body into the depths of the Grand Canal.

E. DYKE.



A Dangerous Passenger.

A DANGEROUS PASSENGER.

A COUNTRY gentleman returning home one evening in his dog-cart, which he drove himself, met in a lonely part of the road an old lady, who, complaining of being tired, begged him to take her in his carriage for a little way. The

gentleman consented, but this pretended lady was no sooner seated then he accidentally perceived, with surprise and terror, under the cap which enveloped her head and part of her face, large black whiskers. Such a disguise foreboded nothing good. He had presence of mind enough, however, to devise a means of getting rid of this dangerous travelling

companion, who did not yet know that the disguise had been discovered. He suddenly dropped his handkerchief, as if by accident, and begged the lady, with many apologies, to be so kind as to alight and pick it up, because, he said, he could not leave the horse, which, being young and spirited, was hard to hold. The man alighted, and the gentleman, with a violent lash of his whip, put his horse to a gallop. On arriving at his house he found in the dog-cart a basket which had been left in it by the whiskered passenger, and which contained, among other things, a pair of pistols.

W. YARWOOD.

THE CLOCK'S COMPLAINT.

I HAVE seen Master Walter, a very fine lad,
He's home for the holidays, seems very glad;
But, shaking his fist as I ventured to strike,

He cried: 'Don't you go very fast,
For Christmas vacation is just what I like,
And I want it to last.'

He's wonderfully rude, for only to-day
He took out his watch in the loftiest way,
And scanning its face ('twas a quarter to three)

He cried, with a confidence strong:
'Excuse me, my friend, but according to me
You are certainly wrong.'

I have stood in this hall and my duty I've done
Since Walter's papa was as small as his son,
And summer and winter and morning and night

I've followed the excellent plan,
Of ticking the measure of Time in his flight
As near as I can.

And now Master Walter, a mere boy at school,
Most rudely requests me to alter my rule—
A favour which I shall most flatly decline;

For only just think what it means
To give up a grand reputation like mine
To a boy in his teens!

And if I agreed, there are many would say:
'Hullo! what's the matter? It seems a long day!
The hands of the clock very slowly go round,

There is something undoubtedly wrong,
For hours have gone by since the ghost of a sound
Was heard from the gong.'

No, no! he must make what he can of the time
And pay due regard to the tick and the chime;
For I shall not alter my custom—not I,

Though maybe his watch would not mind,
For often I see, when he carries it by,
That 'tis lagging behind.

JOHN LEA.

QUITE NEW.

A GENTLEMAN who was fond of curiosities, had, among other things, a gun that had been used at the battle of Waterloo. One day he was showing the gun to a friend, who remarked that the barrel of the gun seemed to be new.

'Yes,' the owner of the weapon replied, 'I have had a new barrel put on.'

'The stock of the gun does not seem to be very old either,' his friend continued.

The owner said it was not very old, the original stock had got broken in his father's time, and he had had a new one put on.

'The lock of the gun seems to be of modern manufacture, too,' said the visitor.

The owner was obliged to confess that it was.

'Why, man,' the visitor exclaimed, 'there is nothing old about it except the touch-hole.'

A. H. B.

THE SIBYL OF ST. PIERRE.

(Concluded from page 280.)

CHAPTER XXXVI.

NO sooner did the thought that Mother Maddy might bring good news occur to Mr. Rowan, than he dismissed it as absurd and impossible. Yet such a contrary thing is human nature that he ceased digging for yams instantly, and, dropping his tool, strode away to meet the old woman, who was coming feebly down the sloping hillside.

'Mother Maddy! Mother Maddy! they said that you were dead—overtaken by the lava stream rushing down on Grande Riviere,' he cried, his voice coming from him with an odd uncertain sound.

'There are many dead whom hope would faint believe alive,' the sibyl replied in her high-pitched voice, then added, as if by an afterthought, 'and some remain alive who already may be mourned as dead.'

'Who are they, Mother Maddy, who are they?' gasped Mr. Rowan, wrestling hard with the hope which would not be denied.

But instead of a direct reply, the old woman asked abruptly, 'What of the town—tell me, what of the town? Did the eruption destroy it?'

'Yes, on Thursday morning. It is said that thirty thousand people perished in a few minutes of time, and were hurried unwarned into eternity.'

'Not unwarned—oh, not unwarned!' she exclaimed in an earnest tone, the slow, painful tears of extreme old age rolling down her wrinkled cheeks. 'Did I not risk my life to warn the town of what was pending, and later did I not send the boy Gusty on the same useless errand? Yet no one heeded or believed that danger was nigh. And now the end has come full soon: thirty thousand souls, did you say? Ah me! woe, woe, that I should have lived to see this day!' she cried, flinging up her withered arms with a tragic gesture.

But Mr. Rowan stopped her wild outburst of grieving by a gesture of impatience. 'Tell me, Mother Maddy, where have you been hiding during these days of dread, not to have heard that the town was destroyed?' He could not bring his courage to the point of asking if she knew ought of his children, so greatly did he dread what her answer might be.

'Where should I have been but caring for your children in the heart of the hills, where the throbbing and the striving of the mountain fiend could not harm?' queried the old woman in a

petulant tone, as if she expected him to know all about her movements without any explanation.

'My children?' shouted Mr. Rowan, with a great light of joy illumining his face; 'Mother Maddy, are they safe?'

'All but one, and the little Dutch buccra is safe too. They were always kind to me, the young ones of Glen Rosa, and I gave them of my best—my very best. I would have saved the other one too had it been possible, yea, I would gladly have laid down my life for his,' she said, with such mournful pathos that her listener's heart was stirred to its depths.

'I know you would, Mother Maddy; but tell me, is it Roddy that has gone, my happy baby boy?' asked Mr. Rowan, with a terrible sinking at heart as he thought of his wife, and wondered how she would bear the news.

'The piccaninny? No, indeed, he is well and strong, and did I not carry him the whole way to shelter on my back? Ah! but how my old bones did ache. No, no, it is the other that is gone, the brave young Massa Maurice, who was shut up in the town when the cordon was drawn about it by order of the Governor.'

'Wrong, wrong, Mother Maddy, all wrong!' shouted Mr. Rowan, capering like a schoolboy, grave and dignified planter though he was, and landed proprietor, and laird of Glenarchy too. 'Maurice is here, safe at Glen Rosa, though desperately ill from exposure and anxiety. However, this news will cure him if anything will. Come and see him, and then take me to the others.'

'No, no, I am weary, and the strength in me has turned to weakness by your tidings of woe. I will stay where I am, whilst you get food enough for the supper of the hungry ones in the cave, then will I lead you to them, even though the effort should be my last,' Mother Maddy said in a querulous tone, sinking on to the ground in a condition of exhaustion.

To summon the others, who were still searching aimlessly for some trace of the missing ones, and to pack up an ample supply of provisions, was the work of a very short time only; then leaving Maurice in the care of the Stebbings, father and son, Mr. Rowan set out with Andrew and Gusty to follow Mother Maddy's guidance to the place where she had hid the children from the terrible rain of fire. This was a cave running in under the hills at no great distance from Glen Rosa, a dry roomy cavity with a little spring of fresh cold water running through one side of it.

Mr. Rowan broke down completely when he gathered his children into his arms and found not one of them injured by the perils through which they had passed, even poor sick Kitty being well on the way to convalescence, despite the hardships and limitations of life in the cave.

The story of how they escaped was marvellous enough. When Mother Maddy reached Glen Rosa that night, and told of the cordon drawn round the town, Alice guessed at once that Maurice was unable to get away.

But a restless desire to flee was upon her. Leaving a note for Maurice in a prominent place, she hastily filled a sack with provisions, which Derry carried on

his back; then trusting themselves to Mother Maddy's guidance, they went forth into the black darkness of that hail of fiery cinders. Even then they would have scarcely escaped with their lives, but for the sibyl's forethought in making them carry inverted zinc baths, umbrella-wise, on their heads.

The story of that fearful pilgrimage proved mightily moving to father and cousin, as related by Alice, who had carried Kitty on her back, whilst Roddy was borne on the shoulders of Mother Maddy, and Derry staggered along under the weight of the hastily collected provisions.

Once in the cave they had been afraid to venture out again, until the brighter daylight and the cessation of the booming thunder bespoke the end of the eruption for the time.

* * * * *

It was on Wednesday morning that the ambulance came for Maurice, and it was accompanied by a roomy cane waggon, for the transport of the other members of the family to the place of embarkation.

At first Mother Maddy refused to leave the island, declaring that she longed to die and be at peace. But when she looked at the grim summit of Pelée shrouded still in violet haze, and realised that its terrible work might be only just begun, her brave spirit shrank and faltered within her, and then she consented to go.

Dilapidated in appearance, ragged and untidy in dress, bearing in their faces the marks of the time of terror through which they had passed, Alice, Kitty, and Roddy were brought down from the sheltering cave, and packed into the waggon with Mother Maddy and Derry Van Laun, who was to voyage with them as far as Saba.

When, just before starting, Alice came to the side of the ambulance to kiss Maurice, who lay unconscious still, he suddenly opened his eyes and looked at her in surprise.

'Is it you, Alice?—where are the children?' he asked feebly, then lifted his weak trembling hand to grope for something.

'The children are here, dear; what is it you want?' she said, seeing that he was plainly searching for something.

'It is Kitty's medicine, I can't remember which pocket I put it in. But I know I did not break the bottle when I tumbled into the sea,' he replied, in a puzzled tone.

'Kitty doesn't want any medicine,' replied Alice gently, whereat Maurice turned his head on his pillow with a slow smile of content, saying he supposed she must be getting better fast, then straightway fell into a refreshing sleep, from which even the jolting of the ambulance failed to rouse him.

Andrew Mackern elected to remain with the Stebbingses and Dr. Brown, to aid in the work of succouring the distressed islanders; but Gusty embarked with the others for St. Thomas, in order to take care of his great grandmother, whom he declared to be quite unfit to look after herself.

Mrs. Rowan, waiting in sick apprehension for some certain tidings of the fate of her children, received them instead, as if newly risen from the



“Where should I have been but caring for your children?”

dead, even Maurice being so far recovered as to be pronounced out of danger.

Mr. Rowan did not return to Martinique, but leaving his interests there in the care of his nephew, and establishing Gusto and his aged but notable kinswoman in a comfortable holding, in one of the country districts of St. Thomas, he sailed with his

family for Scotland, away from the troubled islands of the glowing West.

‘I told you true,’ said Mother Maddy at parting, ‘for when the Demon’s Mouth spit steam and scalding water, Pelée did smoke and swallow the town.’

BESSIE MARCHANT.

THE END.



“‘Untwisting my case of field-glasses, I hurled it at the enemy.’”

A LION ADVENTURE IN EAST AFRICA.

A True Story.

ANY one who knows anything of dogs will freely admit that it is by no means the biggest and noblest-looking dog that is the most plucky, and the lion, though his outward appearance and noble bearing have earned him the title of 'King of Beasts,' is at times far from kingly in his behaviour, being very easily scared, and turning tail even when the odds are in his favour.

There is an old story of a lady who drove away a lion by merely opening her parasol in his face, and a recent hunter in East Africa has had a somewhat similar experience.

This sportsman was hunting inland some four hundred miles from Mombaza, and having shot a big hippopotamus, he left his gun-bearer and 'boys' to cut off the great beast's head, and himself strolled away in search of anything that might turn up, telling his party he hoped to return in about an hour.

A little black lad accompanied him to carry his gun, and the two had gone on quietly enough for some two miles or more across swelling plains of long dry grass, when suddenly they came to a standstill. Immediately facing them, and standing absolutely motionless, were four full-grown lions, their heads and shoulders showing above the long grass, and their eyes fixed straight on the intruders!

What was to be done? Retreat was impossible—all four lions would at once have rushed for a retreating foe. To shoot was of course the hunter's first thought, and with his rifle fully loaded with ten rounds, he could feel absolutely sure of settling one lion; with good luck he might even kill a second—but after that? What, in short, was to be his course of action? There was little time for deliberation, for one of the lions began to grow restless, and was evidently getting ready for a spring.

'My mind was made up,' said the gentleman; 'it would be madness to fire. Untwisting my case of field-glasses from my shoulder, I caught it by the strap, and rushing forward with a loud yell, I hurled it at the enemy!'

All four lions turned tail and bolted with a loud *waugh, waugh*, as they bounded, tails pointed upward, through the long grass, only stopping when they had run some three hundred yards or more, when they all turned round and stared hard at their strange foe.

The hunter, on his part, lost no time in hurrying back with the lad to the group with the hippopotamus, and hastily explaining the situation to the gun-bearer, he picked out two 'boys,' and giving them each a rifle, and arming himself with another, the party of four now hurried back to the spot where the lions had last been seen. To their great disappointment, however, no lion could now be found anywhere about, though they hunted for them all that day and the following one.

'Thus,' said the sportsman, 'ended my first, last, and only chance of shooting a lion.'

A RIDE ON A NIGHT MARE.

GALLOP and gallop o'er dismal ways,
Over the last of the moon's pale rays,
Into a region of darkness deep
The Night Mare carries us while we sleep.

On and on always, now up, now down;
Black bats flap at us, sad owls frown:
Something surely will soon attack,
O! if only we could turn back.

All is silent, and not a sound starts
An echo, except our own beating hearts,
And pat-a-pat-pat of the Night Mare's feet
Galloping over a sleep-land street.

Pat-a-pat! pat-a-pat! when will it stop?
When Night Mares are tired, down they drop;
Leaving us wondering how we sped
So far since the time when we went to bed.

Ah! here we are, the galloping done!
The Night Mare has home to its stable gone,
Where it is fed upon coal-black hay,
And guarded with care from the light of day.

REED MOORHOUSE.

'WITHOUT FEAR AND WITHOUT REPROACH.'

Tales of the famous Knight, Bayard.

IX.—A YOUNG KNIGHT'S PROWESS.

NOT long after Malvezzo had been so signally defeated by Bayard, the peerless knight heard from his spies that Captain Scanderbeg, with a number of Albanians and cross-bowmen, had fortified himself in a neighbouring castle, Bassano by name, from which he frequently sallied forth to ravage the surrounding country, and cut off stragglers from the French troops, just as Malvezzo had done before he was checked. The spy who brought this news furthermore told Bayard that he thought the enemy might be easily entrapped if he would accept his advice.

'I can show you a pass in the hills,' he said, 'where it will be the easiest thing in the world to ambush them.'

Bayard had always trusted this spy, and knew that he was no traitor. He was sure, too, that his own thirty gentlemen-at-arms and a dozen or so of his friends, with a body of archers, could easily defeat a couple of hundred Albanians, who were only light cavalry instead of heavily-armed knights; and if the spy's plan was followed, the French would also have the advantage of the best position. He made up his mind, therefore, to attack as the spy proposed, and one Saturday morning, some little time before daybreak, he and his little troop set out, guided by the spy.

They reached the pass after a ride of about fifteen miles. It was a narrow defile not far from the Castle of Bassano, with plenty of trees and rocks for

shelter, and at one end a small wooden bridge over a river, the defile itself being about a mile long.

'How shall we entrap them?' Bayard asked the spy. 'Shall we let them pass us on the way out, or shall we wait till they are returning to their castle?'

'It would be best, my lord,' answered the other, 'to allow them to leave the castle and pass out through the defile in safety, because then they will be more weary when they return. It seems to me that the attack would be best carried out thus: leave a small force to hold the wooden bridge, which is narrow, and can be easily guarded by a few; the rest of your men I will guide by a track behind those hills, fording the river some way down, to the plain on the other side of the stream. Then, when the Albanians are returning, you will attack them from the rear with this main body of your men, in the open plain. You will overcome them without great difficulty, and when they flee they will be unable to cross the bridge because of the men there. And perhaps, to make all safe, a few men might be left actually in the defile in case any do contrive to get over the bridge. Thus you will have the whole force in the hollow of your hand.'

'Let me guard the bridge,' cried Bonnet, one of Bayard's closest friends, without waiting to see if the plan was approved, so eager was he for the post of honour, where there would most likely be the hardest fighting.

Just then a bugle was heard in the castle sounding to arms. Bayard hastily resolved to adopt this plan, and the whole body lay quiet and still as the Albanians rode unsuspectingly along the pass, over the bridge at the far end, and away to plunder a village not far off across the river. They were talking and laughing as merrily as if they were going to a marriage-feast.

When they had disappeared from sight, Bayard set to work. Half-a-dozen picked men he left in the defile; Bonnet he sent to the bridge with six gentlemen-at-arms and a dozen or so of archers; the rest of his men he himself took, and, under the guidance of the spy, led them behind the hills to the ford across the river. On the other bank they lay hid, waiting for the enemy.

But now Bayard added a new device to his plan. He ordered his standard-bearer, Du Fay, to take a score or so of well-mounted men, and when the enemy arrived, attack them as if they were a solitary skirmishing party. After a little fighting they were to pretend to be defeated, and flee towards the bridge.

'After that,' said Bayard, 'we will do our part.'

Du Fay set out, for the enemy were already returning. He attacked boldly, charging at full speed, though plainly outnumbered. Before long his men seemed to lose heart, and gave way a little. Then their retreat appeared to become a rout, and they fled at full speed, though in good order, towards the wooden bridge, the Albanians pursuing wildly with shouts of triumph.

Now was Bayard's opportunity. As soon as the Albanians drew near to the bridge, and saw it held, he sallied out and fell upon them as they halted, confused by the rapid pursuit and the sudden

appearance of Bonnet and his men at the bridge. Shouting their battle-cry, 'Empire! France! Bayard!' the French were upon them in a moment, and at the first shock unhorsed thirty men or more. A desperate fight ensued, and the Albanians did their utmost to force a passage across the bridge, but all in vain. They were altogether demoralised, and the French had little difficulty in taking prisoner or slaying some eighty of them. Scanderbeg and the rest at length turned and fled back across the plain, and thence finally to Trevisa, many miles away.

The most striking event in this fight was the conduct of a lad named Guy Guiffry de Boutières, who was only seventeen years old, and had but lately joined Bayard's troop. In the battle, the standard-bearer of the Albanians, like his comrades, turned to fly, and leapt into a deep trench close by, meaning to cross it and get away. But Boutières saw the action, and at the risk of his neck jumped after him into the trench. He took the other completely by surprise, and with a good stout blow broke his lance. Drawing his sword, he called on the standard-bearer to surrender.

'I must,' said the other, and gave up his standard to the lad, who then made him walk before him till they found Bayard.

'What is this?' asked the good knight, when he saw the little procession. 'Has this boy taken a grown man prisoner?'

'Yes, my lord,' answered Boutières. 'Heaven has given me that boon. But the man did wisely to give in, for had he not, I should surely have killed him.'

Bayard smiled at the young man's ardour. 'You have done well: may you continue as honourably,' he said.

The French, having routed the enemy, went on to the Castle of Bassano, which had been left with but a small guard; and the place surrendered when a herald was sent to announce the defeat of Scanderbeg. The French entered, and held a great feast, most of their prisoners sitting down at table with them.

After the feast, the various gentlemen-at-arms presented their prisoners to Bayard, so that he might know what each had done in the fight. Among them came young Boutières with his standard-bearer, a big man twice as broad as himself.

At the sight of the brawny soldier led in by the stripling, Bayard could hardly refrain from laughing. 'Look, gentlemen,' he said to those present, 'this Boutières was only a page a few days ago, and here he has captured the biggest man in the enemy's force—the standard and all. We French are wont to give our standards into better keeping than that!'

The standard-bearer flushed at the reproach. 'I was not afraid of the boy, my lord,' he said angrily. 'I should not be afraid of a better man than he. Your numbers were too great for me, and I had to surrender perforce.'

Bayard looked at Boutières. 'Do you hear that?' he asked.

Boutières drew himself up proudly. 'Let me give this man back his arms and his horse,' he said, 'and get my own. We will go to the plain and fight it out again. If he conquers, he shall not be



"After the feast, the various gentlemen-at-arms presented their prisoners to Bayard."

my prisoner; but if I win, I will have no mercy on him."

"I grant your request," said Bayard, pleased with the lad's spirit. But the standard-bearer had no wish to fight again. He was a coward at heart, and refused the challenge, so that Boutières came off with redoubled glory.

Bayard won fame by his victory; but he never showed his modesty and generosity more nobly than here; for whenever any one praised him or congratulated him, he would call young Boutières and present him, saying, 'This lad did more than I, and it is he who won the greatest glory in the encounter.'



Gondolas.

ON MANY WATERS.

IX.—GONDOLAS.

PROBABLY no one has entered Venice by night without being impressed by the lack of noise at the railway station. No trampling of horses,

no rattling of cabs or omnibus, but only the soft splash of oars as the gondolas come alongside to take passengers to their destinations. And then, away along the silent water streets, past tall houses, churches, and huge palaces, all seen very dimly through the summer night, the stillness only broken by the weird cry of the gondoliers as they turn a

corner to warn others of their coming. Nowadays, when tram-cars and motor-cars fill civilised ears with discordant noises, what a peaceful haven seems that wheel-less, soundless city!

Gondolas vary greatly in size, but otherwise are generally of one shape and colour. They are very long and narrow, an ordinary-sized boat being thirty feet long by four in width. The two ends curve sharply upwards to the full height of a man, whilst the bottom is flat.

Passenger gondolas have a covered cabin near the centre, and those belonging to private families or hotels are comfortably cushioned, and hung with handsome curtains to keep off the sun. It is impossible to imagine a more luxurious fashion of travel—absolutely smooth in motion and free from the jarring of carriages. The gondolier, standing in the stern, with his face forwards, propels the boat by long sweeps from a huge oar or pole, often singing or chanting in time with his strokes.

Omnibus gondolas supply the place of our wheeled vehicles, and, for a trifle, carry about the poorer folk who cannot enjoy the luxury of a boat to themselves.

In old times gondolas were sources of great vanity, and enormous sums were spent on adorning them with gold, silver, and magnificent hangings of gorgeous colours; but in the sixteenth century the Venetian Council restrained the extravagance of its nobles, as far as gondolas were concerned, by passing a law that every one was to be painted and hung with black only, and, as regards the painting, this is still strictly enforced.

In a dull climate the effect of the dark boats would be most doleful; but in Venice everything is so bright, the sky and water so intensely blue, the mosaic and paintings on churches and palaces so rich in gold and colour, the marbles so fresh and clean, and the Venetian masts, to which the gondolas are moored, so vivid in their gay stripes of blue and white or red and white, that the black boats flashing along really add the needed toning down of the scene.

A cargo gondola heaped above its black sides with golden melons is a wonderful sight, and one very commonly seen—and, indeed, any of these boats laden with fruits and vegetables of varied colours is a picture in itself.

On each Ascension Day in the Middle Ages, as long as Venice retained her wealth and independent position, a grand sight delighted the pleasure-loving Venetians. The Doge, or President of the Republic, assembled a fleet of magnificent gondolas, and, with great state and ceremony, went in procession to the island of the Lido, opposite Venice, to be married to the Adriatic Sea, to whose blue waters most of the supremacy of Venice was due. He was met by the Patriarch, or chief of the clergy, who poured into the sea some water said to have the power of allaying storms. This ceremony ended, the Doge dropped a gold ring into the water, saying in Latin, 'We espouse thee, O Sea, in token of our perpetual dominion over thee,' after which all the gondolas returned to the city, and grand festivities followed.

HELENA HEATH.

THE COMPETITORS.*

A Tale of Upton House School.

CHAPTER I.



R. ARTHUR KINGLEY, Head Master of Upton School, Cubberby-on-the-Cliffs, Devonshire, was greatly astonished, and no less delighted, to receive one morning from a rich uncle the following letter. The missive gave Mr. Kingley new hope and new courage, for his school had not prospered

of late years as so well-managed a place deserved. Kingley's uncle was a man of business, rich, shrewd, long-headed, holding decided opinions of his own as to many things, and among them education, as the letter, which shall now be given in full, showed.

'My dear Arthur,' the letter ran, 'I have been sorry to learn that your school has not been hitherto very successful, though I understand that it is well conducted and excellently spoken of. Now I have a scheme to propose which may, I think, lead to a better state of things, if you agree to the suggestions I am about to make; it may also help to carry out certain ideas as to the question of education which I have long held, and which I am ready to test at some expense to myself. Briefly, I am prepared to offer you three hundred pounds a year for the following purpose: to establish two scholarships at my old University of Cambridge for boys attending Upton School. These scholarships are to consist of a senior prize of two hundred pounds per annum, and of a junior prize of one hundred pounds per annum, to run simultaneously, and to be competed for by all boys who have entered their names at your school by the September term of this year, provided that they are not younger than fourteen or older than fifteen upon the day of entry. These candidates enter upon their candidature from the first hour of their residence at Upton House, or any boarding-house under your control, and will compete for the two scholarships for three years. The winners will receive the amount due annually for a term of four years, three years of which will be passed at Cambridge; while the fourth may be spent at the University or elsewhere; in accordance with the career which the holder shall have chosen. That is, the income may be employed for one year in starting the young man upon his way in life. When the first two holders of my scholarships shall have enjoyed the use of this annual income for four years, a second couple of scholars may enter upon their tenure of the same, having qualified during the three previous years, and so on, *ad infinitum*, the capital having been settled upon you in trust for this purpose.

The qualifications of the winners of my scholarships—and this is the chief point—are not to be

merely that skill in learning the dead languages and other forms of knowledge which usually wins the prizes offered at school and university. The holders of the Upton Scholarships must satisfy their examiners in a larger sense. They must convince their masters, first, of their serious desire to become good Englishmen, good citizens, good Christians in the widest sense of the words, as well as good schoolboys. Marks will be awarded by yourself, first, to the extent of one-third of the total, one-sixth by your assistant-masters, one-sixth by the parents of the boys, and one-third by the boys themselves—those who are not candidates. All marks given shall, however, be laid before you for your inspection, and in the event of any doubt as to the strict justice of them, the final decision is to be in your hands. This way of marking may, however, be modified if any improved method should occur to you.

'Marks may be given for general good conduct, for successful book-work, or, indeed, for honest work with the books, even when the actual success is but small; for honesty, manliness, unselfishness, and courage, for good influence—unconscious or otherwise—upon others, for skill in the usual school games, for strict fairness of mind, and for general uprightness of character. I would rather see you turn out a good man than a great scholar.

'If I have made my meaning clear, and you agree in principle with the main points of my offer to you, let me hear from you. We shall then meet in order to work out the scheme, in a manner, I hope, satisfactory to both of us. At present I require no more than an answer to the following simple question: Are you willing to accept scholarships for members of your school upon the broad lines I have laid down above, *i.e.*, to award them to the "best all-round boy," rather than to the best book-worm?

'I remain, my dear Arthur,

'Your affectionate uncle,

'THEOPHILUS KINGLEY.'

Arthur Kingley was amused by this letter, as well as deeply gratified and heartened. The idea of this novel species of scholarship was by no means distasteful to him; on the contrary, he felt immediately attracted by it, though for the first moment or two he was conscious of strong doubts as to how far even those working details suggested in the letter from his uncle could be practically carried out. The placing of a portion of the voting power in the hands of the boys themselves, for instance, appeared to him to be somewhat difficult, even though their votes were to be examined by himself. Arthur Kingley took counsel with his second-in-command, Harold Anderson, who read the letter and pondered over it for some minutes without speaking.

'It's a good idea,' he said at last, 'and will probably prove a magnificent advertisement for the school. I like the "good all-round boy" principle, and always have had a leaning that way; but the idea of allowing parents to give marks to their own sons somewhat surprises me; of course, he means that good conduct at home and in the holidays is as

important in the making of character as the behaviour of the boys at school; but—well—parents are parents; you would scarcely expect a mother to be quite impartial where her dear Tommy or Charlie was concerned!' Anderson laughed aloud, and Kingley's gravity gave way also.

'All such questions can be talked over and thrashed out in conversation with my uncle,' he said. 'There is the suggestion of allowing the boys to give marks, too—'

Anderson interrupted his chief.

'Oh, but I like that,' he said; 'under supervision, the help of the boys themselves will be most useful. I am certain that the youngsters will enter thoroughly into the spirit of the scheme; and after all, Kingley, perhaps they know quite as much as to the real character of one another as we do ourselves. They have chances of seeing their fellows free from the polish which covers them in the presence of us masters.'

'That is true,' Kingley replied thoughtfully. 'Yes, I think the boys might have their share of the marking, but, of course, their awards will require scrutiny and careful inquiry. On the whole, I like my uncle's suggestion.'

'I fancy he has thought out the matter pretty thoroughly. Well advertised, the offer of these scholarships should bring a large number of new boys to the school. Regarded from that point of view alone, the thing is "good business;" but it seems to me that there are even greater possibilities in the scheme than the mere financial help to the position of Upton School.'

'You are right. You mean that we are here offered the opportunity of running a school upon new principles, or partly new. It is, of course, the ambition of every honest schoolmaster to turn out good honest citizens as well as good scholars; but we are to be freed from the usual restrictions. You think that perhaps a special class of boys will be sent to us as candidates for these scholarships, good fellows—perhaps somewhat stupid—youngsters who would be unlikely to gain a prize anywhere, if mere learning were the test, but who may be trained into good sterling men.'

'I fancy that is your uncle's idea; I don't see that they need to be stupid; I think we shall attract a special type of boys as candidates, and that if we try to form fine characters, and turn out good Englishmen and good citizens, as he expresses it, we shall have a splendid chance of doing so.'

Arthur Kingley lost no time in visiting his wealthy relative. He had seen very little of his uncle before this time, old Mr. Kingley having spent most of his life in the colonies. The two men were immediately drawn towards one another, with the result that the older man felt at once that he had put his scheme into good hands, and the younger was inclined to become enthusiastic over the novel but interesting prospect before him.

Working details were carefully considered and decided upon, with the understanding that Arthur Kingley should at any time make such changes as, by experience and practice, he should think fit.

Theophilus Kingley, on his side, made a great addition to his first offer. He raised the value of



"Arthur Kingley lost no time in visiting his uncle."

the premier scholarship to three hundred pounds per annum and that of the second to two hundred. Moreover, he presented his nephew with a sum of one hundred pounds 'for advertising purposes,' in order that the new scheme might be made known far and wide before September should bring to Upton School the expected batch of new boys who

were to form the candidates for the first Kingley Scholarships. It is this batch of new boys with whom we shall have to deal, and whose doings at Upton during the next three years were to decide which should be the fortunate winners of the two handsome prizes offered for competition.

(Continued at page 298.)

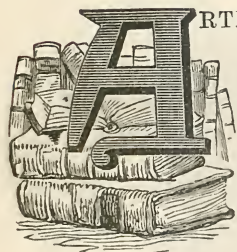


"The arrival of the large batch of new boys was an event of peculiar interest."

THE COMPETITORS.

(Continued from page 296.)

CHAPTER II.



ARTHUR KINGLEY was not disappointed in the result of his liberal advertisement of the new scholarships. The chance of a free University education for youths of no great brains proved an attraction to many parents, and no less than sixty new boys of the required age entered for Upton School at Michaelmas as candidates for the Kingley Scholarships.

The Head Master addressed the whole school at the beginning of the term, explaining the scheme for the benefit both of candidates and of their companions who were to be, to a certain extent, the judges of their success. Mr. Kingley explained in clear and simple language that the object of the giver of these splendid prizes was to encourage general excellence of character and conduct; and that since the boys themselves undoubtedly saw more of the real characters of their companions than masters were allowed to see, it had been decided to allow the boys a certain share in awarding marks, at the end of each term, to the candidates competing for these prizes.

'You are to form a marking committee among yourselves,' said Mr. Kingley. 'This committee may meet as often as it pleases, but must in any case hand in its list of marks awarded one week before the end of each term. Marks may be given for any of the qualities you admire, as boys, in boys—for skill in cricket and other games, for courage, perseverance, determination, patience, and so on. I shall not interfere with your proceedings when once I am sure that you have all entered into the spirit of these scholarships, although by the desire of the donor I am to have the right of examining and even of cancelling your marks. As to the committee, I make the following suggestion, though in this, as in other matters connected with the boys' share in the award of marks, I leave the decision in your own hands: I suggest that your committee should consist of three prefects, three boys from each house, one from each class, three from the Eleven, three from the Fifteen, and three from among those who are good at the minor games—fives and so on. Such a committee would, I think, represent fairly enough, all sides of school-life. It is the donor's hope, and my own also, that in carrying out this scheme, we may all learn to value those qualities in our neighbours which do not always win the recognition they deserve; that we may find out, and—so to speak—nurture these good qualities in such a way that their possessors may learn to make the most of the good which has been planted within them; and so—whether winners or only 'runners up' in this scheme of scholarships—they will become, in any case,

better all-round good fellows, better Englishmen, and better men, through their attention to matters which, but for the scheme, might never have occurred to them.'

The large majority of the boys at Upton House were delighted with the Head Master's speech. Martin, the captain of the Eleven, and a person greatly looked up to by most of the boys, gave it as his opinion that it was a 'compliment that the chaps should be allowed to have a share in the working out of the scheme.' 'Kingley spoke jolly sensibly,' he said; 'it's quite clear the donor could not get at what he wants without our help; naturally we see a lot that he doesn't, and get to know heaps of things that he could never know.'

'What!' asked Hinkson in some alarm. 'Do you mean we shall have to act as a sort of spies, and tell the masters anything we may get to hear of that other fellows have done? If so—'

'Nonsense, man; of course we are not expected to do anything of the kind. We don't report facts, but things we see or get to know of have to weigh for good or ill in our decision as to marks.'

'I see what Hinkson means,' said another senior boy. 'If a fellow seemed to have done jolly well as a schoolboy and yet we did not mark him highly, that would mean that we knew something about him that old Kingley *didn't* know. He would ask about it, there would have to be explanations, and so on, and in the end somebody might give the poor chap away, and get him into trouble.'

'My dear fellow, that is not like the Head, and you know it. When he said he was not going to interfere with us, that's what he meant, I expect; at any rate, I, for one, should be quite content to leave this kind of thing to his judgment: he is the soul of honour.'

This sentence produced a great impression. It was moreover perfectly true; Arthur Kingley was the soul of honour, a really good man, just such a man as it was the aim of Theophilus Kingley to develop and reward by means of his new scholarship scheme.

Young Hopkins thought the new duties imposed upon the boys were a 'fraud.'

'All this is going to give us a heap of trouble and responsibility that we don't want and did not ask for,' he said. 'Why are we to be made to fag around looking for virtues and vices in a whole lot of new boys who do not interest us in the least? We gain nothing and we risk a good deal, not to mention the trouble it's going to give us!'

The majority, however, undoubtedly thought with Martin that on the whole the Head had paid the boys a compliment in asking them to take part in the selection of the first winners of the Kingley Scholarships, and since there was no need for any one to serve upon the school-committee who would rather keep out of it, the grumblers had no reason to complain.

A general meeting of the entire school was called, by the Head's permission, in the great hall; and here a grand discussion was held, no masters being present. The committee was elected, Martin being chosen chairman. There were twenty-nine members elected, mostly by acclamation: the chairman nominating for election those whom he considered

representative of every side of school life and thought, but took care that an equal number of boys from each boarding-house should serve upon the committee.

The arrival of the large batch of new boys was an event of peculiar interest and importance this term, and never probably had new comers been so stared at and examined as were these fifty odd little candidates for the Kingley honours. It had been arranged that all competitors should enter at fourteen years of age, so that there was much similarity in the size of the new comers; but whereas the majority bore the ordinary look of the British schoolboy of the respectable class, a few stood out among the rest as noticeable, and these were soon fixed upon by the senior boys of the school as likely to come to the top.

Of the half-dozen or so thus marked out, three or four did not disappoint their partisans, for they were certainly 'heard of' during the next year or two; but perhaps the earliest lesson learned by the selecting committee of the boys was this, that it is foolish to judge by appearances.

It is not necessary to trouble the reader with a description of the working out of the Kingley scheme during its first two years. Suffice to say that the school committee gradually grew into a body which the Head Master found most helpful and trustworthy; that there were few hitches, and no differences which were not easily arranged by a little explanation between boys and masters; and that at the end of two years—when but one more year remained to run before the fourteen-year-old candidates should reach their seventeenth year, and with it the end of their probation as competitors for the Kingley Scholarships—most of the original fifty had been left behind in the race, and only six remained whose chance of obtaining the prizes might still be regarded as possible.

These six stood nearly equal in the matter of marks, and each had become, in his own way, a person of eminence in the school. If Mr. Kingley had been asked at this time which of these boys was likely to prove, ultimately, the winner of the scholarships, he would certainly have refused to give an opinion. Mr. Kingley did not allow himself to have any opinion in the matter. Still less did he permit himself to acknowledge, even in the secret depths of his own heart, that he felt any preference for one boy over another. Strict justice alone must guide both him and every one else having a voice in the awarding of marks. This was a fact he was never weary of impressing upon the boys. There must be no favouritism, no partisanship; the candidates must work out their own success or their own failure. As to the six candidates still 'in the running,' you shall now make acquaintance with them by name; presently you shall know each one more intimately, by his 'works.'

The names of the six possible winners were Bates, Ward, Pillsbury, Cherston, Elliot, and Compton. Of these it may be said roughly that Bates was a good-natured lad with a strong leaning towards natural history in all its branches. Ward was a delicate boy of ordinary appearance: a little indolent, but capable of astonishing his neighbours by a sudden display of great energy. Pillsbury was a quiet, mysterious individual; a profound book-worm,

seemingly conscientious in his performance of every duty expected of him. Cherston was a serious-minded boy; a good athlete, accustomed to enter into all things as keenly as he would face the bowler in a cricket match. Elliot was a mischievous but very popular person; in the opinion of his masters, Elliot could do anything he liked, *if* he liked. Compton was usually known as 'the general,' by reason of his taste for military matters of every kind: a thoughtful boy and one likely, the Head Master believed, to do well in the world.

Let this be the introduction to the half-dozen of competitors. The race for the concluding year's marks is now about to begin, and you shall soon judge for yourself who is likely to be the first at the end of it.

(Continued at page 306.)

JEALOUS ROLF.

Founded on Fact.

MRS. CARLTON was visiting her friend, Miss Dyce, who lived with an only sister at a pretty place in the country.

'What has become of your dog, Judith?' asked Mrs. Carlton, after she had looked in vain for the big, powerful animal she had seen about the garden and orchard on her former visits.

Miss Dyce looked grave. 'The boarhound, you mean?' she answered. 'We have a dog now, but not *that* dog. The fact is that we have been obliged to part with him—to have him shot, indeed.'

Mrs. Carlton was amazed. 'That splendid creature!' she said. 'Oh, Judith, how could you find it in your hearts to have such a noble animal as Rolf shot?'

Miss Dyce sat down on the garden seat, and looked with saddened eyes at her friend, as she prepared to tell her tale.

'It was in this way,' she began. 'Helen and I had agreed that we must have another dog as well as Rolf—a smaller watch-dog, that could take care of the place, and guard the fruit in the orchard. So we got another, and, at first, Rolf did not seem to mind, but by-and-by he began to get terribly jealous of poor black Rover. If Helen or I spoke to Rover or went to the place where he was kept, Rolf would glare at us dreadfully, and snarl and show his teeth in a most angry manner.'

'At last he set on Rover, who was not half as big as himself, and I verily believe he would have killed him, if Helen had not come to the rescue. You know how brave and fearless Helen is. She managed to pull Rolf away, and brought him to me, and I thrashed him, as I always did if he attacked another dog.'

'He was chained up, and we hoped that he would soon come to a better mind.'

'But Rolf was like some human beings: he had indulged his evil passions until they maddened him. At the very sight of my sister or Rover, or especially of me, he would growl and show his teeth, till it was dangerous to go near him.'

'As he got worse and worse I sent for a doctor—a dog's doctor, you know—who, when medicine and



Jealous Rolf set on Rover, and finally had to be shot, as he became permanently vicious.

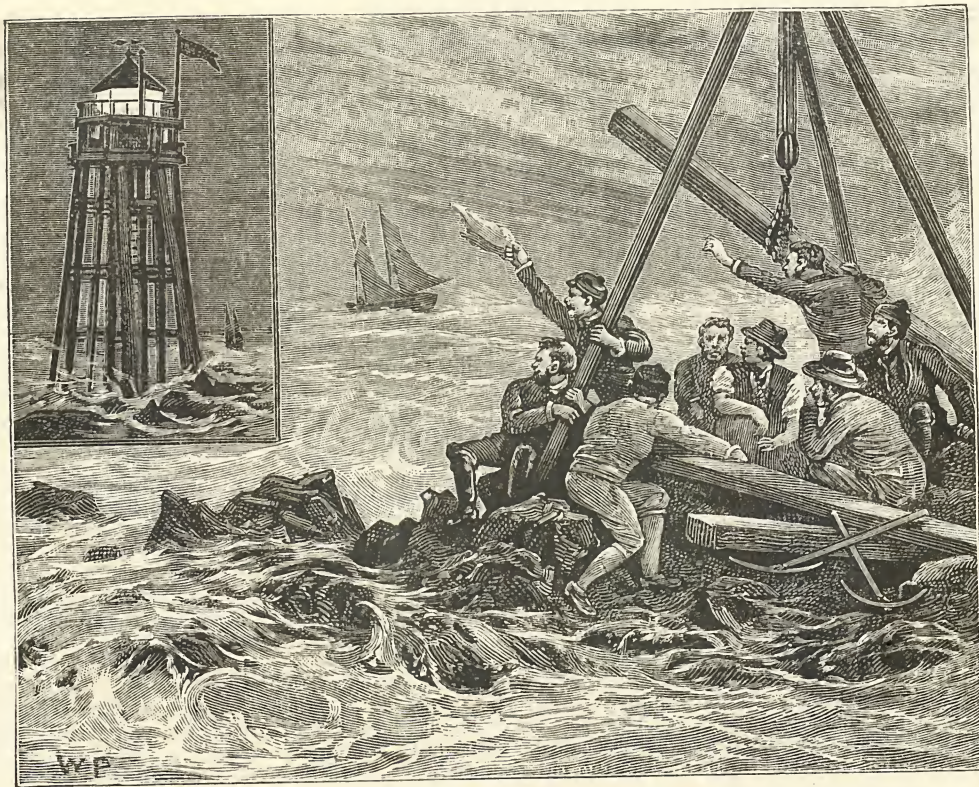
everything else had been tried, and had failed, said that there was no help for it, that Rolf must be killed. He had become permanently vicious.

'Poor dog, he could not forget that he had been beaten, and he could not have even a glimpse of Rover without going off into a mad passion of jealousy. So Rolf was shot. He was the best dog we ever had, but we had to do it.'

'It is very sad,' said Mrs. Carlton. 'Sad, because, if Rolf had been wiser, he might have lived happily for years with you and Helen.'

And it is sadder still to think that there are men and women, and even children, who do as Rolf did, and make their own lives and the lives of others wretched, through jealousy and angry passion.

C. J. BLAKE.



The Smalls : a Lighthouse of other Days.

DANGER SIGNALS.

IX.—THE SMALLS : A LIGHTHOUSE OF OTHER DAYS.

AFTER a lighthouse has been erected, it does not often happen that there is anything more to be said concerning it that would arouse either our sympathy or wonder. Its behaviour is quite straightforward. The light, fixed or revolving, white or red, wakes up at sunset, and closes its eyes at sunrise! The bell rings when the weather is foggy, and the signals (if the lighthouse be a 'speaking station') are shown upon its summit when the weather is clear. All things run smoothly and quietly, but that by no means implies that there is any idleness at the lighthouse. There is only an absence of excitement and hurry. It has been truthfully said that only the lazy ones ever have to hurry. The well-conducted lighthouses give no trouble, and they save a great deal. That is why we, the general public, seldom hear anything about them after they have been put up.

But there was a lighthouse once in English waters that did not run such an uneventful career. It stood far out at sea, some twenty-one miles west of St. David's Head in Pembrokeshire, and as its history differs from others, so did its appearance.

The twenty-one tiny islands called the 'Smalls,' among which it was built, were a source of terrible danger to vessels plying to and fro in St. George's

Channel, and a certain Mr. Phillips, of Liverpool, who took to heart the loss of life and property incurred by this unguarded reef, decided to do his best to have a lighthouse put there. But in those days (it was in 1773) there were few Stevensons or Douglasses about, and so he had considerable trouble to find an engineer. At last, however, he came across a gentleman in a side street of Liverpool who was a maker of musical instruments. The name over his door was Whiteside, and before long Mr. Whiteside himself wrote it so plainly on the stormy rocks in St. George's Channel, that one of our very greatest lighthouse engineers—James Walker—nearly eighty years afterwards expressed admiration at what he saw there.

Having heard what Mr. Phillips had come about, the maker of musical instruments, who had a decided 'turn' for mechanics, said he would come and look at the Smalls. This he did, and the weather being fine, he was able to see them. The rock chosen for the lighthouse only rose five feet above high water, but upon this the engineer made a footing with a gang of Cornish miners. Scarcely had they settled down to work, however, when a heavy storm drove the little boat that had brought them back to land, and they had to cling on to the rock for two nights and days as best they could.

Surely this was enough to take away the breath and zeal from any young engineer! But when the first feeling of disgust was over, Mr. Whiteside shook his fist at the sea, and called for more tools.

In less than two years his lighthouse was ready. It consisted of nine stout beams of oak, each fifty feet long. The lower ends were fastened firmly into the rock, not very far apart, so that they were nearly upright; but on the eastern side, away from the worst fury of the sea, two of them were placed at a greater slant, so as to form struts. At first these were of cast iron, but Mr. Whiteside changed them in 1776 for wood, as they became loose in the joints. On the top of these wooden legs, about fifty feet above the sea, he built his house, and in many publications for the year 1776, we find mention of the fact that 'On August 1st, a light was set burning on the Smalls, which is to be continued henceforth.' The promise was kept on more than one occasion under terrible circumstances.

On January 13th, 1777, when Mr. Whiteside himself was at the lighthouse with the men, a gale began to rage, and a month later had shown no signs of abating. Water and food began to run short, and hopes of rescue were very small indeed, for it might be some time before it struck any one that they were in need of food. What was to be done? The men were at their wits' end, but Mr. Whiteside was not. Though his plan might fail, it was worth trying, and there was a chance that it would succeed. He sat down at the table in the little living-room and wrote a letter to a friend who lived in Pembroke, telling of the great distress they were in, and asking that assistance might be sent as soon as possible. As the boisterous, roaring sea cannot be called a reliable postman, he made three copies of the letter, enclosing each in a bottle, and each bottle in a cask. The casks were then thrown into the sea, the only address on them being the words, cut deeply into the wood: 'Open this and you will find a letter.' And the sea was not such a very bad postman after all, for one of the casks was washed ashore quite close to the residence of the gentleman to whom the letter was written, only a day or two after it was posted. Another was tossed on to the rocky Pembroke coast, and the third was found by a fisherman in Galway Bay, on April 7th, 1777. The Mayor of Galway immediately dispatched the letter to its destination, where it arrived two months after Mr. Whiteside and his party had been relieved. Thus all the letters committed to the deep found their way home.

Two other memories of the Smalls lighthouse are not so happy. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, when only two keepers lived in the lighthouse at a time, there was such a long continuance of bad weather that they were isolated from their fellow-men for no less a period than four months. During that time one of the men died, and his companion, left alone, was obliged to construct a coffin, for, there being no witness to the death but himself, he could not commit the body to the waves without the risk of being charged with murder. Owing to the narrowness of the space available, the survivor was obliged to carry the coffin on to the outside gallery, and stand it there in an erect position beside his signal of distress. The captains of the only vessels which succeeded in getting sufficiently near to the lighthouse to be able to faintly distinguish the smaller objects upon it, were surprised to see what they thought was a man standing immovable beside

his storm-torn flag. 'If this is one of the keepers,' said they, 'and he has been frozen to death while at the post of outlook, the other must be still alive, for the lantern never fails to burn at night.'

And, indeed, during all that terrible time no duty at the lighthouse was neglected by its solitary occupant.

When at last he was relieved, so great had been his sufferings that his friends could hardly recognise him. His face and form were emaciated and his hair was grey. From that time to this the Smalls has never been without three keepers instead of two.

It was not until 1831 that Whiteside's lighthouse itself suffered any damage from the sea. Then, during a storm, a wave, instead of rolling harmlessly through the open wooden legs, climbed among them, till, with tremendous force, it came in contact with the flooring of the living apartment. There was a crashing and tearing of the woodwork, and in a moment the room had shut up like an accordion. One of the keepers was caught between the stone and the wall, and was so badly crushed that he did not survive the disaster very long. The damage being repaired, the lighthouse continued to perform its duty, but about four years later the Corporation of Trinity House became its master, taking it over from the management of Mr. Phillips' heirs, and paying them as compensation about one hundred and seventy pounds. For twenty-five years Mr. Whiteside's 'light' burned for its new owners. Then, in 1861, it got its discharge—after eighty-six years of faithful service—and the handsome modern tower which now graces the Smalls took its place. JOHN LEA.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

51.—NAMES OF CELEBRITIES DISGUISED.

1. STILL existing, and fourteen pounds. A missionary and explorer.
2. A large boat, and one who works. An inventor.
3. To agitate, and something to wound. A great poet.
4. A Christian martyr, and a male child. An engineer.
5. A long way off, the indefinite article, and the time to work. A man of science.
6. A stout little horse, and a miserable cave. A politician.
7. A kind of light cake, and a preposition. A writer on art.
8. Sounds with meaning, and good value. A poet.
9. To join in matrimony, and a small preposition. A popular novelist.

C. J. B.

52.—ENIGMA.

PHYSICIANS watch me oft with curious eye;
Perhaps you'll think I am about to die,
And that I nearly have run out my race;
For Time has marked his hand upon my face.
Yet I am sure my charms do not decline,
Few have a face so gazed upon as mine!
They say that for the hour men look on me,
'Tis very singular—but let that be:
The wisest they who most with me confer;
I am, in truth, a striking character.

53.—CHARADE.

My first is a little insect formed of three different colours; my second denotes a runaway marriage; and my whole is a swift and graceful animal found in hot countries. S.

54.—REBUS.

I AM a word of seven letters. My 6, 7, 2, 3 is the reverse of gone; my 5, 6, 3 is very cold; my 3, 4, 5, 6 is a name; my 4, 5, 6, 3 is a useful grain; my 5, 4, 3 is passion; my 7, 4, 2 is a member of the body; my 3, 4, 7 is an epoch; my 2, 5, 6, 3 are troublesome animals; my 2, 3 myself; my 2, 5, 6, 1 an ore; my whole a quarter of the globe.

[Answers at page 314.]

ANSWERS.

49.—Water Wagtail.

50.—The letter A.

A RUINED ENGLISH CITY.



IT is difficult to imagine that a crumbling, sandy cliff was once the site of a great city. A few scattered houses, a ruined church, the half-dozen fishing-boats on the shore, are all that are left of the ancient East Coast seaport of Dunwich.

Away to the right the waves wash over an ancient forest where kings used to hunt and hawk, and buried deep under the sands in front are streets, churches, and harbour.

Dunwich has a long history. It was very likely here that Queen Boadicea had her humble palace before she was subdued by the Romans. Roman coins have been found here which show that it must have been occupied at that time.

But Christian England has more interest in Dunwich than heathen Britain, for this was the home of the good Bishop Felix. There was a Christian king in East Anglia named Sigebeite, who wanted his ignorant subjects to be taught the truth. He had to send to France to get help, but Felix came at once as the first missionary to Norfolk and Suffolk. He became Bishop of Dunwich in 630, and for about two hundred years the place always had a Bishop. Then the country was overrun by the Danes, who were heathen.

Dunwich was at its best in the time of the Norman and Angevin kings. It must have been a big place, for it had at least six churches, five gateways, a mint, walls, and fortifications. It had an extensive trade with France, and even sent ships to Iceland. The tax it had to pay to Henry II. was three times as large as that of Ipswich, and under Richard I. Dunwich was fined one thousand marks and Ipswich only

two hundred, for having supplied corn to the king's enemies. It was such a strong city that when the Earl of Leicester, who was helping Prince Henry to rebel against his father, Henry II., attempted to land at Dunwich, he failed completely. When he tried to attack it by land he fared no better, for the town was so strong and the governor so determined, that he was obliged to march away without success.

But the men of Dunwich saw something of war at sea as well as on land. They sent eleven ships to fight for Henry II. in France, four of which fell into the hands of the enemy. In the reign of Edward III., when the bright days of Dunwich were already past, there were only six ships sent to the siege of Calais.

The first great catastrophe must have happened to Dunwich before the Norman Conquest. In the time of Edward the Confessor the place had consisted of two 'carves' of land, but in the time of William the Conqueror there was but one. The waves had gradually undermined the cliff, which must at last have collapsed entirely in some great storm.

Then in the first year of Edward III. another storm filled up the harbour with sand, and soon it became quite useless, so that another harbour had to be made at some distance from the town. During this reign no less than four hundred houses were washed away. Then a church was destroyed, and in the next century two more churches were ruined.

In 1540 another church was pulled down to save the materials of which it was built. In it was found a stone coffin containing the skeleton of a man and two roughly made cups. Probably the dead man had once been Bishop of Dunwich.

So the story is continued. Now a whole street is undermined, now the market-place, next the dwellings of the Knights Templars, the jail, the cemetery of St. Peter's. In the year 1740 the havoc seems to have been terrible. The Cock and Hen Hills, which had been forty feet high, were washed away, a piece of land rented at a hundred pounds a year was submerged, and the skeletons from the ancient cemeteries were left strewn on the beach.

Since then still more of the cliff has fallen, so that before very long there will probably be nothing left of one of the most ancient of our English cities.

E. C. M.

CHEAP PLEASURE.

A PIEDMONTESE nobleman, weary of life, was hurrying along the road to the river, purposing suicide, when he felt a sudden check from the pull of his cloak by a little boy, who wanted to gain his notice. He thus accosted him: 'There are six of us, and we are dying for want of food.'

The nobleman said to himself, 'Why should I not relieve this wretched family? I have the means; it cannot detain me many minutes.'

He went to the scene of misery—he gave them his purse; the poor people's burst of gratitude overcame him, it went to his heart. 'I will call again to-morrow,' he cried, exclaiming, 'Fool that I was, to think of leaving a world where so much pleasure was to be had, and so cheaply.'



"He gave them his purse."



“Billy placed his nets and introduced the ferret.”

THE COMPETITORS.

(Continued from page 299.)

CHAPTER III.



BATES—Billy Bates, as he was generally called—was a naturalist of the first water. He knew the habits of such birds and beasts as haunted the part of the country in which he lived quite as intimately as he understood the ways of boys. The masters had the highest opinion of his abilities, and foretold that he would become famous in

his own line, an opinion which suited Bates admirably, for he found that through his talent for natural history, and his love for the study of that delightful branch of knowledge, he was let off very easily in the matter of Greek and Latin, of mathematics, and of other forms of study which he disliked no less.

Occasionally Bates' keenness in pursuit of his own hobby communicated itself to one or other of his schoolfellows, who became for a while a kind of pupil of Billy. Among those who sometimes figured thus were Ward, Cherston, and Elliot, of the Kingley candidates, besides others. Cherston had little time for the pleasures of 'sport' during the cricket and football seasons, being an ardent enthusiast at both of these games, but he occasionally put in an afternoon's nesting or wood-roaming in the intermediate period, partly to oblige Bates, who particularly liked Noel Cherston's society, and partly because it was really interesting to go about the country with an expert like Bates, who knew every egg and every nest, and why this beetle hurried across the road, and where that bee was off to as it whizzed musically by, and how each creature lived, and where, and how it spent the spare time upon its hands, and so forth.

Thus it happened that Noel Cherston and Billy Bates, provided with a boot-bag in which had been thrust a yellowish ferret, the property and a most cherished possession of Billy, entered one afternoon a little wood about a mile inland from Cubberby village. Billy carried a few pieces of netting whose uses Noel—new to the art of rabbiting with a ferret and net—was yet to learn.

Billy placed his nets at the mouths of several rabbit-holes, and presently introduced the ferret into another of these. The ugly little creature stood and blinked for a second at the mouth of the aperture, then turned and entered, disappearing in a moment.

'If he finds any one at home he will soon drive him out,' Bates whispered; 'he is a kind of nightmare to the poor bunnies, and the moment they see him they bolt headlong. Then, if they happen to choose one of the holes we netted for their escape, they run slap into the trap, and we have them.'

After a few failures, the desired thing happened. An unfortunate rabbit was found at home: he fled in horror from the nightmare face which suddenly confronted him at his front door, turned and fled from the back entrance, and was instantly entangled in the netting there prepared for him. Bates was upon his victim in a moment, and almost before Noel Cherston was aware of what passed, had secured the struggling creature and dispatched it with a blow upon the neck.

'Bah!' said Cherston, 'I don't like that part of the business; I hate killing.'

'So do I, in principle,' said Bates; 'but if one is going to do any rabbiting, and doesn't want the little beasts alive, one must kill them. They have to be killed somehow, or there would be a plague of them. You would not mind shooting them, would you?'

'That's different, somehow. This seems such a wretched, unsportsmanlike proceeding; I suppose it is what the poachers do?'

'Yes; we are certainly poachers this afternoon!' Bates laughed.

The remark was unfortunate as far as Cherston was concerned. He remained silent for a minute or two, while Bates rearranged his apparatus for the capture of more bunnies.

'I don't think I care for this sort of thing much, do you know, Billy,' he said suddenly. 'Whose wood is this, by-the-by?'

'Farmer Tozer's,' said Bates promptly. 'I know him; he nets any amount himself; the rabbits do a fearful lot of damage to his growing crops, you know.'

'Yes, but he sells them and gets good money for them, I suppose,' Noel retorted. 'They're worth about a shilling each to him, no doubt.'

'Set against that the damage each one would do or has done to his crops, and you would find the rabbit has more against his account than the shilling which stands to his credit. You may set your mind at ease; every farmer is glad to have his rabbits killed.'

'If he gets the shillings, not if *we* do,' Noel persisted. 'We are poaching, Billy—stealing, in other words; it did not occur to me before that we are cheating old what's-his-name, but we certainly are!'

'You had better send him a postal order for a shilling for this bunny, and see what he says,' Bates laughed.

'I am going to,' replied Noel, unexpectedly.

Bates stared at his companion a moment as though uncertain whether he spoke seriously or in joke. Suddenly he burst into a roar of laughter.

'You are a quaint chap, Cherston,' he said. 'Are you really and truly serious?'

'Certainly I am. I would as soon pick old Tozer's pocket of a shilling. I didn't realise we were poaching until you let it out; I forgot we were not on common land, like the cliffs at Cubberby. I'm rather sorry we came here; I shall lose marks, you see, if Tozer makes a fuss about it.'

'But you aren't going to give names?' exclaimed Bates. 'Why, man alive, what would be the use of

that? Send him his shilling anonymously; surely that will satisfy your conscience?'

'I shall not mention you, of course, but I shall give my own name—I would rather. I shouldn't feel quite comfortable if I didn't. Tozer ought to have a chance to get me docked of a mark or two for the Kingley if he likes.'

'Oh, well,' Bates laughed, though he looked somewhat displeased in spite of his laughter, 'if you give your name I will give in mine too. I don't think there's much danger of a fuss. You *are* a queer chap, Cherston. Why, you will never know any peace of mind as long as you live; you will always be having panics that you have defrauded somebody.'

'I don't see that; on the contrary, it is peace of mind I am going for now. I am glad you think of giving your name, but if you would rather not, you may be sure I shan't mention you; I drive my own cart, not yours!'

'Well, while you are about it, you can say we were together when this bunny came to his violent end. Jingo! you make one think of new things with a vengeance, Cherston; I declare, I feel quite ashamed of myself over this wretched little animal.'

'You won't when you have paid for it,' said Noel.

No more rabbits were taken that afternoon. The ferret was put back, excited and wondering, into the boot-bag, and the rest of the time was spent in occupations less questionable than the slaying and pocketing of other people's property. Bates cheered up considerably in the successful search for other treasures dear to his naturalist's soul; but Noel was somewhat bored, and was not sorry when the afternoon's outing was over.

'I must get that postal order,' he said. 'Are you sure it is about a shilling we owe him—not more?'

Bates had almost forgotten the rabbit which was in the deep inner pocket of his coat, but had burned no hole there, for his remorse had been short-lived.

'Are you really going to worry about it?' he laughed. 'I would not, Cherston; it really is not worth the trouble.'

'I don't understand you, Bates; of course I am not going to steal the rabbit. When you have had time to think over it, you will see I'm right. I won't mention your name, though, as you seem to have changed your mind about it.'

'I haven't. If you really write, I am in it with you, and here's my sixpence.' Bates produced the coin and handed it to Noel, who uttered a sigh of relief.

'I'm certain you will be glad you decided that way,' he said, 'whatever happens.'

Cherston purchased his postal order and enclosed it in an envelope with the following letter to Mr. Tozer, the farmer:—

'Upton House.

'To Mr. Tozer, Cubberby Farm.

'Dear Sir,—My schoolfellow, Mr. Bates, and myself caught and killed a rabbit upon your ground this afternoon, forgetting that the rabbits there are your property. We beg to apologise for taking the

animal without your permission, and to enclose the value, one shilling, in exchange. At the same time, I wish to assure you that I shall not offend in the same way again.

Yours truly,

'NOEL CHERSTON.'

On the following day, Mr. Kingley, the head master, was much surprised to receive a visit from the farmer, a kind-hearted man who seldom laid a complaint against the boys, though undoubtedly the younger ones trespassed frequently upon his land. Mr. Tozer produced the letter.

'Is this a practical joke, sir?' he inquired, with a twinkle in his good-humoured eyes.

Mr. Kingley read the note and turned away his face for a moment to conceal a smile.

'I think it is genuine, Mr. Tozer,' he said. 'Young Cherston is, I think, without exception the most scrupulously honourable person I ever came across. The other, Mr. Bates, is a naturalist of considerable talent. I do not think he would willingly rob others of their property any more than Mr. Cherston. I trust you will overlook the escapade.'

'Oh, bless you, I will make no trouble!' said Mr. Tozer, who left the Head, after a hearty handshake, and retired in roars of laughter. The same night Noel received a letter which ran thus:—

'You have no call to be ashamed of what you have done, young man, and you are welcome to the rabbit. If you and Mr. Bates was to come down and drink a cup of tea one afternoon, I could put you up to where you can ferret as much as you please, and me glad of it.—B. TOZER.'

When the historic rabbit appeared at supper that night, some one murmured, 'Hallo, hallo! who's been poaching—you, Bates?' And when Bates proceeded to tell the tale of the shilling, which he did with a shame-faced smile, while Noel looked grim and grave, no comment was made aloud.

Afterwards one of the juniors observed to a companion that he 'never would have believed Cherston would have been such an ass'; but to his surprise the other replied that since supper Bates had been walking about telling chaps that he'd kick any one who said a word against Cherston's action, and that Cherston had been perfectly right.

'He *has* kicked about three chaps, so you had better mind what you say,' he ended.

The incident seemed to go with the younger boys to Noel's discredit; if they dared not openly say it, they professed to consider him 'an ass' when the matter was debated in private. As for the seniors, very little was said about it, but perhaps the more was thought. Cherston's popularity was not increased; possibly the respect in which he was held gained a little.

'This sort of thing awes the boys at first,' said the Head, discussing the matter with one of his lieutenants; 'but you may be sure it tells in the end. The influence of a boy like Cherston steadily working among the other fellows is immense. All the same,' he ended with a merry laugh, 'I don't believe there's another boy in the school who would have thought of paying for that rabbit!'

(Continued at page 318.)



"Mice, rats, and birds no longer satisfied Tib's ambition."

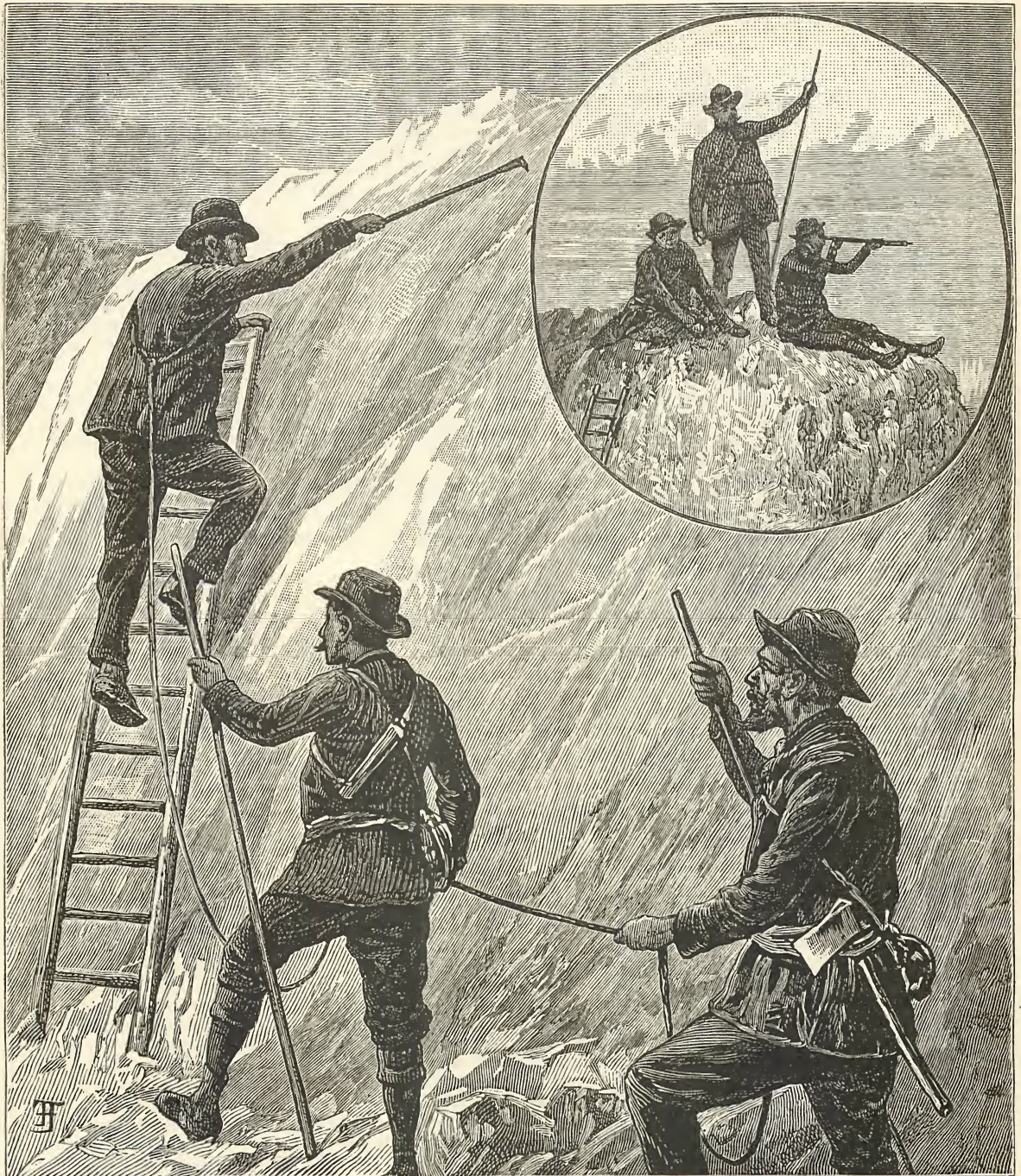
A LOST DINNER.

Founded on Fact.

TIB was a large, bold cat, who, from her earliest kittenhood, had been noted as a clever mouser. From catching mice she soon advanced to bringing

in rats and birds, and the more of these she caught, the fonder this adventurous puss grew of sport.

A time came when mice, rats, and birds no longer satisfied Tib's ambition. She lived near a common, where numbers of rabbits often ran about amongst the grass and flowers, or whisked in and out of their holes, with their short white tails bobbing behind



The First Ascent of the Messer-horn.

them. It became Tib's delight to creep stealthily up to the unsuspecting bunnies, and, seizing one of them by the back of its neck, to rush off towards home, rejoicing in the thought of rabbit for dinner.

It is hard to say how many this greedy cat had taken, when, one day, a gentleman who happened to be walking near the common, met her in the very

act of carrying off her prey. The rabbit was a heavy load to drag over the rough ground, and Tib, though she might have managed to reach home if she had not been interrupted, dropped her burden when she saw some one approaching, and was baulked of her dinner, for that day, at all events.

C. J. BLAKE.

THE FIRST ASCENT OF THE MESSER-HORN.



TO-MORROW!' said Jones exultantly one August evening, as he gazed from the balcony of the little Alpine inn on to the glorious snow mountain, standing out sharp and crisp against the deep blue sky—'To-morrow I hope to be the first to place my foot on the summit of the Messer-

horn, if only the weather holds up, and I have ordinary good fortune. It seems odd,' he went on, 'when one thinks of the many thousand years that great mountain has stood there, that no one should hitherto have managed to get up it; however, that is all the better for me!' and the young fellow, feeling already some of the joy of conquest, went inside to his bedroom. It was but nine o'clock, it is true, but when your sleep is to finish soon after midnight, it is well to begin it in good time.

One o'clock struck, and punctually to the minute the porter entered Jones's room, and after rousing him from his sleep, went down to prepare breakfast. Porters in mountain inns seem to be able to work at all hours of day or night: they are indeed expected to work twenty hours out of the twenty-four, and think themselves lucky if they get a four hours night. But this pressure of work lasts only during the short two months of the Alpine climbing season; after that there is little or nothing to do, and in winter he can sleep the clock round, if so disposed.

But to return to Jones.

Unwillingly—even to climb the Messer-horn—did he leave his warm bed, and face the icy cold of the midnight air; but it had to be done somehow, for he knew well that delay in starting would be fatal to success. That long trudge before him over the great snow-field on the upper slope of the mountain must be got over before the sun had had power enough to soften the surface—for to sink to the waist in sloshy snow at every step would make his progress slow indeed. So Jones nerved himself, and, having dressed, went quietly down the dark passage, carrying his heavy boots in his hand, according to the strict rule of Alpine etiquette. No climber, rising in the early morning hours, must disturb the slumbers of the other inmates of the hotel, by tramping noisily down the stairs; therefore boots are always put on the last thing before leaving the house.

In the dimly lighted dining-room, Jones found his two guides, and they at once took possession of the young fellow, one pouring out his coffee, and urging him to make a good breakfast, and the other lacing up his heavy boots, which of course were well studded with nails, to prevent any slips on the rocks, and plentifully smeared with grease to keep out the damp snow. 'You have your blue spectacles with you, sir,' asked the man, 'and your woollen gloves?'

It is a guide's duty to see that his client has, and does, everything that is necessary for safety and

comfort on a mountain expedition, and certainly the Swiss guide almost invariably fulfils his duty to the very utmost extent. 'Everything that is do-able,' says an Alpine writer, 'a guide can do; he is the bravest and most resourceful of men, and does not hesitate, when necessary, to give his life for his employer. All men who have done much climbing in the High Alps regard their guides as real friends and trusty companions, in spite of the difference of class or country that lies between them.

Now all is ready: and Jones slips his telescope over one shoulder, and a favourite gourd-flask over the other, this latter containing cold tea, which he has proved, on many former expeditions, to be a most excellent thirst-quencher.

François, the head guide, led the way; he had a thick coil of rope—some sixty feet or more—slung in a coil over his shoulders, and as they left the inn, he took up a short ladder, which lay against the door-post.

'A ladder?' said Jones, utterly astonished, for all his previous climbing had been done in the Bernese Oberland, where such primitive appliances are unknown. 'Do you want the ladder? We have a rope.'

'It is the custom, monsieur,' said the man gravely. 'There is a long snow-slope to be surmounted, and the ladder saves much step-cutting.'

Jones said no more, for when a Swiss states a thing to be 'the custom,' that is the thing he will do in all cases. 'This is an out-of-the-way part of the country,' he said to himself as he trudged along; 'if any of the Bernese guides were to come across us they would laugh, and ask if we had a bill-sticking job! However, old François knows his work, and if he leads me to the top of the Messer-horn, I little care by what means!'

The beginning of the climb was monotonous, and the weather bitterly cold, as they trudged along over the green pastures, where the startled cattle, lying asleep in dark heaps on the frosted grass, raised their heads and looked wonderingly up as the little procession passed by. Then came some rock-climbing—all grass now left behind—and at last, by about six o'clock, the great glacier was reached, and a halt made for breakfast.

Constant, the second guide, had carried some logs of wood on his back, and with the axe in his girdle he soon made a fire and warmed some soup. Both guides had knapsacks, in which a plentiful supply of food was stored, and though the mutton was tough and the bread very hard, the meal was enjoyed by all of them.

'Now for the rope,' said François, as, breakfast being over, the start was once more made.

The glacier lay before them, and glaciers are—most of them—extremely treacherous. Freshly fallen snow covers cracks in the ice which may let an incautious traveller through to the depth of a hundred feet, or even more, and if unroped, no one could save him. But no guide allows his traveller to go unroped over a glacier. With a rope there is comparative safety; should one man slip, it is the duty of the others to immediately plant their sharp-pointed sticks into the ground, and by holding fast to them, they arrest the fall of the unlucky one, and

the strength of the two pulling on the rope brings him safely up out of the icy abyss.

So the rope was uncoiled, and the three were fastened on to it, Jones, of course, being in the middle, as the middle man is in the safest place in case of a slip. However, on this occasion there was no such mishap, and after four hours' steady walking they at last reached the foot of the steep snow-slope, where the ladder was to be used. It certainly was very steep, and François, who of course led, told his colleague (in *patois*, so as not to alarm Jones) to keep the rope taut between them in case of a slip. Constant nodded assent—he too knew his work! The ladder lay sheer against the snow-slope; so steep was it that as Jones went carefully up, the mountain was pressing against his breast. Meanwhile, François on the topmost rung was cutting steps in the ice with his axe, and the icy splinters flew about in the bright sunshine. It was dangerous work, but so exciting that Jones felt the blood tingling with joy as each difficulty was surmounted, and at last the steep snow slope was climbed.

'Now it is but two hours to the top,' announced François, 'and then you will be the first to stand on our great Messer-horn.'

'Let us get on!' said Jones, excitedly. 'I feel as if some one might get there before me!'

'It is not likely,' said François, 'though of course it is possible that it may be attempted from the Italian side, and about that we can of course know nothing.'

'Come on! come on!' repeated Jones; 'I must be first up.'

Two hours more, and Jones had his wish, and placed the first foot on the summit of the hitherto untrodden peak!

Breathless, but exultant, he sat down, and with his telescope surveyed the vast landscape spread out before him. Words could not do justice to that view! The endless mountain ranges of Italy, France, and Switzerland were spread out before him, seeming like waves rolling against the deep blue of the sky.

'Yonder, monsieur,' said François, standing erect, and holding his alpenstock in his left hand, 'to the south lies the Mediterranean. It is sometimes to be seen from our highest mountains on a clear day.'

This is a myth always firmly believed in by the Swiss guides, though as a fact no sea is visible from any Swiss mountain. But if there is no sea, there are lakes and plains, woods and pastures, and even houses can be seen dotted like toys on the valley, hundreds of feet below; and the whole view of the countless snow-mountains and glaciers is so grand and so immense in its beauty, that a feeling of awe and reverence creeps over the beholder, and for some moments Jones was silent.

'They will be watching us with their glasses from the hotel,' said Constant; 'they will see us, though we cannot see them.'

Then Jones, shutting up his telescope, gave himself up to the joy of success, which now filled his heart with pride and delight. He had made the first ascent of the Messer-horn!

SYDNEY CLARENDON.

TIME'S HANDIWORK.

THE wrinkled veteran by his fire
Can point to honourable scars;
Marks which we homely ones admire,
Because they tell of glorious wars.

'This dreadful gash, on which you look,
Was dealt me by a lancer gay;
One fiery ball my right leg took,
Another swept my hand away!'

And such is life, where'er we roam,
Whatever arm we have to wield;
Some missile finds us at our home,
As well as in the battle-field.

Time has his own artillery,
Which plays on everything below;
The marble cliff, the forest tree,
Its wrinkles and its scars can show.

The bended frame, the hoary head,
The trembling of the nervous hands,
The polished staff, the halting tread,
Which speak of man's fast-running sands:

These are the wounds which Time has made,
Let peace be ever so profound;
Time, with his ceaseless cannonade,
Which does its work without a sound.

The ruined mill, the tattered sail,
The leaky roof, the gaping wall,
Tell the same melancholy tale,
How Time must triumph over all.

Yet we may, we must, triumph too,
As low we cower beneath his gun;
For One hath promised to renew
Our shattered frames when Time is done!

G. S. O.

A COURAGEOUS NURSE.

A SOLDIER's wife was nursing a wounded man at one time during the siege of Cadiz, in 1812. The patient became thirsty, and called for water. The woman had none at hand, so she asked a drummer-boy to take a bucket to the well, and bring her some. The lad hesitated, because he knew the extreme danger of such a task. The road to the well was exposed to the shot and shell of the enemy. On seeing his hesitation, the woman snatched the bucket from him and went to the well herself. She had filled the bucket, and was returning with it, when a shot cut the cord by which she was carrying it. Coolly picking up the bucket, she went on her way to attend to the wants of the wounded soldier, and reached him safely.

H. B. S.



A Courageous Nurse.



“‘The thin hen is the better layer of the two,’ said the poulterer.”

THE WOMAN AND HER HEN.

A WOMAN, who thought herself shrewder than her neighbours, once went to market to buy a hen, to provide herself with eggs. Seeing two for sale, one of which was large and plump, and the other rather thin, as she thought, she asked the price of each. The poulterer told her that the hens were both the same price, but advised her to take the thin one, as he said, 'She is the better layer of the two.' 'Oh!' thought the woman, 'he wants to get rid of that one, so I will be even with him and choose the other.' So saying, she paid for the plump one, and carried it home. She was quite certain that she had made a good choice, and began giving it a large quantity of barley, shutting the poor thing up in a coop to make it lay. On the third day, however, she found the creature dead. It had become so fat that it was choked.

MORAL.—Covetous persons generally over-reach themselves.

H. BERKELEY SCORE.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

55.—WORDS BEHEADED AND CURTAILED.

1. A COMPLIMENTARY title. Behead and curtail, and leave a girl's name.
2. Part of a horse's leg. Behead and curtail, and leave a garden flower.
3. A period of time, a border, and a regular movement. Behead and curtail, and find a segment of a circle.
4. A domestic tribulation. Behead and curtail, and find an adverb, conjunction, or pronoun.
5. A weapon of warfare. Behead and curtail, and find a green vegetable.
6. A warm quarter. Behead and curtail, and find 'not at home.'
7. A portion of space. Behead and curtail, and find one hundred thousand.
8. A surface without inequalities. Behead and curtail, and find the close of the day. C. J. B.

56.—RHYMING PUZZLE.

THIS is a word that rhymes with head.

1. Is it good to eat? No, it is not —
2. Is it used for sewing? No, it is not —
3. Is it without life? No, it is not —
4. Is it already perused? No, it is not —
5. Is it a kind of hut? No, it is not a —
6. Is it widely diffused? No, it is not —
7. Is it a boy's nickname? No, it is not —
8. Is it flown away? No, it is not —
9. Is it very heavy? No, it is not —
10. Is it a march, or footstep? No, it is not a —
11. Is it a place of repose? No, it is not —
12. Is it a bright colour? No, it is not —
13. Is it united, or married? No, it is not —
14. Is it spoken aloud? No, it is not —
15. Is it satisfied with food? No, it is not —
16. Is it a great fear? Yes, it is a —

C. J. B.

[Answers at page 330.]

ANSWERS.

- | | | |
|---------------------|----------------|----------------|
| 51.—1. Livingstone. | 4. Stephenson. | 7. Ruskin. |
| 2. Arkwright. | 5. Faraday. | 8. Wordsworth. |
| 3. Shakespeare. | 6. Cobden. | 9. Marryat. |

52.—A Clock.

53.—An'elope.

54.—Came, ice, Eric, rice, ire, arm, era, mice, me, mica, America.

WONDERS OF LITTLE LIVES.

IX.—SAND-WASPS; MILLIPEDES AND CENTIPEDES; BEES.



THE curious insects known as sand-wasps are to be found in considerable numbers in this country, being represented by several very distinct kinds or species. They are related to the common wasp, and they resemble it in colour, black and yellow bands being the common livery. Some species, however, have red in place of yellow. In one particular they differ conspicuously from the common wasp, inasmuch as in many species the hinder part of the body is joined to the middle or wing-bearing portion, only by an exceedingly slender stalk of some length.

They frequent sandy places, and their habits in certain particulars are rather revolting, for they feed their young on the bodies of animals still living, though there is every reason to believe that the victims have been rendered quite unconscious immediately after their capture. The facts of the case are as follows. The female deposits her eggs in a series of chambers, each at the end of a long tunnel, laying but a single egg in each chamber. The nursery completed, she next proceeds to lay in a store of food for the ferocious little monster that is to occupy it. To this end she sallies forth to procure the necessary victims. These may be larvae of beetles and grasshoppers, or even adults, and also the larvae of bees and spiders. Flies too are commonly taken. The victim, as soon as captured, is stung by its captor in the lower part of the body, and this has the effect of causing paralysis, but not death. Rendered thus helpless they are conveyed one by one to the nursery, till it will hold no more. Then an egg is laid, and the tunnel sealed up. The victims now await, unconsciously, the arrival of the larval sand-wasp, who at once commences to gorge himself upon them. Some species of sand-wasp kill their victims at once, but when this is the case the nursery is left open, and fresh victims are constantly caught till the larva is full grown.

Sometimes the nursery, instead of being constructed in the ground, is made by hollowing out the

stem of a bramble; sometimes it is made in decaying wood, or it may be built of earth against a wall.

The millipedes, with their cousins the centipedes, are not very beautiful creatures to look at, yet they are, to the scientific naturalist, extremely interesting. The names centipede and millipede have been bestowed on account of the large number of legs which bear the long body swiftly over the ground. In this country they never grow very big, but in the tropics they reach a relatively huge size, and since their bite is often poisonous they are much dreaded.

Both centipedes and millipedes shun the light, and hide by day under stones or in crevices of bark. The centipede is more loosely made than the millipede, and has longer legs. But the last-mentioned creatures may easily be distinguished from their relatives by the fact that each of the numerous joints or series of rings of which the body is made up, bears two pairs of legs. From this it is thought, that once on a time there were just twice as many rings as there are to-day. That is to say, the reduction of the number has been brought about by the joining of two once separate rings.

Make a point of carefully searching for one of these creatures on your next country walk; and when found, carefully examine your captive—a quite safe proceeding, for only the large tropical species are poisonous. You should note the curious jointed character of the body—a number of different segments, as these joints are called, being placed one behind the other, each one exactly like the last, except for the head and tail. In this respect these horny-bodied creatures resemble the worms. Then compare the millipedes on the other hand with the snail, and you will see that the latter is built in a totally different plan. The bees, flies, beetles, and butterflies, as well as crabs and lobsters, you will notice, when you come to look into the matter, like the centipedes and millipedes, have the body made up in this jointed fashion, but they are more highly organized creatures, because this uniformity in the millipede has given place to new organs, such as wings, and legs of different shapes adapted to various purposes.

It may seem strange that such unlike creatures, for example, as the butterfly and the lobster, should be even distantly related, but such is the fact; for both have the body made up of hard rings, many of which bear many-jointed legs, and both have a distinct head and complicated mouth-parts. The worms, though also jointed animals, are only very remotely related to the millipedes, for they are much more simply built, having no limbs or distinct head.

There is a strange similarity in the outside appearance of one of the millipedes, and the common wood-louse. So much so, that one is known as the pill-beetle, and the other as the pill-millipede. Both have the power of rolling the body up into a ball, but the greater number of legs will always serve to distinguish the millipede.

The life and ways of the hive bees have excited interest among men in all ages. They have been almost universally chosen as models of industry and thrift and good government. Strangely enough, we

are indebted for some of the most important discoveries concerning their marvellous life-history to the laborious researches of a blind man, one Huber, who nearly one hundred years ago published his first work on the subject. His studies were made possible by a faithful servant who, by diligently and faithfully recording everything he saw, supplied what was hidden from those sightless eyes. What the servant saw, the master with his fertile brain interpreted, and thus, between them, they pieced together this wondrous story. From their observation, and that of those who followed them, bee-keeping has been reduced to a science.

It is a strange life these little creatures lead. Their only pleasure appears to be incessant labour. So much so, that the only members of the community who do not work, the males or drones, are, before the summer is over, put to death and their bodies thrust out of the hive. As many as three hundred may be included in this slaughter. After this, only a single queen and a countless host of female workers occupy the city. By turns they undertake all the work of the community. In utter darkness they build the most wonderful nurseries and store-rooms. Then out in the warm sun they hurry backwards and forwards with the precious honey and pollen to be used by those within. There is no dawdling by the way displayed in their visits to the flowers, but, on the contrary, the greatest activity to do what is to be done and return.

Those which remain at home spend their time, some in building the beautiful cells which we call the comb, others in feeding the young, and yet others in fanning with their wings to regulate the temperature, and purify the air of the hive.

Periodically the hive is moved to a state of what may be called orderly confusion. This is the occasion when the queen determines to sally forth and found a new colony. For some days before this departure the greatest excitement prevails throughout the community. At last, when the word goes forth that the sky is cloudless, she sallies forth, and with her go some thousands of her subjects. Where she alights they cluster round her and upon one another, forming a living mass of bees. For this 'swarming' the bee-keeper watches anxiously, and amid a great din, made by the beating of pots and pans, he proceeds to deposit the mass in a new hive. Once the queen is safely inside, the rest is easy, for every one of her faithful adherents will assuredly stay. In a very short space of time order is restored in the new home, and the ordinary work begins again as in the old hive.

W. P. PYCRAFT, A.L.S., F.Z.S.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

True Tales of the year 1804.

IX.—A FOX'S STRANGE ESCAPE.

IT was often said during the Peninsular War, and it has been said many times since, that English officers owe much of their fine horsemanship to their powers in the hunting-field. The Duke of Wellington seems to have thought so, at any rate, for when the English army on the Portuguese frontier



A — Sand-wasps.

B — Millipedes.

C — A Swarm and Bee-hives.



A Fox's Strange Escape.

was undergoing a period of 'masterly inactivity,' as it remained behind its lines, holding them firmly against all attacks of the French, their great commander sent for a pack of foxhounds from England, and made his subordinates hunt as often as the pressing attentions of the French allowed them. Thus the English officers got plenty of exercise,

and, what was more necessary in those days, when cavalry had such arduous and important duties to perform, did not lose any of their skill on horseback through want of practice.

There are many cases recorded of the fox's cunning in evading his pursuers; and often he has got off by lucky accidents rather than by his own wits, keen

though these are. One of these strange escapes occurred in 1804, in Northumberland, and it went very near to having a tragic ending. The fox, a crafty old veteran, had, by countless turns and doublings, managed to keep out of the reach of the hounds for a considerable distance; but at last he was hard pressed, and his strength was beginning to give out. He was hurrying along the edge of a steep slope, with the hounds not far behind him, when he came to a place where the slope became a precipitous bank; here a huge rock stood out over the hollow beneath, towering some forty feet or more above the ground at the foot of the bank. In this rock was a deep natural cleft, caused apparently by the weight of the rock itself, which was beginning to leave its foundations and topple slightly towards the hollow. Master Reynard spied the cleft, wide enough for his thin body, but too small to admit the entry of his foes, the hounds, and in a moment he had disappeared, as it were, into the earth itself.

The hounds arrived but a few seconds later, and stood whining and scratching the earth at the mouth of the cleft. The fox's red brush could be seen six or seven feet below, where the animal crouched, panting and distressed, but too wise to stir from his hiding-place.

The huntsmen came up. Never was such a tantalising position! They had not caught the fox; but equally, he had not escaped. There he was, under their very eyes, and they could not get at him.

They decided at last to try and dig him out, or at least to get near enough to reach him. Picks and spades were easily procured from a farmhouse near, and soon half-a-dozen workers fell to with a will, some of them standing on the rock itself, and digging out the soil on that side of the cleft. Suddenly, without any warning, the rock, which must have been long insecure, though it may have seemed safe enough to outward view, gave way, and, tearing itself from the solid earth, crashed into the little hollow below.

Three men and one or two of the hounds were on the great mass when it fell. It split into several pieces as it was wrenched away, being composed of soft stone which easily cracked. It was fortunate, perhaps, for those upon it that it did so, for if it had fallen all in one piece, they would probably have been either thrown off violently, or crushed beneath it when it rolled over at the bottom of the bank. As it was, the split saved them; the pieces of rock rolled and slipped rather than fell all of a lump, and the men rolled with them.

In a few minutes others had come to their assistance. One hound had been crushed by a large slab of rock which fell on him; and one of the huntsmen had suffered similarly, though in his case the blow had not been heavy enough to kill him. He was badly injured, however, and it was long before he recovered. The other two men and the hound got off with severe bruises, having fallen amid a loose shower of stones and earth, without being pinned down by any of the larger fragments.

And where was Reynard all the while? His slim, light body had escaped unharmed, and he had kept all his wits about him in the moment of danger. In

the confusion which followed immediately upon the fall of the huge rock, he slipped away; and when the huntsmen remembered their purpose in digging, they found that their prey had got away scot-free, while his enemies had come to grief.

THE COMPETITORS.

(Continued from page 307.)

CHAPTER IV.



NOEL CHERSTON received an anonymous communication about this time; it was short and very unkind, and caused him much sorrow and heart-burning. The communication, scrawled upon a scrap evidently torn from a sheet of school paper, was

to the following effect:—

'What a silly ass you were about that rabbit! Of course, every one understands why you did it: you were going for marks. Don't think the boys' Committee will be taken in by such an obvious trick; the masters may, but not if their eyes are opened by—Yours truly, AWAKE.'

On the same day Mr. Kingley received an anonymous missive to the same effect. He read it and threw it in the waste-paper basket. After prayers he said a word or two to the school upon the subject. He had been grieved to learn that day, he said, that there existed in the school an anonymous sneak. He might as well give notice that anonymous communications would in future be traced to their author. No other attention whatever would be paid to such communications. If discovered, the author would be severely punished.

Noel said nothing about the letter he had received, but it gave him much pain. More than once he started to visit the Head, but feared to take the step. He did not wish to complain; he longed to set right the horrible suggestion of his anonymous correspondent that the masters might be 'taken in' by his action in the matter of that abominable little rabbit. He wished to assure the Head that he desired no praise for his conduct, and would honestly prefer, and certainly deserved, bad rather than good marks. Yet if he went to the Head, Mr. Kingley might misconstrue his motive. Noel did not know what to do, therefore he did nothing, though the matter caused him much tribulation.

He kept the scrap of paper, however, because it was his firm intention to discover, if he could, the author of the letter, and to visit his offence upon him as energetically as a pair of fists could do so; for Noel's strong sense of justice and his sensitive conscience by no means inclined him to forget the ordinary feelings of an ordinary British schoolboy. He was as keen on his rights and as jealous of his good name as any one; as anxious to punish the companion who endeavoured to get the better of him, as the most

truculent boy in the school. He would give every other fellow full justice, but he expected to be treated himself with equal justice. Therefore he kept the scrap of paper he had received, having first savagely scratched out every detestable word that had been scrawled upon it by his unknown enemy—in the hope that he might one day hit upon the author and thrash him for his pains.

Noel Cherston was a most friendly person, as all the school knew; he had scarcely an enemy and many admirers. There were some who considered him stand-offish, who were in fact somewhat afraid of him by reason of his sturdy character, which awed more than it attracted them; but in their secret souls these boys were among his greatest admirers. Others were frankly devoted to Noel. A few disliked him, mindful, perhaps, of past 'lickings,' or of some scathing remarks which had stung even more sharply.

Nevertheless, Noel rarely remembered an offence given and once punished. He was ever ready to begin again with a clean slate if the offender, punished and forgiven, desired it so. But there was one individual whom Noel, to his regret, had never liked and seemed unable to regard with his usual friendliness. This was Pillsbury.

Now Pillsbury was a senior; he was in the Head's, which was the highest class, and pretty high up at that. He enjoyed the reputation of being one of the steadiest workers in the school; one of the most conscientious and well-meaning boys; an example to the youngsters; in a word, one held in respect by the masters and much relied upon by the Head. Pillsbury was not a great favourite with the boys themselves, though he was as sweet as sugar towards any one with whom he made friends. He was a duffer at games, though he did his best to atone for this by conscientiously practising his cricket, his fives, and his rowing, whenever opportunity offered. It was observed by some that Pillsbury was always upon cordial terms with the members of the Marks Committee, and some one pointed out this fact to Cherston, who blushed and said that he was afraid the same idea had occurred to him.

Cherston blushed because he was very much ashamed of having had such an uncharitable notion.

'It's very low of me to have thought it,' he now added. 'Of course it is not the case. Don't let fellows think it or say it, Smith, for it is not fair on the chap and might do him harm.'

'Oh, rubbish!' exclaimed Smith, departing somewhere at a run; and Noel, who was at the moment dressing for football, forgot the conversation for the time being.

But Smith repeated it presently.

'I told him lots of fellows think Pillsbury sucks up to the Marks Committee, and Cherston said he thought so too,' said Smith, laughing; 'but the rum chap was ashamed of himself the moment he had said it and tried to take it back; good old Pillsbury wants to win the Kingley business, that is certain!' he ended. 'Why shouldn't he stand well with the markers, if he can?'

'Cherston is not particularly careful,' the other laughed. 'Only last week he punched young

Clarke's head for something, and young Clarke's on the Marks Committee; I saw Pillsbury condoling with him afterwards.'

Cherston had seen it also, and it was this which had caused him to make the remark as to Pillsbury of which he was afterwards ashamed. It came to Pillsbury's ears that Noel had accused him of 'sucking up' to the Marks Committee, and Noel was surprised and ashamed when Pillsbury suddenly threw the accusation in his teeth, before one or two others.

'If you did say it, it was a pretty caddish thing to do,' said Pillsbury, his usually white, puffy face aflame with anger.

'Yes, I did say something of the sort,' replied Noel, flushing also. 'I'm sorry I did, Pillsbury, because—as I added then—it is playing rather low to accuse a fellow of such a thing. I have tried since to recall what I said, and I shall go on trying; but, mind you, that doesn't mean that I no longer suspect you. I am sorry to say my opinion has not changed, only I ought not to have told it to others, that's all!'

'Do you mean that you still think I suck up to the boys who are on the Marks Committee?' said Pillsbury, very pale now.

'I'm afraid I do. You have that kind of manner with both boys and masters. Of course, you may give the impression without being really guilty of the fact.'

Pillsbury looked at Cherston as though he would give worlds to say something defiant, if only he dared; but Noel looked so sturdily indifferent that he dared not.

'Well,' he said, 'you have apologised for saying it, and I suppose I can rely upon your promising not to offend again.'

'I shall certainly not repeat it before others, unless I become sure that it is true,' said Noel. 'Make what you can of that, Pillsbury—only, mind you, I don't say that my own opinion of you has changed.'

Pillsbury went about after this announcing that he had compelled Cherston to apologise for spreading lying reports about him.

'He is a rum chap,' one of the eye-witnesses of the scene remarked to a friend; 'he really did apologise in a sort of way for spreading about that he thought Pillsbury a sneak, but he gave Pillsbury to understand that he *does* think him a sneak all the same!'

'There ought to have been a fight,' said the other; 'poor old Pillsbury, if there had been!'

'That's why there wasn't one, you may bet. Old Pillsbury may or may not be a sneak, but he's not such a fool as to stand up to Cherston!'

As for Noel, he was besieged by questioners desiring to be informed as to the rights and wrongs of this story.

'What do you want to know?' Noel asked in return.

'Why, did you really recall what you said and apologise for it?'

'Of course I did. I ought never to have said it; it was a caddish thing to do. Suppress it if you hear fellows repeat the accusation.'

'Well, but they say that you stuck to your opinion, though you apologised for giving it.'



"Noel Cherston received an anonymous communication."

'People say all sorts of things. Don't believe all the chatter you hear, or you will come to a bad end!' Noel laughed, and would say no more.

'He certainly is the most extraordinary chap in the school,' these unsatisfied inquirers would announce, in giving the result of their conversation

to their friends, and the sentiment was thoroughly endorsed by all. But the day approached when Pillsbury was at length brought to book by the rival whom he feared and disliked above all the rest of the Kingley candidates, and we shall now proceed to tell how this came about.

(Continued at page 322.)



A HALT BY THE WAY.

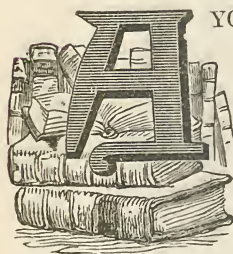


Rapson's mode of paying out the offending House Master.

THE COMPETITORS.

(Continued from page 320.)

CHAPTER V.



YOUNGSTER of the name of Rapson was unfortunate enough to fall foul of his house-master one day, and, in punishment for some offence, was kept in the house during an afternoon on which an interesting semi-final House football match was being contested. This roused the ire of Rapson, who exercised his mind

to find some method of paying out Mr. Anderson, the offending house-master.

Rapson was, many thought, the most mischievous young imp in the school, and the most impudent. He showed little respect for authority, whether of the masters or of the prefects; 'lickings' left him smiling, warnings alarmed him not at all; he smiled at and cheeked every one, without regard to age or position. Yet, strangely enough, they all liked the child—for he was but thirteen years old—and took from him far more impudence than they would ever have allowed from other boys.

As soon as Rapson's captivity was over for the afternoon, he took a covered basket and walked down to the beach, half a mile away across the Ham, or common. Here he busied himself until tea-time, when he returned with a full basket, which he shut up in the cupboard of his tiny study.

After tea he returned to the quiet study and busied himself once more, but not with the lessons which still awaited his attention. On the contrary, his energy was spent upon a long candle, which, for some purpose of his own, he cut with great pains into a number of tiny 'ends' of about an inch in length, spending some time in arranging the wick of each of these, digging a hole in each lump of wax with the end of his knife in order that the end of the wick might stand up sufficiently to burn when lit. When all this was finished, Rapson gave half an hour to sums, Cæsar, and ancient history, after which the prayer-bell rang.

After prayers the boys retired to bed, but Rapson presently returned in the dark to his study, and fetched from there his covered basket, together with a parcel containing his candle-ends; with these he mounted to his cubicle. This was in a large dormitory, which contained Pillsbury's cubicle as well as Rapson's and a dozen others. Pillsbury heard some one enter, drew aside his curtain, watched the wanderer back to his cubicle, and made a mental note of the fact.

Two hours later a small bare-footed form passed very silently down the dormitory passage and out at the door. Down the stairs it went, and through the baize-covered door which divided the boys' portion of the house from that of the masters. Here he paused and listened. Hearing nothing to alarm him, Rapson continued his stealthy advance; there

was a gas-jet in the passage, turned very low, but affording sufficient light for his purpose, and he made straight for a bedroom door which, to his delight, he found to be ajar. Here he stood a moment and listened. Loud snores from within assured him that all was safe. Then Rapson set the basket which he had brought with him upon the floor of the passage and began certain mysterious operations. First he lighted one of his candle-ends at the gas-jet, making no sound as he went to and fro. Then he opened the basket and looked in. He cautiously put in his hand and drew forth something alive, something that wriggled and writhed and put out long moving feelers as he held it—a crab. Holding this in his left hand, Rapson now melted the lower portion of one of his candle-ends, lighted the wick, affixed the melted end to the middle of the crab's back, pushed the bedroom door slightly more open, inserted his arm, and set the candle-bearing crab walking within the chamber.

Then he prepared a second crab and set him going likewise, and continued the process until eight little lights were moving slowly hither and thither upon the floor of Mr. Anderson's room.

Rapson peeped in and satisfied himself that his little colleagues were behaving in the manner expected of them. Assured of this, he listened to the snoring for a moment, gathering nerve for the last part of the impudent plot upon which he was engaged. Then he put his head boldly in at the door and gave vent to a weird and dismal howl which was something like the cry of a distressed cat, and something like a steam siren, with a dash of the creepy sound made in a pantomime just before the ghost comes in. Having uttered his dismal wail, Rapson quickly put his head back and took to his unslipped heels, racing down the passage and up the stairs to his own dormitory as fast as he could.

Mr. Anderson, meanwhile, awoke with a start. He listened to the weird sound at his door, and to the quick pattering of feet down the passage. Suddenly his eye was caught by the mysterious spectacle of several little lights upon the floor, lights that slowly moved and crossed one another. Mr. Anderson rubbed his eyes—was he dreaming? No, he was awake, and the little points of light certainly existed, and moved hither and thither. . . . He jumped out of bed and bent to examine one. Then he burst out laughing, and collected eight crabs, blowing out the candle which each carried upon his back, and putting the crabs one by one into his basin. Lastly he looked into the passage, though of course he did not expect to find any one there. He turned up the gas, however, and found a basket lying near the door. Upon the basket, written bold and large along the handle, were the words, 'C. A. Rapson.'

'I thought so,' muttered Mr. Anderson, with a laugh. 'The young rascal!' Then, like a sensible man, he got into bed again and fell asleep.

After prayers next morning, Mr. Anderson, assuming an air of sternness, gave notice to the boys that a practical joke had been played during the night. He was averse to punishing the house for the fault of one boy, but it might be necessary

to do so unless the offender should confess his fault. He would give the delinquent until the evening to consider the matter.

Breakfast was hardly over before Pillsbury sought Mr. Anderson in his private study.

'I beg your pardon, sir,' he said, entering in response to Mr. Anderson's cordial cry of 'Come in.' Mr. Anderson had hoped to see Rapson appear, and was disappointed to find that it was the senior boy.

'I beg your pardon, sir,' said Pillsbury, 'but with regard to your remarks after prayers this morning, I think I can lay my hand upon the culprit, though I hate to give information.'

'Then don't do it, Pillsbury,' said Mr. Anderson; 'I did not ask for information from a third party, but for confession from the offender.'

'Oh, very well, sir,' muttered Pillsbury; 'I'm sorry I interfered; only if Rap—if he should not come to own up, I hope you will allow me to ease my conscience by naming him. I don't know what he has done, but I know who did it.'

'My dear Pillsbury,' said Mr. Anderson, 'you are very zealous, and I am obliged to you for wishing to help me in the matter; but I assure you that I need no help in discovering the culprit. I know very well who it is.'

'I hope you understand, sir, that I only wished to do my duty,' said Pillsbury; 'I have no desire to to do the boy an unkindness—I would rather he escaped, but—'

'Yes, yes, Pillsbury, I quite understand; you have performed a disagreeable duty, or offered to do so, and there the matter ends. I dare say the little culprit will—' A timid knock at the door interrupted the master's speech. 'Come in!' he cried.

The door opened, and in crept Rapson. He glanced at Pillsbury, who had the grace to blush.

'Thank you, Pillsbury, I shall not forget your zeal,' said Mr. Anderson, and Pillsbury took the hint and departed.

Rapson's interview was short and painful. But he came away from it with an increased respect for Mr. Anderson, and no little dislike of Pillsbury.

Later in the day he observed Pillsbury crossing the large quadrangle near the school-house with books and a portfolio of papers under his arm. Without a thought of consequences—Rapson never did think of consequences—he ran softly up from behind and banged the bundle of books so violently that the whole lot of them flew from Pillsbury's arms and scattered themselves upon the ground.

'That's for being a sneak!' cried Rapson, as he disappeared round the corner of a five-court. He reappeared an instant later, and added the scathing remark that he would rather be a dustbin-man than a chap who carried tales to masters.

It so happened that Noel Cherston was crossing the quadrangle at the same time, and he stopped to help Pillsbury pick up his books and papers. These latter were flying hither and thither, the whole of the contents of Pillsbury's portfolio, and Cherston chased and collected a dozen or more sheets. He picked up a blank sheet of paper with the corner torn off it, and was about to place it with the rest when suddenly an idea seemed to occur to him; he pocketed the paper and returned the portfolio to

Pillsbury, who continued his journey towards his destination. Cherston produced from his pocket the slip of paper upon which a certain anonymous and insulting communication had been written; he placed it edge to edge with the paper he had just picked up—the two portions exactly fitted one another.

'Ah!' murmured Cherston—'good! I thought as much! That was fortunate!'

(Continued at page 334.)

SUNSHINE.

SING hey! sing hey!
For bright is the day,
The Sun's in the sky
And he smiles away.

He sits on his throne, alone, alone,
With never a sigh, and never a moan;
And never a tear does a furrow trace,
Or a wrinkle bring on his honest face.

The jovial Sun! he is bright and bold;
And he smiles to-day as he smiled of old,
For his heart as well as his face is gold.
See! he watches each cloud pass by below,
And he laughs aloud, Ho, ho! Ho, ho!

Each dreadful cloud, coal-black and grim,
May scowl and frown in vain at him;
Till foolishness such anger seems
And the tear-drops fall in silver streams
To earth below, while he laughs, Ho, ho!
A glad refrain, for he sees the rain
Refresh the thirsting flowers again.

Sing hey! sing hey!
For bright is the day,
The Sun's in the sky
And he smiles away.

REED MOORHOUSE.

ELEPHANTS AS ROLLERS.

THE Government of the Congo Free State is now constructing a road in the northern part of the states, which is intended for the transport of passengers and goods by motor-cars, and already four hundred and fifty miles of the road have been completed.

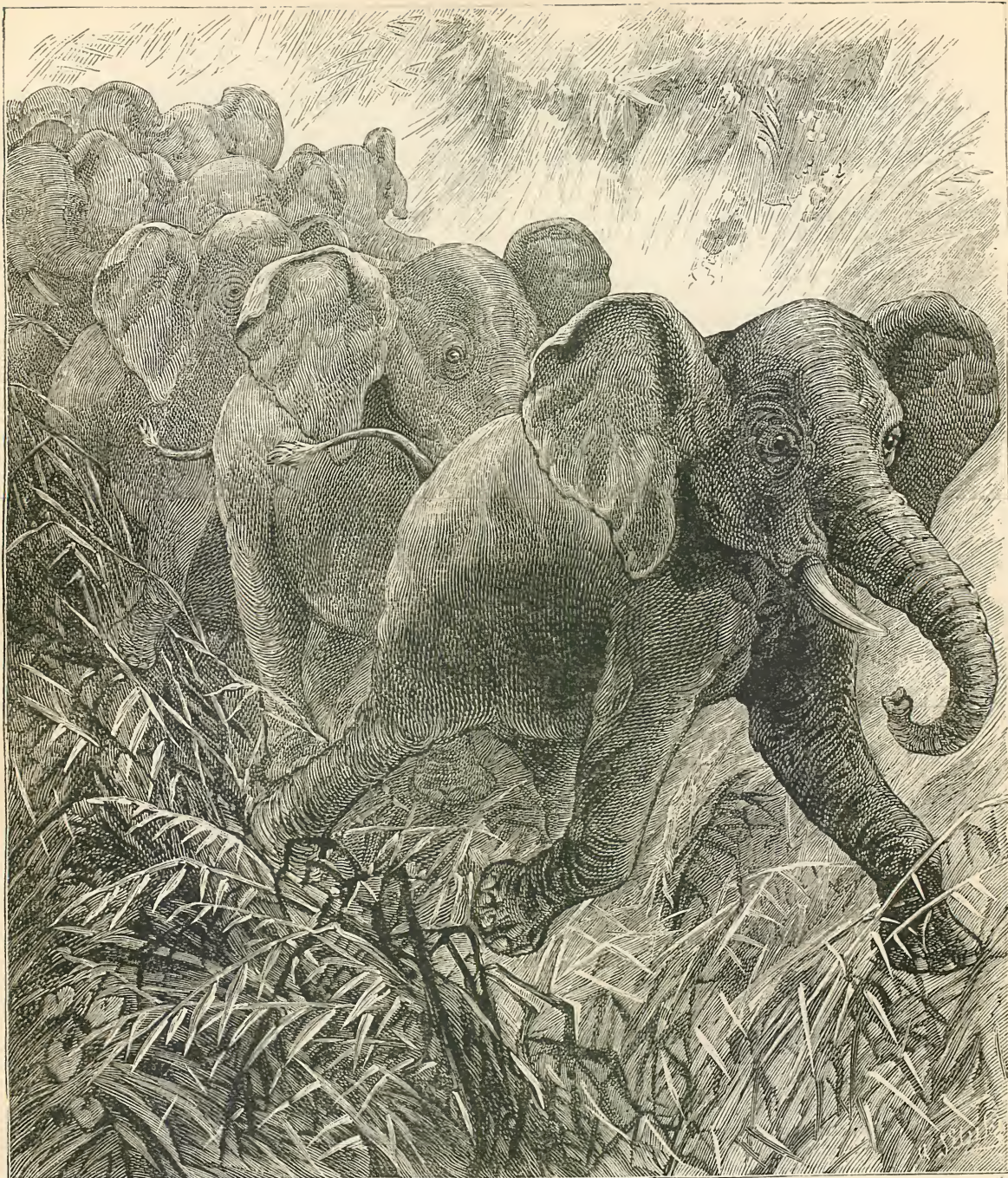
A local engineer hit upon the happy idea of driving forty elephants up and down the projected highway, until the thick under-growth was trampled down, and then it was an easy matter for the natives to complete the task. S. C.

'WITHOUT FEAR AND WITHOUT REPROACH.'

Tales of the famous Knight, Bayard.

X.—THE PUNISHMENT OF TREACHERY.

IN all kinds of warfare in the Middle Ages there was little real generalship, though fights were fast and furious enough. No leader laid very careful plans. Almost the only strategy used was the



Elephants clearing the way for the Engineers.

simple one of ambushing the enemy by the help of spies or treachery. Thus a spy had a great deal to do with the success or failure of a general's plans, and he was a very important person indeed. But such a profession was naturally looked down upon to a great extent, because the meanness and treachery it often involves were, and are still, rightly thought

dishonourable. In Bayard's day, the spy was usually a man of little honesty, and was faithful only to the commander who paid him best. Happily, more often than not his dishonesty came to a bad end; and one such event happened in the course of Bayard's adventures.

The French had seized Verona, in North Italy,



“ ‘What were you doing in that house?’ demanded Sucre.”

and were holding it and the country round against the Venetians. The Venetians, however, had a very able captain named Manfrone, who caused great loss and inconvenience by frequent raids upon foragers and other small bodies of men, whom he would attack and pursue right up to the gates of Verona. Bayard, by a sudden onslaught, defeated

him severely, and checked him for a time; but Manfrone was not easily put down, and he thought of a plan by which, it seemed, he might inflict great loss upon the famous French knight, and perhaps even capture him.

He summoned a spy named Vincentino. This man, as Manfrone well knew, was employed by both

sides, and took money from both, according to circumstances. Bayard trusted him, but Manfrone valued him more justly, and only made use of him when he could afford to pay a large sum for his treacherous services.

'*Vincentino*,' said the Venetian general, when the man was brought before him, 'I have a plan to strike a blow at your other master, Bayard, so as to pay off the score I have against him. Go to him as if in good faith, and say that the Government of Venice have decided to make a change in the commanders in this district. The general at Lignago—a town not far from Verona—is to be sent abroad to the Levant in command of a naval force, and I am to take his place at Lignago. Say, also, that I shall leave here for Lignago to-morrow at daybreak with three hundred light cavalry and no infantry, taking the road through *Isola della Scala*. I know that his spirits are too high and joyous to let me go without attacking me on the journey; and at *Isola* I shall have a great ambush ready of two hundred gentlemen-at-arms and two thousand foot soldiers, so that something notable may come of it. Do this as I tell you faithfully, and on my honour you shall receive a hundred golden ducats.'

Vincentino was not proof against so great a bribe, and he went straight to Verona that same day. He was taken to Bayard's lodging, and at once admitted. Bayard was at supper when he arrived.

'What news do you bring, *Vincentino*?' asked the good knight. 'I am sure you come for some purpose.'

'Yes, my lord, I bring good news,' answered the traitor, and when Bayard had taken him into a private room he told him the story made up by Manfrone.

Bayard believed it, gave the spy a handsome reward, and at once called together his friends and announced his intention of attacking Manfrone on the way to Lignago. Everything was arranged, and Bayard would have gone blindly into the ambush at *Isola* but for a providential accident which brought the truth to light.

The Lord of *Sucre*, a great French noble serving with Bayard, and lodging some distance from Bayard's house, was that night returning to his dwelling when he perceived *Vincentino*, whom he knew to be a spy in Bayard's pay, leaving the house of a noble citizen of Verona named *Volteggio*, who, though Verona itself was in the hands of the French, was suspected of having secret relations with the Venetians. *Sucre* went up to the spy and seized him suddenly by the shoulder.

'What were you doing in that house?' he asked sternly.

'I—I went to see my—my uncle, my brother, my—' the man stammered, taken completely aback.

Sucre pressed him with questions, but got no satisfactory answers. He dragged him finally before Bayard, and explained what had happened. *Vincentino* was examined strictly, and contradicted himself so thoroughly that Bayard saw strong measures were needed.

'Very well,' he said, after an unsatisfactory answer, 'you do not wish to tell the truth; but you are

clearly a traitor. You shall be hanged at daybreak. But if you tell me honestly the whole truth, I promise you, on my honour as a knight, you shall go free and unharmed.'

Vincentino dared hesitate no longer. He revealed the whole plot, and added that he had been to *Volteggio* to propose further treachery; but *Volteggio*, to his credit, had refused to take any part in it.

Bayard listened attentively to the story, and then ordered *Vincentino* to be confined until the truth was definitely found out. After this, he took counsel with *Sucre* and his companions, and decided to prepare a counter ambush. Two thousand foot soldiers were procured from the Prince of Anhalt, who was then in Verona, and, just before daybreak, Bayard set out with this force of infantry and a good number of gentlemen-at-arms.

Near *Isola*, about two miles from where they knew that Manfrone's ambush was laid, was a village named *Servoda*. Here Bayard left *Sucre* with the two thousand infantry, concealed in various positions in and about the village. He himself, with the gentlemen-at-arms, went on towards *Isola*, as if ignorant of the ambush awaiting them there.

When they drew near the ambush, they saw Manfrone and his men not far in front, on the road to Lignago. The good knight at once set his men in order for a fight, and sent his standard-bearer, *Du Fay*, with a small troop, in advance, to engage the enemy in a skirmish. Manfrone took the bait at once, and in a few moments *Du Fay* was hotly engaged. Suddenly from *Isola* there appeared Manfrone's ambushed foot soldiers, who charged the French with great vigour, and seemed to drive them back. But *Du Fay* was only playing a part: he fell back till he came to Bayard and the cavalry, and the whole force, forming in hollow square, retired gradually along the Verona road towards *Servoda*, as if retreating. The Venetians followed eagerly, harassing their supposed flight. But when they were within a bow-shot of *Servoda*, the French infantry suddenly leapt from their ambuscade, and streamed out upon the astonished Venetians.

'Charge!' cried Bayard to his comrades; and with loud shouts they bore down upon their pursuers, whose turn it now was to be pursued. In a few minutes the Venetians, utterly surprised and thrown into confusion, were flying headlong.

Bayard did not pursue them far. Manfrone got clear away himself, but lost many men killed, and still more taken prisoners; and the victorious French, returning with their captives and booty, had a great reception given them when they reached Verona again.

As soon as he got back to his dwelling, Bayard sent for *Vincentino*. 'You are free,' he said gravely, when the spy was brought before him. 'I gave my word, and I keep it, since you have told me the truth. I shall never employ you again, nor, I expect, will Captain Manfrone. If you go to him for your reward, tell him that I am ready and willing to meet him in battle again as often as he pleases.'

With that the spy was escorted out of the town and set free. But he seemed not to be aware how

vile his double treachery had been, for he took Bayard at his word, and went to Manfrone to claim the reward originally promised him by the Venetian commander. But Manfrone was a stern man, and had no mercy for traitors. As soon as Vincentino appeared he was seized, and without any trial or defence was hanged then and there. Thus treachery met its own reward.

A PERILOUS RIDE.



HE rent was overdue, and the Burgomaster, who was Widow Bernstein's landlord, was a man well-nigh devoid of mercy.

What was to be done? A hard winter had followed a bad harvest, and Frau Bernstein, with a family of five children dependent upon her exertions, found herself

involved in difficulties.

Hope had died out of every heart but one: Max, her eldest son, a sturdy lad of some twelve summers, utterly refused to admit Giant Despair into his thoughts, however loudly he might knock for admission.

Between Max and the Burgomaster's little daughter Gretchen a warm friendship existed, which dated from the time when Max had the good fortune to rescue her from a pond into which she had fallen. Since that day she was a frequent visitor to the little farmhouse, where a loving welcome from Frau Bernstein and her children always awaited her. The Burgomaster did not approve of the friendship; but so dearly did he love his little daughter that he could deny her nothing.

But now only a few days' grace remained for the hapless Bernstein family, and destitution stared them in the face.

In a sad mood, Max one evening made his way to the railway station, in the hope of meeting with a little employment. The 6.50 train was just about to start, when the lad's attention was called to the fact that some one had fallen down on the platform of the station. It was the Burgomaster himself, and as Max drew near with others to assist him, he could see that he was in a terrible state of hurry and alarm.

'I must catch that train,' shouted the man; 'do you hear? My daughter is ill with diphtheria, and I want the doctor from Felburg!'

Doctor Goldstein, the great throat specialist, was well known in the country round about. His rural residence, where he was at this present time enjoying a hard-earned rest, was situated about a mile or so from Felburg.

There was no telegraphic communication in those days between the town where the Burgomaster dwelt and the specialist's home; the best way, therefore, to ensure the doctor's speedy attendance in this case, was to go and bring him back.

The train was now on the move, but the

Burgomaster's ankle was so sprained that he was quite unable to walk.

'Stop the train—stop the train!' shouted the unhappy man.

In an instant, Max, whose heart was touched by the thought of little Gretchen's sufferings, made up his mind for action. Rushing quickly forward, before any of the officials could stop him, he boarded the train, and holding on to one of the last compartments (the window of which chanced to be open), he soon found himself whizzing along, with a speed which nearly dazed him.

It was so dark that few were aware of the lad's perilous position.

A train came rushing past; the boy seemed to feel its vibration through his whole body.

Thud! thud! went his heart, and a sensation of fear and dread threatened to overpower him.

Were his hands to lose their grasp of the carriage window—in which compartment, as it chanced, no one was seated—full well he knew that he would be dashed on to the metals, and so meet with destruction.

On and on sped the train, past three separate stations. Surely Felburg must be the next!

The boy was rapidly becoming exhausted, a clammy moisture broke out on his forehead, his face grew white and tense.

He had just reached the limit of his endurance when, to his intense thankfulness, the train slowed into the station of Felburg.

On the platform stood Dr. Goldstein himself. He was there for the purpose of meeting a friend, who was expected to arrive by this train.

Seeing a slight confusion at the further end of the platform, he made his way thither, and there he discovered Max in a half-fainting condition on the ground.

Suddenly the lad opened his eyes, and recognised the doctor, who was bending over him. He had seen him, as it chanced, a few months previously with the Burgomaster, with whom he was staying on a brief visit.

Mustering all his forces together, the boy in a few words explained the object of his journey, and the reason for his unusual method of travelling.

Dr. Goldstein was a man of few words, but he was much impressed by the lad's courage and daring. He was, moreover, a man of prompt action, and so it befell that, a few hours later, the operation was performed which saved the life of the Burgomaster's little daughter.

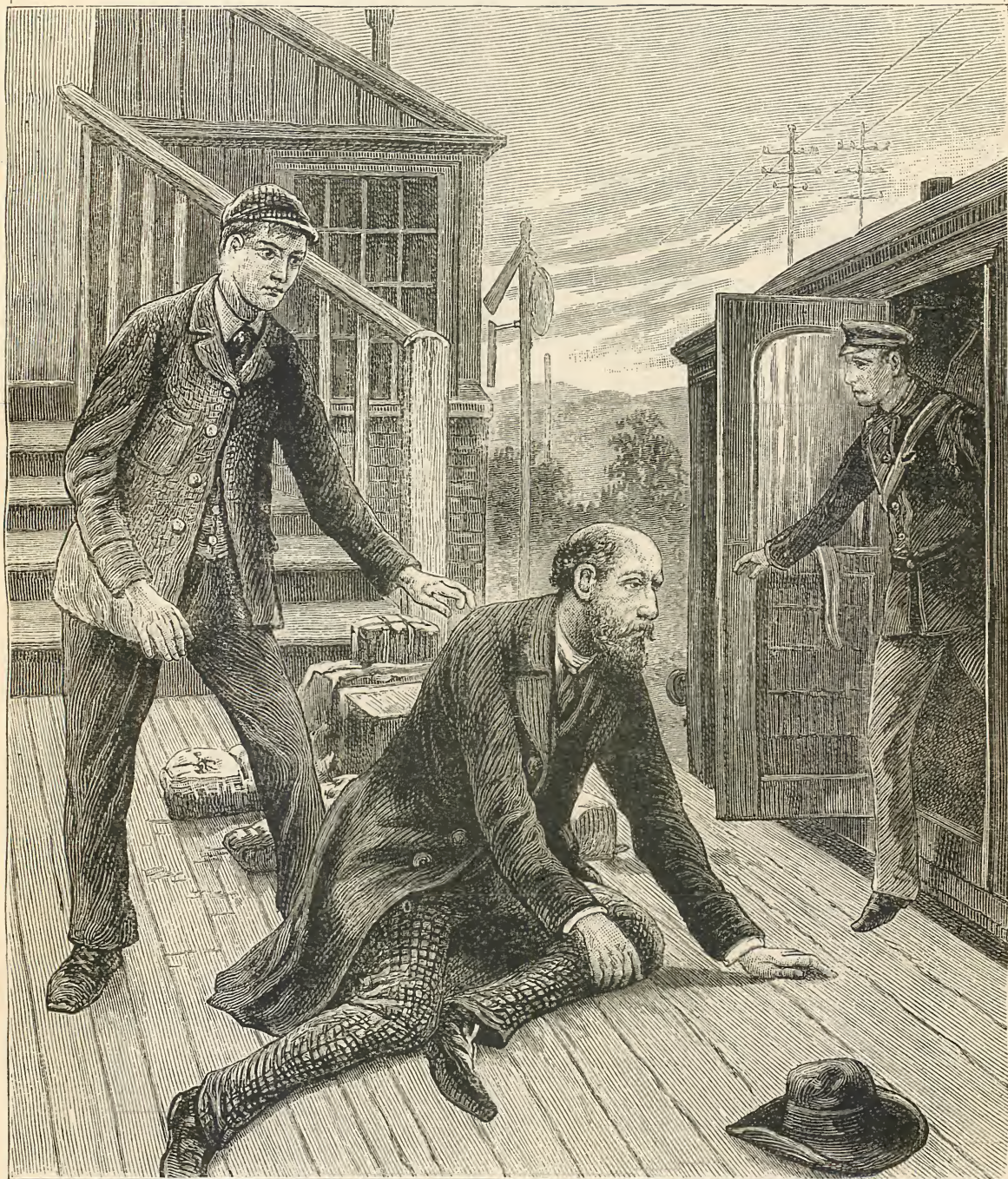
And brave Max, what of him?

His reward was not slow in coming, for the Burgomaster's heart was deeply touched at last.

On the following day Frau Bernstein received a letter acquainting her with the fact that her small farm was presented to her, as a token of her landlord's gratitude to her son. And Max, whose secret ambition was to become a doctor, was enabled through the specialist's kindly interest and generosity to fulfil, in due time, his heart's desire.

Never has he had reason to regret the courage, which, born of love for his little friend and playmate, prompted him to take, on that never-to-be-forgotten evening, his perilous ride.

M. I. H.



“ ‘I must catch that train!’ shouted the Burgomaster.”



““ Bring out the spoon you have up your sleeve, and I will give up mine.””

THE SILVER SPOON.

AN officer in Vienna one day went into a well-known restaurant to dine, where there was a crowd of his acquaintances as well as strangers. A man came to the table at which the officer sat, placed himself next to him, and ordered his meal. When he had nearly finished the meal, a pair of silver spoons fell upon the ground between the two men. The stranger picked them up, but the officer noticed that his neighbour had managed to slip one of the spoons up his sleeve and did not bring it out again.

Some people would have thought 'What does it matter to me?' and would have been silent about it; some would have made a great to-do about it before everybody, and yet might not have been able to prove the theft. The officer, however, was as quiet as a mouse, until the landlord came to take his money for the dinner. Then he took a silver spoon and stuck it between two button-holes in his coat, as soldiers do in war-time. He stood beside the other man and got ready to pay his bill. The landlord looked at him, and thought: 'That is a curious medal which that gentleman wears on his breast. It looks like one of my own silver spoons.'

As soon as the officer had paid the bill, he said, with a serious air: 'The spoon is free, is it not? The bill is quite dear enough to include the spoon.'

The landlord laughed over the joke, and said: 'Amongst the thousands of my customers I have never heard such a question before, but if you have no spoon at home, I will make you a present of a plated one. As for my silver one, please let me have it.'

Then the officer stepped back, and turning to the man who had been sitting beside him, spoke to him as if he were discussing a wager they had made. 'Is it not true, sir, that we have arranged a joke between us? Bring out the spoon which you have up your sleeve and I will give up mine.'

When the spoon-thief saw that he was betrayed, he thought, 'Better joke than earnest,' and gave up his spoon and laughed too—but not for long, for when the other guests perceived how the thing really stood, they chased him with abuse and ignominy into the street. The landlord, however, was profuse in his thanks to the officer for his skill in detecting the thief. W. YARWOOD.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

57.—ANAGRAMS.

Concealed Sciences.

In each of the following sentences the name of a branch of science is concealed in an anagram of one, two, or three words.

1. The king and queen mourn in seat of state.
2. The sun is often known to tan boys' faces.
3. By some mischance he took the wrong turning.
4. With no eye nigh to see, they play at will.
5. For this mercy many thanks.
6. Have you a disc? Many mesmerists have them.

C. J. B.

58.—NAMES OF PLACES DISGUISED.

1. To outlaw, and to inter.
2. To cook in an oven, and a refreshing spring.
3. A kind of cake, and to be on fire.
4. A sure resting-place, and shallow water.
5. Of the darkest colour, and a little brook.
6. A way over, and a cardinal point.
7. Very wide, and the means of ascent.
8. A form of the indefinite article, and to decorate.
9. Cheerful conversations, and the real value.

[Answers at page 348.]

C. J. B.

ANSWERS.

- | | | |
|---------------|------------|------------|
| 55.—1. Madam. | 4. Wash. | 7. Place. |
| 2. Pastern. | 5. Spear. | 8. Level. |
| 3. March. | 6. South. | |
| 56.—1. Bread. | 6. Spread. | 12. Red. |
| 2. Thread. | 7. Ned. | 13. Wed. |
| 3. Dead. | 8. Fled. | 14. Said. |
| 4. Read. | 9. Lead. | 15. Fed. |
| 5. Shed. | 10. Tread. | 16. Dread. |
| | 11. Bed. | |

OUR GRASS-SNAKE.

'A SNAKE lurks in the grass,' so wrote an old poet many centuries ago. He seems to have been thinking of moral snakes, of snares and perils which beset the young, lying hidden amid what looks pleasant or innocent, but he was also right as to this fact in natural history. Not uncommon in many parts of Britain, the grass or ringed snake is most likely to be found near ponds and ditches, for it is fond of water. It gives a start or shudder frequently to those who come suddenly upon it as it is making its way through the grass and herbage on moist spots. Yet there is no reason to feel either fear or dislike of this reptile; it is harmless, having no poison-bag, though, if provoked, it can bite so as to pierce the skin slightly. The English reptile which we should be cautious against is, of course, the viper or adder, which is to be seen about woods or on dry banks; still, even this seldom attacks any one unless in self-defence. We can at some distance distinguish it from the grass-snake, because it shows along the back a row of dark, lozenge-shaped spots.

Nobody can say that our grass-snake is ugly, and there is no doubt its long, lithe form exactly suits the life it has to lead, and enables it to escape some dangers. Its body is completely clothed with scales, grey or brownish, and upon the back are about one hundred and seventy polished rings, crossing each other. These are usually mottled, black and white, and sometimes all black. The head is brown, the eyes hazel, the yellow cheeks are black-striped, and in moving along a snake keeps on darting out and withdrawing its tongue in a manner which many people find alarming.

Frogs are the chief part of our snake's fare, together with worms and sundry insects; probably it does not object to a young bird which it may find in a nest amongst the grass, and very likely the little field-mouse is occasionally a victim.

If you watch a snake crawling, when you have the chance, you will notice it never draws the body into a lump as a worm does. It moves by pressing the ribs against whatever may be on the ground, or, should that be quite smooth, it draws the body into curves. The backbone is so elastic that a snake can easily tie itself into knots, and its favourite posture at rest is in a coil.

About twice a year the grass-snake casts its skin, an operation which it is glad to get over. During winter the reptile sleeps hidden in a nook or hole underground.

J. R. S. C.

DANGER SIGNALS.

X.—THE WOLF ROCK.



HERE is no doubt that it was a terrifying noise, and to those whose consciences were not clear it must have been more awful still. No wolf ever howled with a more melancholy tone. Fishermen sailing by after the sun had set felt their hearts quake as, above the booming waves and moan-

ing wind, the long, low growl fell upon their ears. Yet it was but the sea washing into a hollow rock and driving out the air. When the weather was rough it was louder still, and many a captain steering for the English Channel had been thankful to hear the sound.

'It is the Wolf Rock,' he would say, 'and right glad am I to hear its warning.' And he would alter his course for more open water.

But in those days some of the fishermen of Cornwall were often not satisfied by what their nets would bring them, and they resorted to the inhuman practice of wrecking. Many a ship would they lure on to the rocks for the sake of enriching themselves when it went to pieces. Some say, therefore, that it was not through superstition only that they disliked the loud growlings of the Wolf Rock, but because it gave a warning which robbed them of their prey.

'We will stop the wolf's mouth,' said they. 'He shall no longer fill the darkness with terror, and drive ships away.'

So they loaded their boats with stones, and rowing them out on fine days, tilted them into the wolf's mouth until it was full. Then, of course, the rock grew dumb. From that time the sea-harvest of wrecks was much greater than of old.

But those who had better hearts than the Cornish fishermen were saddened by the disasters which took place round the Wolf Rock, and suggestions were made for putting a warning there. The first idea was a very curious one:

'As it is harder to get the stones out,' said some one, 'than it was for the superstitious folk to put them in, why not make a wolf of copper? Since the sound is one the mariners have got used to, it would be as well to repeat it, and if a copper wolf is

cast with his mouth sufficiently open, the wind roaring into it will be all that is necessary.'

So the wolf was cast, but he never went to his lair, for three discoveries were made. Firstly, the fishermen were furious, and threatened to destroy the image if it showed itself in Cornwall; secondly, it was found almost impossible to reach the rock on account of the wildness of the sea; and thirdly, some one as clever as the inventor pointed out that there would be very little good done if the wolf were fixed.

'You see,' said he, 'the very wind that will create the noise, will carry it away from the ears that are listening for it. In the case of the hollow rock the sound was made by the inrush of the waves and the outrush of the air, and did not depend upon the wind at all.'

The matter was allowed to drop. But a time came, many years after, when more strong-minded people took the matter up. So terribly difficult was it to maintain a foothold upon the exposed rock, that the Trinity House did not at first hope to build a lighthouse there, but satisfied themselves with attempts to establish a shaft and coloured globe. One after another, however, these were carried away by the sea, though each shaft was thicker than the last, and every globe was decreased in size so as to offer less resistance to the wind. At last, with a shaft of solid iron nine inches thick, and a globe only three feet in diameter, they were able to defy the sea, but not until they had built round it a conical support some distance up the staff. This stood for many years. Then Mr. Douglas came, and in the histories of our greatest lighthouses we find that where he had once set his foot, it was not long before the tower arose. On the occasion of his first visit to the Wolf, so rough was the sea and so difficult is the place to approach, that in order to take him on board the boat again it was necessary to drag him through the surf by means of a rope which had been fastened round his waist.

When the work began in earnest, in March 1862, this difficulty forced itself upon the engineers' attention more prominently still. There were very few hours during which it was possible to stay, and so frequent were the interruptions from the sea that very little was done during each visit. One of the first things necessary was a landing-place, and in order to build this Mr. Douglas had to use small material, because large blocks could not be carried to him. The stones were not as big as those the evil fishermen had thrown into the Wolf's 'mouth,' but they were put to a better use, and soon rose in a strong concrete platform.

While this was being done other workmen were preparing the rock for the foundation of the tower, but so terrible were the dangers surrounding them that special means for their safety had to be considered. Every man wore a life-belt, while close to his hand lay a thick rope, one end of which was fastened to an iron rod let into the rock. At a little distance stood a watcher, who was familiar with the appearance of the sea. When he saw a threatening wave approaching, he gave a loud cry of warning. Instantly the tools were dropped, each workman seized his rope, and

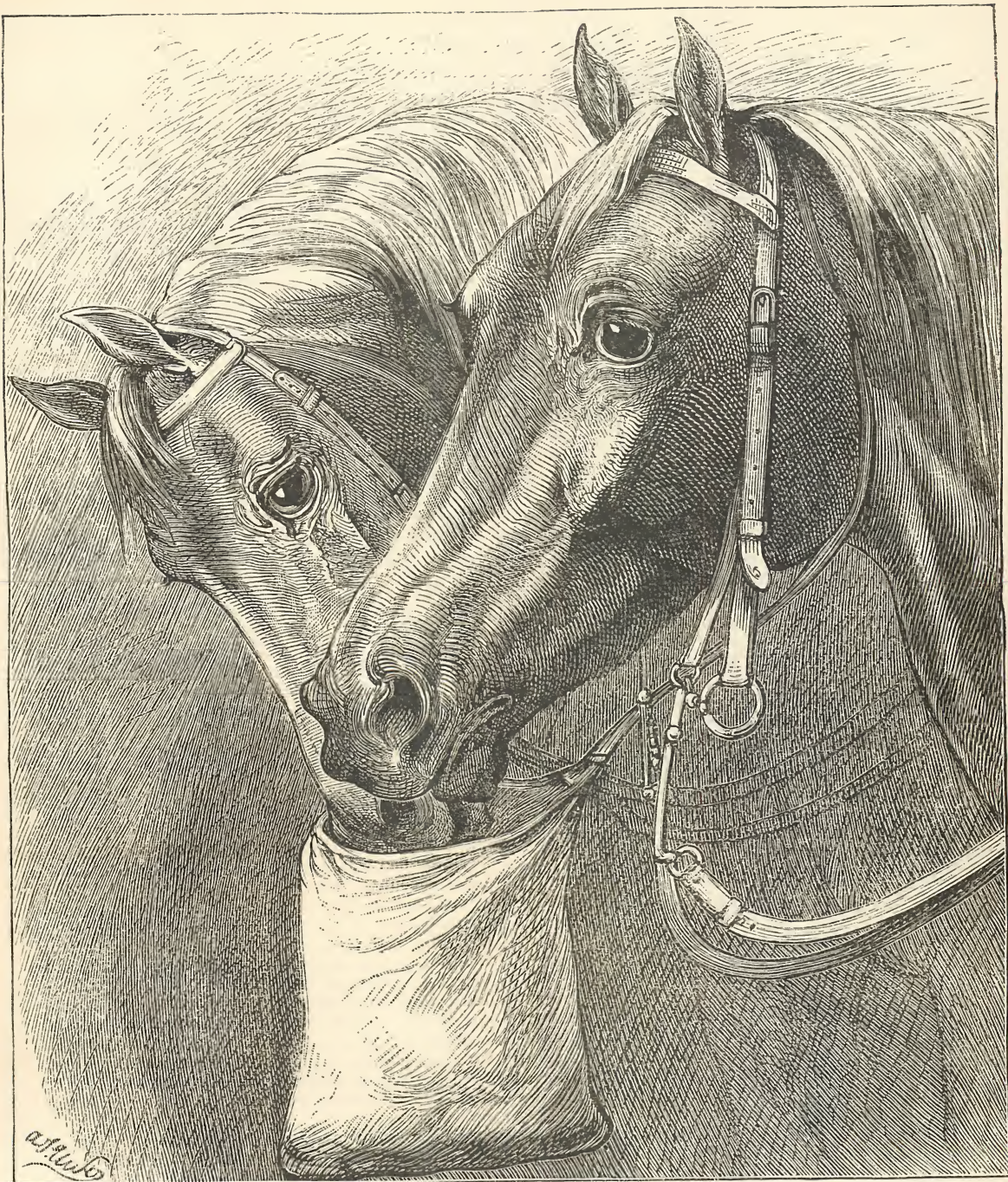


Difficulties and Dangers in constructing the Wolf Rock.

turning his head towards the approaching wave, prepared to meet it. With a rumble like thunder it leapt up the crag, and tearing across it in a hissing, bubbling sheet of foam, buried the men beneath it. Thus the foundations of the Wolf Rock Lighthouse were positively prepared between wave and wave.

But opportunities, even though short, always

count for something if we make the best of them. Only eighty-three hours of work could be snatched during the whole year 1862, but by the end of 1864 thirty-seven stones of the second course of the tower had been laid, and the landing platform was very nearly finished. At its end stood the strong iron crane used for lifting the stones from the barge below.



Ruby helps himself to Dobbin's Meal.

A 'time sheet' has been kept, and from it we learn that when the great lighthouse was finished in 1869, it had taken eighteen hundred and fourteen hours to build. These spread over seven years count as less than one hour a day. Yet any one looking at the Wolf Rock Lighthouse might justly feel proud for those who had spent the time so well.

JOHN LEA.

DOBBIN AND RUBY.

Founded on Fact.

DOBBIN and Ruby were two cab-horses, who had stood on the same stand together for a long while. Dobbin was a quiet, honest creature, rather slow and stupid, perhaps, but thoroughly to be relied upon; but there was something in Ruby's

keen eye, and in the arching of his thin neck, which told of a very different disposition from that which made poor Dobbin such a patient hack.

Because of his superior sharpness Ruby would often get the better of his comrade. One day, when Dobbin had been supplied with a comfortable meal of food, such as horses love, he managed, in his awkward way, to jerk his nose out of the bag.

Once out, it was beyond Dobbin's power to dip into his food again.

Now was Ruby's chance. Quicker and more agile than his companion, it was easy for him to take Dobbin's rein in his mouth, as the two stood side by side, and so, drawing the bag within his own reach, to dip again and again into the tempting meal.

So the crafty Ruby got an extra feed, while Dobbin looked on helplessly, feeling, no doubt, that he was being taken in, but quite unable to find a remedy.

C. J. BLAKE.

SAVED BY A JEST.

A SOLDIER, during the civil wars of France, was indebted to a jest for his life. The Baron des Adrets was a man of great barbarity, and treated his prisoners most inhumanly. The garrison of Montbrisson having surrendered at discretion, he obliged the captives to throw themselves down a steep precipice, where they were certain of being dashed to pieces. Only one soldier was saved. Twice he took a run from one end of the platform to the other, but stopped short when he came to the brink of the precipice. Des Adrets upbraided him with his cowardice, saying that it was enough to have twice 'sounded the ford'; on which the soldier boldly replied: 'Sir, I will give you four times to do it in.' This pleasant sally softened the tyrant's rage, and he pardoned the man for the sake of the jest.

THE COMPETITORS.

(Continued from page 323.)

CHAPTER VI.



AFTER looking at the piece of paper for a few minutes, Noel Cherston bent his steps towards Anderson's house and asked to be shown Pillsbury's study.

'Pillsbury,' said Noel, entering and shutting the door behind him, 'look here, this is a piece of paper that fluttered out of your portfolio—the corner is torn off, you see; well, this' (Noel produced his anonymous missive) 'fits it exactly; therefore, you are the author of this letter. Now the letter is anonymous, and so the work of an underhand, sneaky kind of person whose doings are really not worth troubling oneself about. Still, I mean to punish the author. Shall I thrash him, think you, at once, within an inch

of his life, or make him apologise and burn the scrap of paper upon which he has written these insulting falsehoods?'

Pillsbury glared at Noel, but found his return gaze very grim and defiant. He hesitated.

'What if he refuses to do either?' he muttered.

'Well, I'm afraid it might end in his getting the thrashing and having to burn the paper as well,' said Noel.

Pillsbury glared once more in Cherston's face, but found there no sign of wavering.

'Give me the paper,' he said. 'I'll be even with you for this some day, my friend,' he muttered, as he tore the paper into shreds.

'All right,' said Noel, 'throw that paper into the fire, though: into the flames with it—quick.'

Pillsbury did as he was told reluctantly.

'Now apologise,' said Noel, sternly.

Pillsbury hesitated; that seemed too much even for him.

'Go on,' Noel threatened. 'That thrashing will have to take place after all, I can see,' he added slowly, with an eye on his enemy's vindictive face.

'All right,' said the other, and muttered some broken words of apology.

'That is all right now,' said Noel, when it was over. 'Now we will forget all about it. Be thankful you got off so cheaply!'

Upton House School did well in its football matches during the term which ended at Christmas. Of those who were now passing through the final year of their trial as candidates for the Kingley Scholarships, three out of the six boys who still had a chance of winning had gained their colours as members of the school fifteen. These were Ward, Elliot, and Cherston, of whom the first and the last were shining lights, both being extremely clever players in the three-quarter back line.

Upton had won most of its matches, but the principal encounter was still to take place, the great annual match against Tiverton School, the principal football event of the year.

During the progress of this match the careful observer could easily see that both Ward and Cherston deserved high marks for the whole-heartedness with which they threw themselves into the game. There was no shirking, no lack of courage, and plenty of alertness; both stood out as excellent players, though neither had actually scored for their school fifteen when the whistle went for half-time. Tiverton was leading, at that moment, by one try.

Dismay sat upon many an Upton face. Tiverton three points ahead, and pressing; defeat looked certain, and on Upton's own ground! Drake, the captain of the home fifteen, spoke to the two half-backs. 'You two chaps are both playing a selfish game,' he said, 'and it doesn't pay; pass back more to your three-quarters! Neither Ward nor Cherston have had a chance yet, because you chaps get collared every time before you have passed.'

'We're so carefully marked,' pleaded Elliot, 'it's impossible to get the ball away.'

The captain rejected the excuse. 'You are both playing selfishly,' he said; 'you are too keen to do

the scoring yourselves; what does it matter *who* scores so long as the side wins?'

The second half opened with tremendous efforts on the house side. The forward pack worked like Trojans, now rushing the scrimmages, now heeling out scientifically to their halves; but another quarter of an hour passed and Tiverton still led by that terrible little 'try.' Elliot and his partner were still selfish, though they knew that the captain's eye was upon them, and had the grace to pass out to their three-quarters from time to time.

When but ten minutes remained for play there came a moment of great excitement. Turner, one of the Upton three-quarter backs received the ball from Elliot, the half, and passed it to Ward, who dodged a couple of Tiverton men and passed beautifully to Noel, his wing partner. A solid mass of sound, yells, screams, a prolonged shout of triumph rose into the air from a hundred and more of Upton throats as Noel dodged the three-quarter who had marked him diligently throughout the game, and flew like an arrow towards the Tiverton line. The full-back stood ready to receive him; would Noel succeed in dodging or bowling him over and, falling over the line, make the score equal?

Ward was at his partner's elbow, closely pursued by two of the enemy. Just as he reached the full-back, Noel passed deftly to his friend, and in an instant Ward was over the line with a 'try.'

The yells were redoubled, trebled when it was seen that the captain had told Ward to take the kick at goal.

'Look!' yelled a youngster in the crowd, 'if Ward kicks this goal you committee-men ought to give him all the votes you've got to dispose of!'

Pillsbury, who was standing by, frowning heavily, kicked the enthusiastic speaker with his knee.

'Don't talk about things you don't understand,' he said angrily.

Mr. Kingley overheard both remarks.

'That's right, Pillsbury,' he said; 'don't let the youngsters get hold of false ideas as to the theory of marking. I dare say you saw more in that bit of play than appears in the actual result?'

Pillsbury said, 'Of course I did, sir;' but the crucial moment had arrived and all held their breath as Cherston placed the ball for Ward to kick. The leather oval skimmed beautifully over the bar between the posts.

'Goal!' shouted a hundred frantically delighted Upton voices, for Upton now led by two points and the game was nearly over; the mass of wild, confused sound formed itself into a dozen different cries of 'Well kicked, sir!' 'Good old Upton!' 'Well played, Ward, well played, indeed, sir!' and so forth. Ward was undoubtedly the hero of the hour.

The Tiverton men made noble efforts to equalise, but failed to score another point. Victory rested with Upton.

Pillsbury walked from the field with, as it chanced, three or four of the marking committee.

'We did not deserve to win,' said Pillsbury; 'I never saw so selfish a game played before, and I trust I never shall again. The halves were pretty bad, but some of the three-quarters were worse; Ward and

Cherston were always getting pulled down because they *would* hold the ball. The try they did get was a piece of arrant selfishness; it was made on the right wing, whereas it was the left wing that opened up the chance, and the ball ought to have been passed back to them.'

Pillsbury was not aware that Drake, the captain of the fifteen, walked close behind him. He started when he heard Drake's big voice suddenly address him, with a laugh.

'I say, Pillsbury,' said Drake, 'are you a footballer?' he asked.

'Well, I try to play,' Pillsbury faltered; 'at any rate, I think I understand the game.'

'No, my boy,' said Drake. 'if you will excuse my saying so, you are an uncommonly bad critic, and the less you hold forth about the game, the more your reputation will gain. Have you anything against Ward or Cherston?'

'Of course not!' exclaimed Pillsbury, flushing. 'Why should I?'

'Oh, that's not my business. Let me tell you and all concerned, that the bit of work which resulted in the try that won us the match was as pretty a piece of unselfish football as you will ever see. The left wing could not have got through; if Ward had passed it back we should not have scored. Cherston might have got over, but he thought Ward had a better chance, and passed to him. I will give you a piece of advice, Pillsbury: tell these chaps all about Demosthenes or Plato, if you like, but leave the football to those who understand it.'

Pillsbury said no more at that moment. He did not fail, however, to relieve his mind later, by repeating his opinions when Drake was not by to hear. Perhaps certain non-game-playing boys believed him, but there was no doubt that Ward went up that day in the estimation of his school-fellows, and perhaps gained more marks from the committee at their final term's meeting, a week later, than he actually deserved.

At that meeting there was much argument, and some heated words passed before the final votes were agreed to and passed. Pillsbury had many friends among the committee, and scored a large number of votes from the boys' marking section, though not nearly so many as Ward and Cherston, or even Elliot. The masters, however, voted solid for Pillsbury, who made a point of displaying his best qualities in the schoolroom and in the house, and in virtue of their votes he stood, at Christmas, very high up in the list of candidates for the Kingley Scholarships.

In this list Ward now held the first place, beating Pillsbury, who was second, by a few marks. Noel Cherston was third, and Elliot fourth. The rest were 'nowhere.'

The names were read out by the Head on the last day of the term. That of Ward was received with tremendous cheers; Pillsbury's evoked cheers from several sections of the great hall, but the applause was not unanimous. Noel Cherston was loudly cheered, and so was Elliot, but it certainly seemed that Ward was at present the popular candidate.

(Continued at page 342.)



The great Annual Match against Tiverton School.



“ ‘Treat this dinner as you would the enemy.’ ”

AS YOU WOULD THE ENEMY!

A CERTAIN captain, having been ordered on a foreign service, gave a farewell dinner to his company. Addressing the men before the meal, he said: 'Now, lads, treat this dinner as you would the enemy.' So, nothing loath, the men fell to, and made a hearty meal; but after dinner Private Jones was discovered stowing away half a goose and a large cake in a bag. Highly incensed, the captain asked him what he meant by such conduct.

'Please sir,' said Jones, 'I am obeying orders.'

'Obeying orders!' roared the captain. 'What do you mean?'

'Yes, sir,' said the unabashed private. 'You told us to treat the dinner like the enemy, and you know, sir, when we meet an enemy, those we don't kill, we take prisoners.'

THE GREAT VOYAGERS.

III.—WITH JOHN DAVYS TO THE NORTH AND SOUTH.

WHEREVER Captain John Davys found himself he always discovered something to do. It is because the merchants of London and the West of England knew this that they decided to give him the command of an expedition which they were sending in search of the North-West passage. People were so very anxious to find a shorter route to the Pacific Ocean, that, though Captain Frobisher, some ten years before, had not accomplished so much as many had fancied he would, hopes of a successful search were still entertained.

Some two years before the merchants had got their expedition ready, John Davys had been introduced to the great Sir Francis Walsingham, and it is mostly on account of the encouragement received from this gentleman that the voyage was made.

Two very small ships set out one fair day in 1585 from Dartmouth Harbour. They were called *Sunshine* and *Moonshine*, as though those on board were determined to carry light with them into the shadowy worle of ice and snow. But seven days after leaving Dartmouth they were anchored off the Scilly Islands, where they had to stay for a whole fortnight before the wind would help them away.

'A very good opportunity,' said Captain John Davys, 'for making a map of the islands.' So when, on June 28th, the sails were filled again, the expedition carried away with it the best chart that had ever been made of the Scilly group.

Until July 19th the *Sunshine* and *Moonshine* danced merrily away to the north-west; but on that date they ran into a thick bank of fog. It was almost impossible to see each other even from a short distance, and the captain's anxiety was increased by hearing a loud roaring close at hand.

It was as though a wild and angry sea was thundering its great breakers on a rocky coast. But all the time nothing could be seen through the gloomy fog. The lead was cast, but it sank three hundred fathoms into the dark sea, and yet did not reach the bottom. With the sails closely furled, a boat was lowered, and, keeping within call of the ships, was

rowed cautiously in the direction from which the sound came. Peering through the fog the sailors at last saw the ghostly forms of gigantic moving icebergs. It was the sea crashing against their sides which caused the mysterious uproar. Having landed for a short time on one of these floating islands, and broken away some of the ice, the party returned to the ship.

The next day the coast of Greenland was sighted, and so bleak and lonely did the country appear that they called it the Land of Desolation. They had entered the region of ice, and were forced south to escape the frozen sea surrounding Cape Farewell. The northern summer had begun; the ice was breaking, and there was an April warmth over land and sea. On July 29th land was again seen, and a party going on shore found evidence of inhabitants. Mounting a hill on one of the islands, the little company of explorers were much alarmed to find themselves suddenly greeted by a 'hideous howling.' They had been seen by some wandering natives, and this was their mode of salutation. The English sailors thought it advisable, however, to 'likewise make a great noise,' that the captain of the *Moonshine* might send them protection. This he did, and the natives put off in ten boats to pay a visit. But it was too late in the day to commence business, so they went away and came next morning in thirty-seven canoes. Pointing to the sun they expressed their honesty of purpose by striking their breasts 'a prodigious great blow' that could be 'heard with much clearness at some distance from them.' Our sailors replied with similar gestures, though possibly with less force.

Captain Davys bought skins and other produce from them, giving in exchange pieces of iron, knives, and other small things for which the strangers had a great liking. They offered to make journeys inland for more skins; but the wind was whispering in Captain Davys' ear the promise of a prosperous voyage of discovery, and so the anchors were weighed and the two ships moved northward again.

(Concluded at page 348.)

THE SUN'S BED-TIME.

WHEN each flaming colour dies
Slowly from the sunset skies,
And the clouds their fine array
Doff for dress of quiet grey,

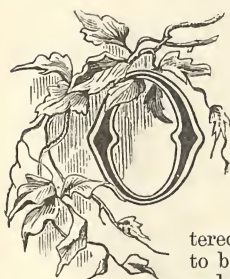
Then the Moon—a ghost no more—
Silvers all her white face o'er,
Keeping watch on Earth below,
While the Sun to bed doth go.

Forth the bats like shadows steal,
Round the dusky trees to wheel,
Circling, darting might and main,
From their home and back again.

Hush! the last lark flies along
With a little lonely song;
Fairies from the roses creep:
Hush! the Sun has gone to sleep.

REED MOORHOUSE.

WONDERS OF LITTLE LIVES.

X.—TIGER-BEETLES;
SNAILS.

NE of the commonest British beetles, the tiger-beetle, is a member of a huge family, numbering no less than one thousand species, which have become, like other large families, scattered all over the world. He is to be sought for in sandy places, and with most chance of success

in the hottest days of summer. Some of our readers must have encountered him many a time, but quite unwittingly, for he looks like nothing so much as a bluebottle when on the wing, and is hardly noticeable when at rest. Nevertheless, tiger-beetles are very interesting members of the beetle world, for they are singularly beautiful creatures, and possess remarkable powers of activity, being, indeed, endowed with a most ferocious nature, and weapons of offence of great perfection: hence the fitness of the name tiger-beetle.

After describing them as quite inconspicuous, it must seem strangely contradictory to call them 'singularly beautiful' directly afterwards: yet this is true. Like so many of Nature's children, the 'ugly ducklings' prove to be quite the reverse on a closer acquaintance. The tiger-beetles are a case in point. To the naked eye, the surface of the body appears to be covered with a dull green, spotted with whitish-yellow above, and of a shining blue beneath. But, examined in a strong light with a powerful lens, a really wonderful change will be shown. The dull green armour is transformed, and appears now to be studded with tiny projections, each of which is covered with sparkling green points, as if they had been sprinkled over with emerald green and gold dust!

The 'weapons of offence,' to which we have just referred, are the jaws. Sickie-shaped, very sharp at the points, and armed along their inner edges with a row of spikes, they form really terrible instruments. When once they have closed on their victim—generally another insect—escape is hopeless.

The tiger-beetle is remarkable for the fact that it can, when occasion requires, emit a rather powerful, but certainly pleasant, smell, which has been compared by some to the scent of roses, by others to that of sweet-briar or musk.

Most beetles are loth to take flight. This is by no means the case with the tiger-beetle; in a moment he will fling open his horny wing-cases, and stretching the delicate wings which these cases cover, will dart into the air, and, once he is afloat, capture becomes almost impossible. Running is performed with equal ease by this agile highwayman of the beetle world.

The young tiger-beetle is as interesting in its way as its parent. The larva, as it is called, lives in a burrow, and has many curious qualities to make this mode of existence a success. In the first place, the

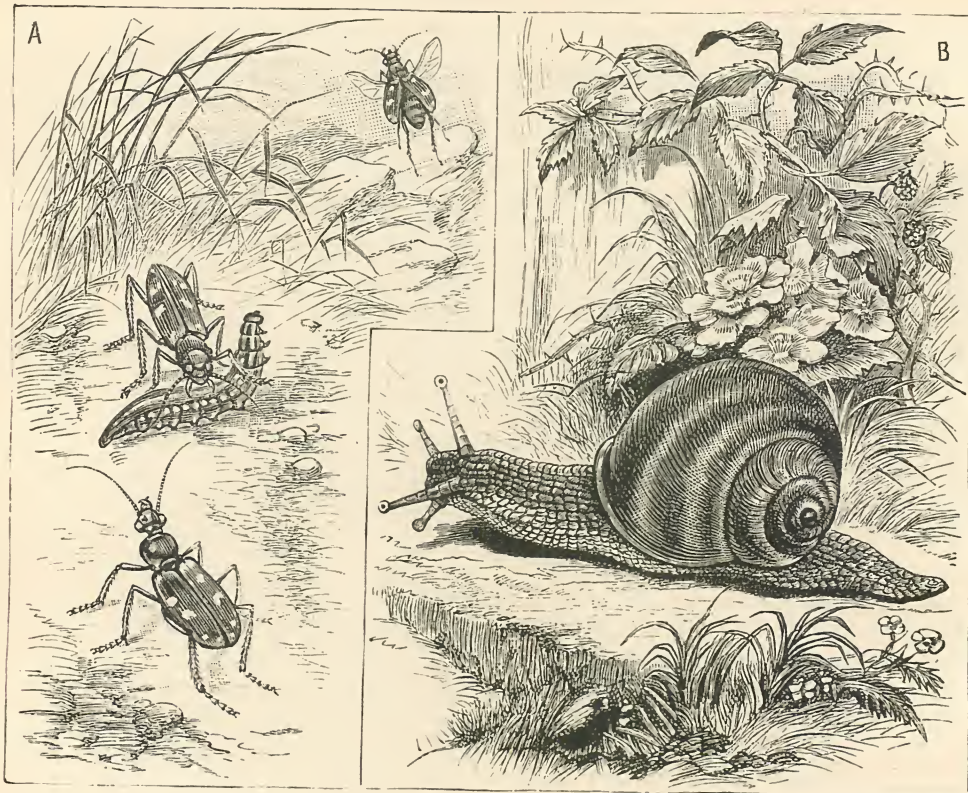
body is strangely coloured, inasmuch as the head and fore part of the body is of a green colour, whilst the rest is whitish. This a distinctly useful arrangement, since this infant stage is passed at the mouth of the burrow, and so the green, coloured portion ensures escape from detection by the prey for which it lies in wait. When a victim is secured, it is promptly drawn down to the bottom of the burrow and there devoured. To assist the dragging down of the captures, the hinder part of the body is provided with a peculiar hump which supports a pair of backwardly-curving hooks, which serve as anchors; without some such armament it might happen occasionally that the assailant would be drawn out of his house by the struggles of his victim, and that would be distinctly awkward for him.

Although the tiger-beetle is really a very common insect, it is not to be found everywhere, and even when found can by no means easily be caught. But with the snail it is quite otherwise; it lives in almost every part of the globe, and its capture when discovered is not likely to afford much excitement! Nevertheless, the common, much-despised garden-snail may prove, when rightly studied, to possess quite unlooked-for points of interest. Compare it for a moment with the agile tiger-beetle, whose body is encased in horny armour, and borne upon three pairs of legs, or carried aloft at will by wondrously beautiful and delicate wings. The comparison will seem all in favour of the beetle. But there can be no doubt but that each, in its own way, finds life equally enjoyable. Certainly, the snail may boast that it belongs to a more highly-organized group of animals—that known as the Mollusca. Its cousins, the oyster and mussel, are known as shell-fish, though somehow no one ever thinks of calling the snail a 'land fish.'

The snail has managed to dispense with legs, and moves by crawling over the ground on the under surface of the body, which has been specially modified to form what is known as the 'foot.' The eyes of the snail, though very imperfect, more nearly resemble our own eyes in structure than those of the beetle, but they are remarkable for the fact that they are borne upon the tops of a long pair of stalks, commonly known as 'horns.' These, as everybody knows, can be suddenly withdrawn at the least sign of danger. Only the hinder pair of 'horns' bear eyes.

Being quite incapable of escaping enemies by flight, the snail is provided with a wonderful house, which he bears upon his back, and into this he can retreat, tortoise fashion, whenever safety demands it. The slugs, so common in our gardens, are cousins of the snail, and once upon a time also possessed shells. For some reason or other, however, they have now lost them, though not completely, for if a careful search is made in the body of a dead slug, a tiny vestige of his once useful house will be found embedded in the back!

The breathing of the snail is effected by a very different method from that of the beetle or of ourselves. Just under the shell there is a large chamber, the walls of which are lined with delicate blood-vessels; air is drawn into the chamber by the con-



Tiger-beetles and Snails.

traction of the snail's back, which forms the floor of the chamber, and which, by this movement, makes the cavity larger. In consequence, more air is drawn in to fill up the increased space. A moment later the back rises, and thus the floor of the chamber is pushed up. The result of this is to expel a certain quantity of the air just drawn in. By this in-taking of pure air, the blood-vessels on the walls of the chamber are bathed with the life-giving oxygen contained in the air, and at the same time give out gases which are poisonous. This is carried out by the expulsion of the air which takes place on the raising of the chamber floor. If you carefully examine the right side of a snail near the rim of the shell, when the creature is fully extended, as in crawling, a small, round hole will be found; this is the aperture through which fresh air passes in and bad air is expelled.

How this chamber works, and consequently, how a snail breathes, will be more easily understood if you imagine a room in which the doors and windows have been sealed up, and the floor replaced by a huge sheet of some elastic material. If a hole is now pierced through the door and the elastic floor drawn downwards by some power from below, air will rush in through the hole in the door; when the floor is allowed to assume its flat shape, the space in the room will naturally be less, and air, in consequence, will be expelled through the same hole.

Though the snail derives a large amount of protection from its shell, it is of no use as a defence against the blackbird and thrush. These birds make endless war on the snail, and quickly demolish the house by beating it against a stone.

In winter the snail retires to some sheltered spot, withdrawing himself into his shell and seals up the mouth of it with a peculiar kind of lid. Thus secured, he abandons himself to a long sleep, from which nothing but the warm, sunny days of spring can awaken him.

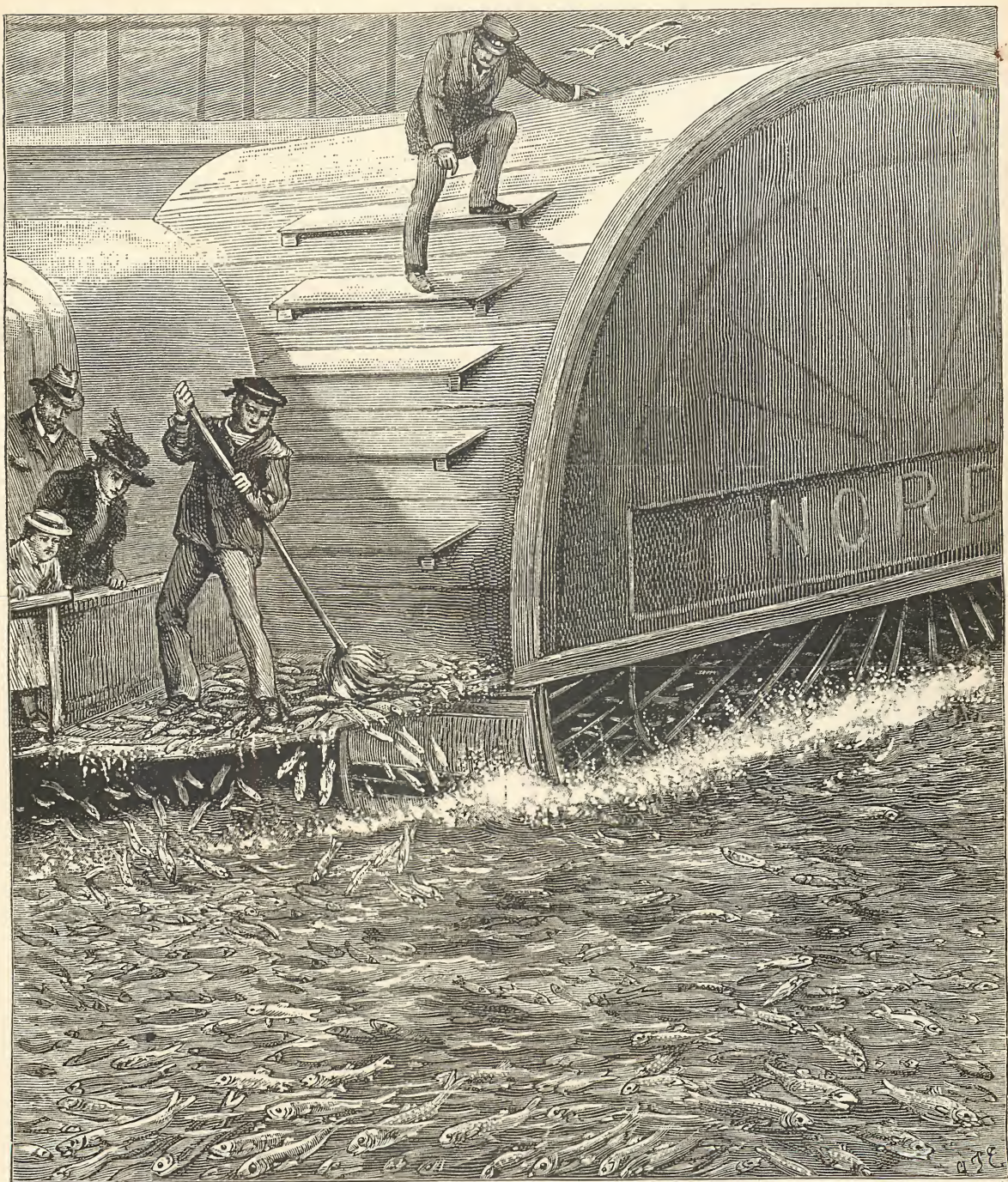
The story of the snail would fill too large a space to be told here at length; we have not recorded a half of the many interesting things which could be related about this most wonderful creature.

W. P. PYCRAFT, A.L.S., F.Z.S.

WHAT LOTTIE SAW.

Founded on Fact.

LOTTIE PARKES was in high spirits. Her father and mother were going to France, and had promised to take her with them. As she was but nine years old, and had never been such a long journey before, she was full of expectation and wonder as to what she should see on the voyage. Lottie talked a good deal to her friends at school about the Channel steamer, and the sights she



"Shoals of herrings sufficient to impede the progress of the steamer."

expected to see, but when she really got upon the water there was something to look at more wonderful than anything she had hoped for.

'Lottie! Lottie!' she heard her father calling. 'Come here, quickly.'

Running to the side of the steamer, where her father and mother were already standing, she saw

that the water was alive with thousands of little fishes. As the vessel made its way through them, the shining, scaly creatures were thrown up in shoals on to the sides of the paddles, and a sailor, with a big mop, stood sweeping them back into the sea.

'What are they?' cried Lottie, gazing intently down upon them.

'Herrings, Missie,' said the sailor. 'There are such a lot that the water is thick with them, and we shall have hard work to get the steamer through.'

For a good while she was able to stand and watch the fishes, but it was sad to think that, as the great paddles turned, crowds of the poor little things were killed. But the mail-boat had to cross the Channel, whatever happened to the herrings, and at last they were past the huge shoal, though they had been delayed a good deal by it.

Shoals of herrings are common enough, but they are seldom found—at least in the English Channel—in sufficient numbers to delay a powerful steamer.

C. J. BLAKE.

THE COMPETITORS.

(Continued from page 335.)

CHAPTER VII.



THE school at Upton, near Cubberby-on-the-Cliffs, was most romantically situated, as far as the sea and inland views were concerned. It lay about a mile from the sea, but close to the banks of a splendid tidal river, the Rush, which afforded a magnificent place for bathing, conveniently close to the school houses, but

which, a mile farther on, where it reached the sea, became very dangerous to swimmers owing to the terrific current which swept seaward.

Half a mile from the mouth of the Rush, and the same distance from the shore at Cubberby village, lay a fine rocky island of a mile and half in length by a mile in width; this island might be reached dry-shod at low tide, for the waters receded entirely, and left a wide strip of sand from shore to island; but the place was put out of bounds on account of the danger of the return journey, in case boys should wait upon the island until the incoming tide rendered the attempt to walk back a perilous undertaking.

The fact of the island being out of bounds did not, however, deter certain enterprising boys, like Bates, Rapson, and others, from paying it occasional visits. Bates went there for seabirds' eggs, and other delights of a similar nature, things dear to his naturalist's heart; Rapson went out of pure mischief, because it was out of bounds, not because he had anything particular to do there. As a matter of fact it was a dull, bleak place and there was no way of passing the time pleasantly, from a schoolboy's point of view, unless one collected birds' eggs, or wanted to pretend to be a smuggler, or a pirate, or something of that kind.

One day Bates came to young Rapson, knowing that in that lively spirit he would find a willing companion for the work he had in hand.

'Rapson,' said Bates, 'you have no objection to

going on the island, have you? We shall not be caught—I often go.'

'So do I,' said Rapson; 'of course I have no objection. Why?'

'I have something rather important on, and I want a chap to help me who is not heavy; you are just the thing—you are not afraid of a bit of climbing, are you?'

'What rubbish you talk,' said Rapson. 'Of course not. If it is eggs, I must have my share, of course.'

'Oh, yes, certainly; fair divide. It's rather a good business I have on hand—what do you think of a ravens' nest?'

'Cæsar!' exclaimed Rapson; 'that is rare, isn't it?'

'Rather! first I have ever found; it's on a ledge of rock half-way down the cliff—not easily got at—you trust the old ravens for that! I shall have to let you down on a rope and pull you up again.'

'All right,' said Rapson, 'so long as you do! Get a tough rope, though.'

'I have got it; the rope is all right. You are sure you won't be nervous?'

'Sure as I am alive!' retorted Rapson.

The result of this conversation was that on the next half-holiday the two conspirators set out for the island at low tide, armed with a coil of rope arranged with a noose at one end, and a box lined with cotton-wool to carry the ravens' eggs.

Bates led the way to the spot where, by constant observation, he had at last discovered the secret place of the pair of big black birds, whose movements he had watched for a month before discovering the secret they had laboriously tried to keep hidden from all human eyes.

'There is one thing rather lucky,' said Bates, 'and that is this bit of root that comes out of the earth just here and forms a loop before going back; it is the very thing to fasten one's feet into, so that one can't possibly be pulled over the cliff when pulling the other fellow up.'

The loop of strong ivy-root was certainly very convenient for the purpose. Bates lay down with his end of the stout rope noosed securely round his waist; he locked his feet behind the root.

'Look at that!' he exclaimed. 'If you weighed a ton you could not pull me over now! I could go down and let you do the pulling,' he added, 'but I am afraid I should be too heavy for you!'

'That's all right—I like it!' said Rapson; and it is certain that Rapson was exactly the kind of boy who could say this with truth; for anything that savoured of mischief or adventure was as dear to him as fish are to a hungry walrus. The danger of the thing was, for Rapson, a detail they need not consider.

'Get the loop well under your arms and I will tighten it up so that it will not slip,' said Bates.

Rapson arranged the rope to his satisfaction, and Bates pulled in the slack. Then the small boy clambered over the edge and Bates gradually let him down, the taut rope biting the red sandstone of the cliff-top as the boy was lowered inch by inch.

'All right!' he called, presently—'far enough!'

Rapson got upon the ledge and secured the four eggs, both ravens having fled screaming and croaking.

away long before their enemies had begun their operations. Rapson put the treasure carefully into his box and that into a side-pocket.

'All right!' he shouted again—'you can pull!'

Bates pulled at the rope, but was surprised to find that it would not move.

'Wait a second,' he called out. 'I must let you down to the end of the slack and then haul.'

He let Rapson down to the full length of the rope and hauled again. The rope would not budge in the groove it had made for itself in the soft sandstone.

'The thing has stuck!' Bates bawled out; 'I will loosen it and try again!'

He worked the rope about in its groove, but, tugging upward again, he still failed to move it.

A cold fear began to hover at the edge of Bates's stout heart. 'Are you all right for a bit,' he shouted, 'while I rest? It's unlucky it should have stuck, but there's no danger; I could not let you go if I wanted to ever so much!'

'I'm quite comfortable!' Rapson shouted; 'rest as long as you like, only let us get back to tea.'

Bates tugged at intervals again and again, but no success rewarded his efforts. The root was hurting his ankle badly and the strain of the rope round his chest was very painful. Little Rapson, too, inquired occasionally whether it was not about tea-time, and how about the tide.

'This beastly rope hurts a bit under the arms,' he said.

'I think we had better shout; I don't seem to be able to start you,' Bates said dismally; 'if I could only start you, it would be easy.'

Rapson raised his strident treble voice in repeated 'halloes,' in which Bates joined with his deeper note, but no one came.

'I am getting cramp in my legs,' Bates announced a little later. 'This is getting rather horrible; am awfully sorry, Rapson, to have let you in for such an experience. I don't think there is any real danger, but—oh, my leg!—are *you* feeling all right?'

'Not very,' said poor Rapson, whose courage was beginning to feel the strain of his dangerous position as he hung in mid-air with no prospect of speedy release. He began to feel faint and giddy. When Bates addressed him a few minutes later, there was no reply.

Bates groaned aloud. Then he prayed for a moment silently, 'Oh, God, be pleased to help us both!' and gathering his energies he gave vent to a long, lusty shout for help, louder and longer than any he had yet sent flying toward. He was suffering agony by this time from cramp in the calf of his leg, and the rope about his chest seemed to be squeezing the breath out of his lungs. He grew giddy and alarmed. What if he should faint, and the noose slip while he lay unconscious?

Despairing and almost unconscious he called to Rapson, but the boy made no reply.

'He has fainted,' muttered Bates. 'Poor little beggar! What a fool I am to have brought him into such a scrape!'

Suddenly Bates listened intently, for he seemed to have heard a shout. Could it possibly have been a reply to his own? Yes, undoubtedly some one was calling.

'Help! help!' Bates yelled back. 'Come quick! Help! HELP!'

It happened that Ward, training for the annual five-mile run which was to take place shortly, had passed at a trot along the beach on the Cubberby side, pounding through the sand for the better exercise of his lungs, when he heard Bates's frantic shouts for help. Turning aside, he scampered quickly over the sand-strip which divided island from mainland, and over which the tide had just begun to stream, here and there, in little inch-deep waterways, which would soon develop into rushing channels.

'Some one in trouble,' he reflected. 'I wonder what's up?'

Five minutes later he had found Bates lying groaning in anguish, his feet firmly locked in the root-loop, a rope noosed under his arms and hanging taut over the cliff-side.

'What on earth are you playing at, Bates?' he cried, coming panting up to the distressed naturalist. 'Who is over the cliff—any one?'

'Rapson. See if you can pull him up. No, don't go near the edge, it's slippery. Pull here. I can't help, my strength's done, and I have cramp.'

Ward took the rope and pulled at it; it ran a few inches and stuck again. 'It's the soft rock,' he said. 'We shall want help. I'll run back. Can you hold on a bit longer?'

'Yes,' murmured Bates, but at the same moment his eyes closed and his jaw drooped; he had fainted.

Ward did not waste time in reflecting. By means of frantic pulling and struggling he gradually eased the noose about Bates's chest until he had made it wide enough to pass his own head and shoulders through it. His feet he had already hitched behind the root alongside of Bates's.

By this time Bates reopened his eyes. 'What are you doing?' he murmured.

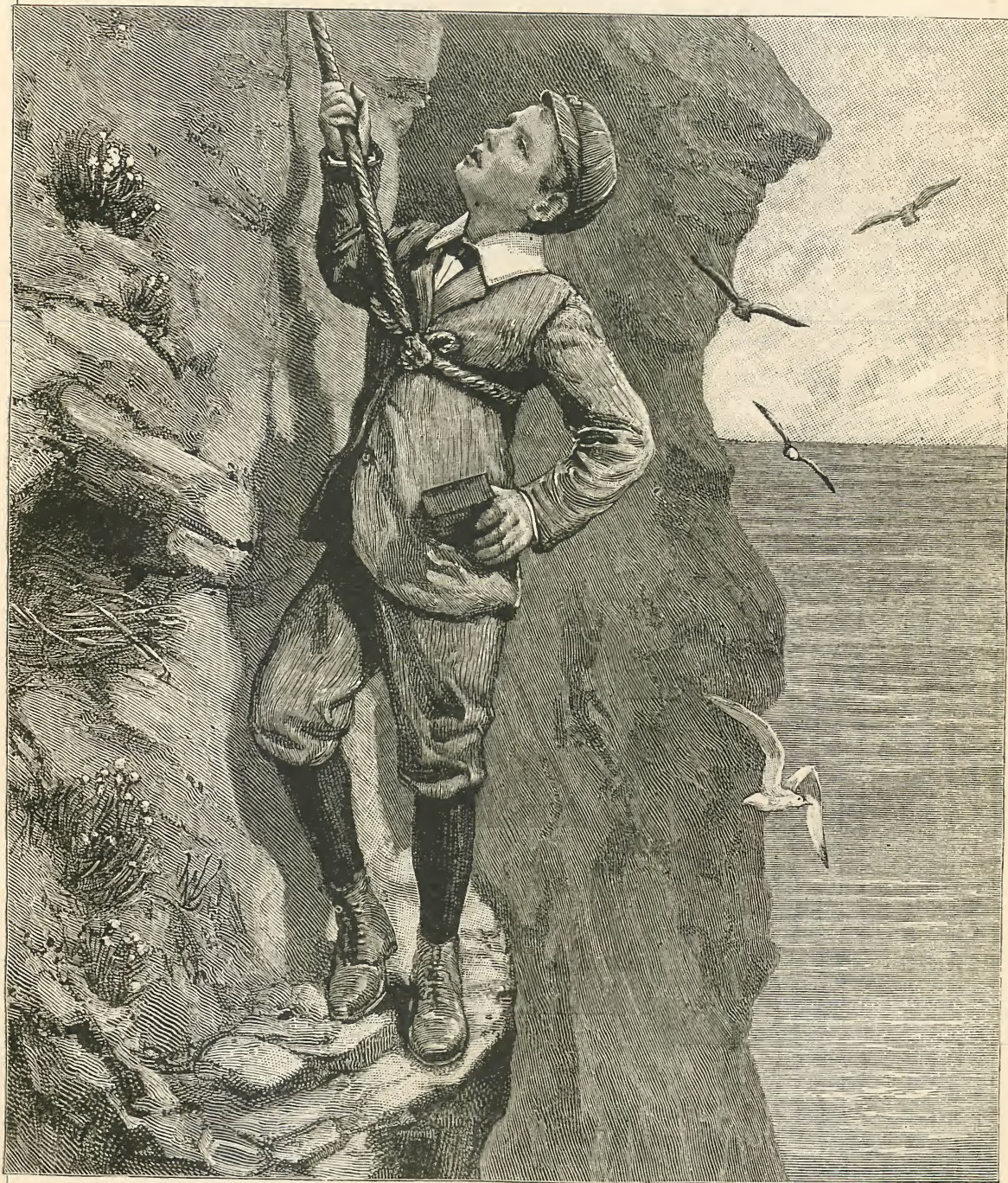
'I am taking the job on for a bit; get your feet out, and squeeze your shoulders out of the noose. When you have rested, run like a hare to Cubberby and get men. Don't waste time, because the tide has turned.'

Bates squeezed out of his cramped position; he was stiff and in an agony of pain, but the relief was immense. 'You are a brick, Ward. I shall never forget this!' he muttered. 'May I wait just one second?'

'Yes; but remember the tide,' said Ward.

Bates sat and rubbed his ankles and calves for a few minutes, then he started to run shoreward. His legs were still cramped, and he was obliged to stop twice to rub them before he reached the sand-strip. When he did reach it the tide was washing over the narrow pathway here and there with some energy, though the curling wavelets were as yet scarcely more than a foot in depth.

As Bates came nearer to the Cubberby shore, however, the influence of the river became more marked; the water grew deeper at every step, and the swirl of the cross-current made it difficult to keep his footing. Almost before he realised what had happened a wave swept him off his feet, and in a moment the exhausted lad was struggling in deep water. (Continued at page 350.)



“ ‘ All right ! ’ he shouted again ; ‘ you can pull . ’ ”



Travelling by Mail a hundred years ago.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

True Tales of Events of the Year 1804.

X.—A JOURNEY BY THE 'HIGHFLYER' COACH.



TRAVELLING was a lengthy business in 1804, when railways and electric trams were as yet undreamt of, and the mail-coaches seldom exceeded a speed of six miles an hour. Later on in the century, just before the railways had altogether abolished travelling by coach, the mail-coaches had been brought to such perfection that ten miles an hour was their ordinary speed, and perfect punctuality could be relied upon. But this was far from the case in 1804, when the coaches were very heavy, the roads very bad, and the people who then travelled had to suffer hardships which appear to us, in our more luxurious days, almost impossible.

No thought of hardships, however, troubled the minds of Rob and Geoffrey Egerton, as they climbed up the side of the old 'Highflyer' coach one bleak January morning in 1804, on their way back to Westminster School after the holidays.

Their places had been booked some days before for the seat behind the coachman, and they now found the third place in that row occupied by a young girl dressed in deep mourning, and looking very insufficiently clad for a coach journey in winter.

'She ought not to be outside this bleak day,' said Geoff in a low tone to Rob. 'It's freezing ever so hard, and she has got such a thin cape.'

Rob nodded. 'Perhaps she can't afford to go inside,' he said wisely. Then, after another glance at the little figure sitting so forlornly, with the snow-flakes already falling on her thin mantle, he called out in his boyish tones to an ostler who was standing about, 'Here, Joe! Bring some clean straw! Nothing like straw for keeping out the wind—bring plenty!'

'Yes, Master Rob,' said the ostler, with a touch of the cap, for the boy's parents were well known to the man, and he speedily returned with a large bundle of straw, which Rob spread along the footway, taking good care that the feet of the young girl should be comfortably buried in the warm straw.

'Here's the coachman! We shall be off in a minute!' Geoff called out, as a big, red-faced man in a huge coat, with any number of capes to it, came slowly out of the bar. He got on to the box-seat, and after settling himself, caught the reins deftly thrown him by an ostler, and then turned round and nodded solemnly to the guard.

The latter, a gorgeous sight in his scarlet uniform, and well armed with blunderbuss and pistols—for was he not a Government official in charge of His Majesty's mails?—immediately called out 'All right!' and jumped nimbly up behind.

'Give them their heads, Bill,' hoarsely said the coachman to the man who was standing by the four horses.

'Sit tight!' shouted the guard, for the benefit of the 'outsides,' as the coach passed under the inn archway, and lurched heavily down the street, whilst the guard waked the town with a fine performance on the horn.

The boys beguiled the way with merry chatter, and Rob, who sat next the girl, tried once or twice to include her in their conversation, but she was too shy to answer anything but 'Yes' or 'No,' so that the boy had to give it up as a bad job.

About noon came a welcome respite. The coach drew up at a large inn by the roadside, and the coachman throwing down the reins announced, 'Twenty minutes for dinner, gentlemen!' and at once disappeared inside the hospitable doors of the inn.

His example was speedily followed by all the travellers, for many of them knew by bitter experience that a late comer often fared badly.

So a rush was made for the dining-room, though Geoff was thoughtful enough to say to the girl as he helped her down the coach ladder, 'Follow me, and I will see that you get a good seat.' When he found himself in the dining-room, the young girl was, however, nowhere to be seen.

Well, he had done his best for her, and as she was not there he hoped the landlady might have taken pity on the shy stranger, and be giving her a snug meal in the parlour. So Geoff thought no more of the matter, but applied himself with a hearty will to the task before him—his dinner.

Mutton broth, rump-steak, plum pudding, and cheese soon disappeared rapidly down both boys' throats, and each had made an excellent dinner when the guard, putting his head into the crowded coffee-room, bawled out, 'Time's up, gentlemen!' and every one had to hurry back to the coach.

The girl was there, looking colder and more pinched than ever. In answer to a blunt question from Geoff, she said with a blush, 'I was not hungry, I did not want any dinner,' and Geoff found out she had spent the time in stamping up and down the hard road, trying to get some sensation of warmth into her frame.

'Look here!' said the boy, who was really touched at the poverty and friendlessness of his fellow-traveller, 'you leave that outside seat to me; if you sit between Rob and me, you will be sheltered a bit from the wind.' And before the girl could say anything he had taken her seat, and placing her between his brother and himself, spread his big rug over the knees of all the party, whilst Rob's rug was used as a shawl in which the three of them were well tucked in.

The girl's shyness thawed a little under the boys' good-natured care for her, and the next few hours passed almost pleasantly, for she was as well sheltered from the cold as it was possible for an outside passenger to be, and her heart was warmed by the kindness shown her. She even laughed at some of Rob's school stories, and she told the boys her name, Joan Parker, and that she was an orphan and travelling to London to be companion to an old aunt.

At dusk the coach stopped at the 'Hen and Chickens,' and every one got down for tea.

'You are coming, too,' said Rob, firmly, to Joan. 'No shirking this time.'

'Will it cost very much?' said Joan, timidly.

'No,' said Rob, stoutly, 'you leave me to settle matters. My father is known all along the road here, and they will not over-charge me as they might you. I will see you get a thorough good tea for sixpence.'

'Oh, I can manage that,' said the unsuspecting Joan, never guessing that Rob meant to pay the rest himself. 'Here is the sixpence,' she said, putting the coin into the boy's hand, 'and thank you very much for settling for me.'

Certainly sixpence never paid for that tea! Rob heaped Joan's plate with ham and poached eggs, and ordered up endless stacks of buttered toast and cake, whilst Geoff had taken care to secure Joan a place right in front of the roaring fire. By-and-by the warmth and good food brought a colour to the girl's face, and she looked a very different creature from the pale, starved-looking girl of the early morning.

Once more came the unwelcome words, 'Time's up, gentlemen all!' and Joan hurried back to her seat. The two brothers followed more leisurely, and were laughing heartily as they took their old places.

'Did you notice that old gentleman on the other side of the fireplace?' began Rob, still chuckling at the joke. 'Well, he was not ready to start when time was called, and what dodge do you think he was up to? You must have heard the noise.' Joan shook her head, and Rob went on: 'Well, when the waiter was not looking, he took all the silver tea-spoons and crammed them into the big teapot, then he called out angrily, "Waiter! waiter! a tea-spoon, quick!" The waiter turned round, and seeing all the spoons gone, he rushed out shouting, "Stop the coach! some one has stolen all the silver spoons!" and there was such a fuss and commotion that our coach was delayed a good five minutes; meanwhile the old gentleman finished his tea comfortably, and then called out to the waiter, "I have just found all your spoons in the big tea-pot!" and there was a great laugh, and the coach drove off.'

'That old gentleman ought to have known better,' said Joan, severely.

'So he ought,' asserted Geoff. 'He will not play that trick again at the "Hen and Chickens," I know. But it was rather funny, all the same.'

Now the snow, which had been threatening all day, began to fall in real earnest, and to lie deeply on the hard roads, and such a gale sprang up that several times the coach was all but blown over. Much to the disgust of the four inside passengers, the coachman gave orders for both doors of the coach to be laid back, so as to enable the wind to blow through without resistance. This helped a little, but presently the coach had to go down a sharp hill, at the bottom of which was a deep drift. The snow drove fiercely in the coachman's face, and blinded him. The horses got out of hand, and the coachman was hardly able to see them, much less to stop them. The coach swayed from side to side as the horses galloped down the hill, and at last, catching a snow-covered milestone with the front wheel, upset bodily into a huge drift under an overhanging bank.

Fortunate it was that the snow *was* deep, for no

one was hurt, though all were frightened, and Joan had hard work to keep back her tears.

'Don't cry,' said Rob hurriedly, as he pulled her out of the snow. 'It's all right, no one is hurt, and we will take care of you somehow.'

The guard and coachman, assisted by the passengers, did what they could to right the coach, but all in vain, and the guard at last decided that, as the drift seemed impassable, he must take one of the horses and try and carry the mails across country alone.

It took nearly an hour's work to dig out the horses, but at last it was somehow done, and the guard rode off with a cheer from the boys to hearten him up for his dangerous ride.

The coachman had to leave the coach to its fate, and he led the horses to a small inn they had passed about half a mile back.

The rest of the passengers had no choice but to stumble after him as best they could through the snow and wind.

Taking Joan between them, Geoff and Rob struggled bravely along the snowy road, till, after half-an-hour or more's toil, the faint light from the inn told them that shelter was at hand. Here the whole coach company was snowed up for the next four days, and had to make the best of poor fare and crowded accommodation, for, indeed, such adventures were usual enough to coach passengers a hundred years ago.

Coaching on a fine day was an exhilarating mode of travel, but it had drawbacks at times which ought to make us thankful for the invention of railways.

S. CLARENDON.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

59.—TWO RHYMED CHARADES.

- (A.)—The name by which our cat we call;
A vowel sound well known to all;
To carry things about for sale.
A weapon seldom known to fail.
- (B.)—Worn sometimes by a noble knight;
A process which will make things white;
A ponderous load or heavy weight.
A noted statesman, good and great.

C. J. B.

60.—GEOGRAPHICAL NAMES BURIED IN SENTENCES.

1. THE lady said to her maid, 'You can trim my dress with lace.' A populous county in Ireland.
2. The car ran noiselessly on rubber tyres. An island off the Scottish coast.
3. I will come to the concert, as I am inordinately fond of music. An early seat of Greek civilisation.
4. The wind usually blows from the south before rain. A river which rises in Tibet.
5. Two genii on a cloud suddenly appeared to Aladdin. An island often mentioned in the early history of Christianity.
6. Take what you like; the table is spread for all. A village in Surrey.
7. The coffin was borne on the shoulders of six stalwart men. One of the largest islands in the world.
8. You can do well, but I can do better. An ancient city in North Africa, where Cato died, and a modern city in America.

9. He was really a very delicate child. A fashionable watering-place on the south coast of England.

10. She is very melancholy; if one speaks, her reply is a moan or a sigh. A group of islands in the Pacific Ocean.

C. J. B.

[Answers at page 366.]

ANSWERS.

57.—1. Mensuration (mourn in seat).

2. Botany (tan boy).

3. Mechanics (mischance).

4. Hygiene (eye nigh).

5. Chemistry (this mercy).

6. Dynamics (disc? Many).

58.—1. Banbury. 4. Bedford. 7. Broadstairs.

2. Bakewell. 5. Blackburn. 8. Antrim.

3. Bannockburn. 6. Bridgnorth. 9. Chatsworth.

THE GOURD AND THE ACORN.

A COUNTRYMAN was lying in the shade of an oak-tree, and looking at a gourd which was growing in a garden close by. He shook his head, and said, 'Well! well! it does not seem quite right to me, that the little creeping gourd should produce such a large, splendid fruit, and the large, noble oak-tree should bring forth such a poor little one. Now, if I had made the world, the oak-tree should have made a splendid appearance, with large gourds as yellow as gold, and heavy as a hundred-weight. That would, now, have been a glorious thing to see.'

Scarcely had he said this, when an acorn fell down, and struck him so sharply on the nose, that it bled.

'Oh, poor me!' said the man; 'here I have received a sharp crack on my nose for my conceit. If this acorn had really been a gourd, my nose would have been entirely smashed.'

From the German of C. von SCHMID.

THE GREAT VOYAGERS.

III.—WITH JOHN DAVYS TO THE NORTH AND SOUTH.

(Concluded from page 338.)

ON August 6th Captain Davys landed under a high mountain with cliffs that shone like gold. He called it Mount Raleigh, and the water at its base, Exeter Sound. Here they discovered inhabitants of quite another kind—four white Polar bears of 'prodigious bigness.'

'I should judge,' said Captain Davys, 'by the fatness of these bears, that a fertile land must lie beyond the barren shores. For of a surety they are grass-fed beasts.'

Mount Raleigh was left on August 8th, and the journey into the unknown pursued. Passing through the fog again, they found themselves in an open strait from sixty to ninety miles wide. This strait now bears the captain's name. As the water was of the same nature as that of the open sea, he felt justified in thinking that it was connected with the

Pacific, for, had it been a bay that the ships were in, the water would have changed as the limit was neared. In this he was correct, though a north-west passage was at last to be found farther south than he had come.

But the season was getting too far advanced, and though Captain Davys felt that he was on the right road to the eastern seas, he was obliged to turn again for England. The white world was quickly left behind and, with a hopeful story to tell, the *Sunshine* and the *Moonshine* sailed into Dartmouth Harbour on September 30th, 1585.

When a man does as much as John Davys did, it is impossible to tell in a short space of all his doings. He went twice more into the north, but learned little more than on his first voyage. He fought against the Armada in the *Black Dog*; he sailed with Cavendish to the Straits of Magellan, and made many other voyages.

'From Greenland's icy mountains
To India's coral strand,

his adventures led him, and among the islands of the Malay Archipelago his anchor was dropped for the last time. It was on board the *Tiger*, under the command of Sir Edward Michelbourne, that he sailed as pilot on December 5th, 1604. It was pretended that the voyage was made for the sake of trading on the coasts of China and other countries; but as soon as the *Tiger* arrived in the East Indian seas, her captain began attacking the merchant ships. His dishonest practices did much damage to the English traders, and it was only natural that his cruise should end disastrously.

One day from the mast-head the look-out man descried a strange-looking craft sailing toward the *Tiger*. It proved to be a Japanese junk with ninety men on board. Heaving to, a friendly conversation took place. The Japanese acknowledged themselves pirates. They had raided the Chinese coast towns, and had been wrecked on the shores of Borneo. Having in this way lost their own ship, they put off from the great island in boats and captured the junk they were now sailing in. Her cargo was rice, and her condition was very unseaworthy. On the third day after the meeting, a sudden change took place in the behaviour of the pirates. Some twenty of the *Tiger's* crew were on board the junk examining the cargo when they were suddenly attacked. A few escaped into the sea. The rest were murdered. At the same moment, as though by previous arrangement, a party of Japs who were on the *Tiger*, sallied from the ship's cabin and, seizing Pilot John Davys as he was passing, dragged him back with them and stabbed him to death. He had only strength to stagger into the waist of the ship, where, without a word, he fell and died.

His death was avenged, for in the battle that ensued, only one Japanese survived to tell of the plot which he and his companions had formed to seize the *Tiger* and kill all on board.

The attempt had failed; but among the evil consequences of this evil voyage, none was more regretted by England than the loss of her honest and gallant seaman, John Davys.

JOHN LEA.



A Felucca in full sail.

ON MANY WATERS.

X.—FELUCCAS.

ONE of the most charming sights to be met with on the blue waters of the Mediterranean is a felucca in full sail, whether we watch it from the decks of a steamer or yacht, or from one of the blue mountain ranges which fringe the shores of the

sunny south. Gliding swiftly with its huge sails glistening in the sunshine amongst the lovely islands of the Levant, or under the rocky cliffs of Capri or Sicily, it looks like some huge white bird poised lightly on the water. Feluccas are the trading vessels of the people; a fair-sized vessel has two masts, and is steered at either end of the boat, having rudders affixed to both bow and stern.

The Mediterranean is an almost land-locked sea, the only communication with the ocean world being through the narrow Straits of Gibralter, and, as is the case with all inland seas, it is liable to violent storms which arise suddenly, so that the double steering gear of the felucca is often of great value. The sails are triangular in form, the tops being attached to long, pliable yards, and tied to short masts; and, when these are filled by the wind, they give a curiously graceful motion to these boats, unlike that of any other craft. The sails are known as 'lateen,' and the long yards from which they are slung are also called lateen yards. Lateen sails are called in French 'Voile Latin,' meaning in English 'Latin sail,' so that the age of this particular rig may be inferred from the derivation, as it was clearly in vogue in the Latin times.

Very similar three-masted vessels are called Xebecs in parts of the Mediterranean, and formerly the appearance of one of these on the horizon was as unwelcome a sight to the wealthy Venetian or Genoese trader as a Flying Proa of the Ladrões to the crew and passengers of a peaceful junk in the Chinese seas. Pirates naturally do not desire to lose time either in pouncing upon their booty or in quitting the scene of their evil deeds, and a swift-sailing Xebec suited their purpose to perfection, provided the wind blew favourably.

Portugal also makes use for trading purposes of feluccas with two large and two small sails, the former both attached to masts of some height, and of the latter, one to a short upright spar, the other to a bowsprit. The effect is very pretty, and the press of sail takes the vessels through the water at a great pace. Feluccas with one huge sail are common on the Swiss and Italian lakes, and it is interesting to watch the skill with which these boats are managed and brought up along some way-side pier.

In old times the feluccas of the Mediterranean were provided with from ten to sixteen banks of oars, and so were not entirely dependent on the caprices of the wind; but in those days they were in use as passenger boats, and time often meant money.

The name 'felucca' comes from the Arabic word 'Fellcon,' meaning a ship, and it is probable that the Moors introduced them into Western seas, as the Arab Dhows and Egyptian Dahabiyas have also sails of lateen shape.

HELENA HEATH.

THE FOUNDING OF HARVARD COLLEGE.

IN 1636, when the Settlement of Massachusetts had only been established fifteen years, the colonists, being anxious to strengthen their new State by fostering education, consented to the wish of the General Court at Boston to appropriate two thousand dollars for the establishment of a college. Two years afterwards the Rev. J. Harvard bequeathed more than three thousand dollars to the institution, which was then located at Cambridge, Massachusetts. It received the name of Harvard College, and is now one of the greatest centres of learning in the United States.

THE COMPETITORS.

(Continued from page 343.)

CHAPTER VIII.



A GROUP of Cubberby fishermen were drawing the large pool near the mouth of the river for salmon, as they did daily at the turn of the tide, when a cry from the sea, as it appeared, startled them. Three men jumped into the boat and shoved off without delay.

'Some one caught crossing from the island,' one observed. It was a common occurrence here.

Bates was a good swimmer, but the water was cold, for it was March, and he was still stiff and tired from his experience at the top of the cliffs. He uttered a cry as the waters washed him from the sand-bar, and struck out for the shore. But the swirl of the river caught him and swung him round seaward. He could make no headway towards the lights of Cubberby village, which he saw temptingly close at hand. He swam gamely on, however, determined to fight for his life, and occasionally shouting for help.

The cramp came on in his leg; it had scarcely left him since his release from the terrible position on the cliff, but now it returned with excruciating pain. His leg twisted up beneath him, he grabbed at it with his hand, and his face went under water.

'I am going to be drowned,' thought poor Bates. 'Oh, God, help me!' He rose to the surface and struck out once more, but the anguish in his leg pulled him under again.

'There he is. I see him!' some one shouted. 'Pull all!'

But Bates had gone under a second time, and did not hear him.

'He is about done for. Where is he? I have lost him!' cried the voice. 'No, there he is! Easy stroke side—pull you, Davy!'

In another moment Bates had been gripped by the arm and was being pulled bodily into the boat; he was unconscious and more than half drowned.

'One of the young gentlemen from Mr. Kingley's,' observed the fisherman. 'It's a case of hot blankets and gruel. Run her ashore quick, mates, and we will carry him up to the house.'

Bates was quickly put between hot blankets, and several proficient in 'first aid' took him in hand. In a few minutes he was conscious or semi-conscious. He looked around in amazement, unable to recall what had passed.

'Where are the eggs?' Bates asked, looking about, 'the raven's eggs?'

'What's up, old chap? How did you get into the water?' some one asked.

But Bates replied that he could not remember. He was given restoratives, and left to rest.

'He will do well enough when he has slept a bit,' said the doctor, who was at hand by this time.

An hour later Bates, waking with a start from a doze, asked where Rapson was.

'Why? Was he with you?' asked Cherston, who was sitting with his friend. A horrible dread came over Noel. 'Rapson did not get in the water with you, did he?' he asked.

'Oh, no!' said Bates. 'I don't know how I fell in; he was not there. Wait a minute; there was something. We went for the raven's eggs, you know.'

'Well, go on. Where is he, then—Rapson? Where was the nest?'

'On the island—on a ledge on the cliff. I let Rapson down, you know. But what did I do with Rapson? I remember now. I could not haul him up.'

'Don't say he's fallen down the cliff, Bates!' exclaimed Noel, so horrified that he could scarcely speak. 'Whereabouts was it?—try and remember.'

'I do remember—I know the place. I think we ought to go—stop! Didn't I come back to fetch men to help? Who was it came and tried to haul him up with me? Was it you, Cherston?'

'No, man, it was not I. Try and think: was it Elliot, Martin, Dyer, Drake, Ward—'

'Ward, that's it, it was Ward; I left Ward hanging on the rope, didn't I? Yes. Ward's there now, that was it; we must go back, Cherston, at once. Is it dark yet?'

'Pretty nearly. Stop! I will ask the Head what is to be done; can you describe the place?'

'I would rather go; tell the Head I would rather go; I feel a bit giddy and tottery; but you can sort of help me along.'

Bates struggled out of bed. 'Oh, my leg!' he groaned, 'it is still cramped. I wonder whether Ward has gone the same way—for goodness' sake let us get on, Cherston; I am remembering now, they will want us badly.'

Cherston ran to Mr. Kingley's study and told him Bates's disconnected tale.

'Rush down to the river and get a boat ready, quick,' said the Head. 'We shall have to take Bates, fit or not; tell two men to be ready with lanterns. Off you go, my boy. Heaven knows what is happening to the two poor fellows.'

Bates was up and dressed in no time; the necessity of the moment had completely restored him to consciousness. 'Ward took my place, hanging on,' he explained. 'I remember now. Let us get to him quickly, sir; he has been longer than I was—he must be exhausted.'

No one wasted a moment. The small boat dashed across, carrying two fishermen, the Head, the doctor, Cherston, and Bates himself, well wrapped up, but his teeth chattering with excitement. Ten minutes after landing, the party reached the cliff. Ward was plainly visible in the dusk, lying and apparently holding on to the rope; but there was no reply when the Head called to him.

Four men tugged at the rope without a moment's delay, while the doctor attended to Ward, who lay senseless with his feet locked in the ivy loop. A fisherman lay out at the edge of the cliff to help Rapson over the edge.

'He's coming,' he said. The next instant he

hauled the little inanimate body over the cliff-side into safety.

Then came the doctor's turn. He had brought restoratives, and while he applied these he gave instructions to Mr. Kingley and the others, who chafed and rubbed, and endeavoured by artificial means to induce respiration.

Ward soon opened his eyes and looked from one to another of the rescue party, evidently taking in the position of affairs, but too feeble to speak. His eyes sought about for little Rapson. The Head saw his glance.

'Rapson is safe,' he said, smiling. 'He will be all right, please God! You have behaved splendidly, Ward, and we are all proud of you.'

Rapson recovered consciousness presently, but it was a full fortnight before he was up and about. Both Ward and Bates were in hospital for a week. When Ward came out, he found that the whole school were inclined to make a hero of him.

Ward detested this kind of thing, and did his utmost to prove that any fool could have fastened his feet and hung on to a rope till he fainted; there was nothing in that! Bates did a much pluckier thing, he said, in trying to stem the tide at the river-mouth in order to fetch help.

'Why not pile it on for Bates?' he asked his admirers. But the general opinion was that Bates was foolish to let a little chap risk his life as Rapson did: it was not playing the game!

Beyond winning one or two races at the athletic sports, Noel did nothing this term to endear himself to his schoolfellows, and the Marks Committee found some difficulty in discovering any plausible excuse for giving him as many marks as they felt he really deserved. They marked him, however, generously for general excellence, rightly discerning that his influence made continually for good, and that though he had done no special thing this term, his personality and his example were steady and valuable assets in the life of the school.

Pillsbury, however, had come on with a rush this term; for to the pride and delight of the teaching staff he had succeeded in carrying off the Ladbroke Scholarship at Cambridge, and this would bring both honour and renown to Upton School. As for the boys, since Pillsbury's success obtained a half-holiday for the school, it is scarcely to be wondered at that the cause of it should acquire immense popularity for a while. It was the form taken by their gratitude. The tangible result of Pillsbury's triumph was a remarkable increase of votes for him when the Marks Committee met for their final function before the Easter vacation. Ward, the popular hero of the school for a moment, received even more liberal treatment from the boys' committee, and even the masters—in their enthusiasm for his plucky performance upon the cliff—were inclined to over-estimate the true value of his action.

Nevertheless, the success of Pillsbury appealed strongly to 'masters,' and when the Easter marks were read out, it was seen that Pillsbury and Ward were practically equal at the head of the list, Cherston being still third, but with a wider gap between himself and the two leaders.

(Continued at page 354.)



"In another moment Bates had been gripped by the arm."



“ ‘Best bat in the school.’ ”

THE COMPETITORS.

(Continued from page 351.)

CHAPTER IX.

THE midsummer term was destined to be full of important happenings at Upton School, many of them bearing directly upon our particular friends there, and upon their chances of becoming winners of the Kingley Scholarships, for the decision as to the first holders of these splendid prizes had to be given by August of this very year, and the new scholars would be in residence in Cambridge by October.

But something of even greater importance to one, at least, of our friends was to happen this term; something which affected, and in a manner changed the whole of his future life: a very great change, and brought about in a very remarkable way, by the simplest of means. Perhaps no nature less sincere and keen than Cherston's could have been affected as Noel was by it.

It happened that Mr. Kingley was nearly related to a friend whose work lay among the very poor in the East of London, and that when his cousin, Frank Worthing, suggested that he would come down to Devonshire for a few days, and tell the boys, from the pulpit on Sunday, something about his work in London, the Head was glad to accept the suggestion.

Mr. Kingley thought it might interest some of the senior boys to meet the London worker personally before they listened to his sermon, and he therefore invited half-a-dozen of the more serious-minded of them to a supper-party on the Saturday evening.

Of those we know, Cherston and Pillsbury were present, both somewhat against their will, for neither was particularly interested in Worthing's work or in the man himself, and both had work of their own to do in their studies.

But Cherston soon fell under the spell of the new arrival. Mr. Worthing was full of amusing anecdotes of his experience among his poor Londoners. He knew better than to preach at the boys this Saturday evening—all that could wait until tomorrow; but he contrived to enlist their sympathy, and to prepare their minds, more or less, for the more serious appeal which he would make from the pulpit when the time came.

'He is a brick, that chap,' said Cherston to Drake, as they walked home together. 'Only fancy, Drake, being set down among those thousands of poor, and getting to know and be loved and trusted by them—what opportunities for good, eh?'

'He is a fine chap, no doubt of it,' Drake replied, 'but that sort of thing is not much in my line—I suppose I am not serious-minded enough.'

'Serious-minded!' exclaimed Noel, with a vigour which surprised his companion, and which Drake never afterwards forgot. 'I only wish you and I and all of us were so serious-minded that we could

discern what really matters in this world and what is simply rubbish. This man makes me feel every minute how utterly useless our lives are likely to be, yours and mine, and almost everybody's. Oh, I wish—I wish—'

Noel did not say what he wished; perhaps he did not know; but he spoke no more, except to say 'good night' when he parted with his companion.

The sermon on the following day was a plain, simple, moving, eloquent explanation of the need of workers among the poor, both lay and clerical; of the need of money, and of the value of the prayers of those who are unable to contribute more than this, which, after all, said Mr. Worthing, was the greatest contribution he could ask for, so long as it was earnest and sincere.

Noel spoke to no one during the rest of the day, or spoke no more than was absolutely necessary. There had been leaflets placed about the chapel: forms for contributions, requests for the prayers of those interested in the London poor and the work being done on their behalf, statistics of what little had been attempted and of how much remained to be undertaken. Few of the boys took any notice of these, knowing that their sixpence or their shilling a week would go in other directions than East-Londonwards. Perhaps the sermon left most of them cold and unattracted, as the best of sermons do when but half listened to.

But a few pocketed a paper—and forgot it. A minority of these took a leaflet and studied it, earnestly or otherwise. Noel had one and pored over it all the afternoon. He wrote a letter that evening and posted it; the letter ran as follows:

'DEAREST MOTHER,—Will you please sell my collection of stamps to Mr. Harris in the town—you know—he offered me five pounds for it, and I want the money badly; it is not going to be wasted, so you need not be afraid. Please send me the proceeds as quickly as ever you can. Don't ask what it is for—it is a secret; but the cause is a good one.

'Your loving NOEL.'

On Monday Cherston went to see the professional, Webley, who was a great friend of his, and of all those boys who showed a decided talent for cricket. Noel, being undoubtedly the most promising cricketer in the school, was held in honour by Webley, who was an excellent person as well as being a most able and successful coach in the art of batting.

'Webley,' said Noel, breaking in upon the professional as he was doing some rolling near the practice nets. 'Webley, you know my bat—the one I played with all last season; it is a beauty, and better than new; I made forty-seven and sixty-one with it against Tiverton.'

'Of course I know it—best bat in the school—what of it?' asked the professional, who was intimately acquainted with every bat—good, bad, or indifferent—in the pavilion.

'Well, I am thinking of selling it; you said I could always get a sovereign for it.'

'I would give that myself, and take the chance of selling it again. But what's the matter with the bat that you want to sell it?'

'Nothing; I want money, that's all. I have got

the new one, you know, that Mr. Kingley gave me for making over fifty in a foreign match—it's a beauty, you chose it yourself.'

'Yes, but you are used to the old one, and would not hit so cleanly for a while with the new one.'

'Well, I can't sell the new one, as it was a sort of presentation thing—what do you think, Webley?'

Webley rightly thought not. 'Better sell the old one if you must sell,' he said; 'but it's a pity. See here, Mr. Noel, you sell the old one to me, and if you don't like the new bat, you can have the old 'un back when you like for a shilling profit on what I pay you.'

Noel considered. 'It is awfully kind of you, Webley,' he said, shaking hands with the pro. 'Don't you really mind? If I don't take it back in a month you will be at liberty to get thirty shillings for it, if you can; rub out my name, though, like a good chap.'

The business was settled on these terms, and Cherston left the cricket-ground that afternoon with a sovereign in his pocket.

That evening he hung about near the front door of the Head's house, hoping to see Mr. Worthing and shake hands with him before he departed. In this he was successful. Mr. Worthing came out on the doorstep to take the air, and have a look round at the view. Mr. Kingley came to the door with him.

'Sorry I can't have a stroll with you,' he said. 'I must hear those little fellows say their Scripture lesson; routine, you know, must not be broken—it does not do for a schoolmaster; who's this—Cherston, is it? Cherston will take you across the Ham, won't you, Cherston? Mr. Worthing wants to see the island and the river-mouth at full tide.'

Noel felt that this was almost providential. He was longing for a talk with this splendid man, as he already considered him. Nothing could have fallen out better.

That half-hour's stroll with the man whose words and work had so deeply interested him completed the impression which had already been made upon his mind. Noel spoke to Mr. Worthing as he had never before spoken to a living soul, unless it were his own mother. The missioner was as greatly impressed by the boy as Noel had been by the grown man. Noel's heart yearned for the opportunity to befriend humanity, to be of use to his fellows, to help, somehow, in the great scheme of sympathy between man and man, a glimpse of the working of which he had caught in his short acquaintance with this good worker at his side.

Mr. Worthing was astonished; and afterwards, speaking to Mr. Kingley, he mentioned the deep impression which young Cherston had made upon him. 'A single boy of that type in the school must surely be an immense help to you. Think of the influence he might exert; especially if he happens to be a good athlete and so on, and liked by the boys.'

'Cherston is a splendid fellow all round,' said Kingley, much gratified that a favourite of his own should have made so good an impression upon his cousin, for whom the Head cherished a real admiration and affection.

'He is not one of your Kingley Scholarship men, I suppose?' Worthing smiled, 'or I should have said he must be a pretty dangerous competitor.'

'My dear Frank,' said Kingley, 'Noel Cherston is a competitor, and I will tell you in confidence what I have never hinted to any one: I wish he could be placed first, and I am afraid he will not; I am so anxious to see him successful that I am in constant fear of over-marking the lad.'

Not long after this, Mr. Kingley discovered by chance, in a talk with Webley, that Noel had sold his bat for no very clear reason. He said nothing at the time to Cherston, but bought the bat himself from Webley. The incident stuck in his mind, and gave him some uneasiness at times.

(Continued at page 366.)

FOUR-HORNED SHEEP.

MANY-HORNED sheep are uncommon in Britain; indeed, we only see them amongst the animals of a zoological garden, or sometimes kept in the grounds of those who collect curious animals from distant countries. The ordinary sheep of South Britain do not always show even a single pair of horns, though when we go to the Highlands of Scotland we come upon a breed well equipped with horns, light and active animals, just suited for their life amongst the ranges of hills.

In the East, especially about some parts of Asia, there are sheep possessing two pairs of horns. The four-horned sheep of Arabia remind us of the goat rather than the sheep. These Arabian sheep, though they look formidable, are really gentle, and become affectionate towards the shepherds who have care of them. Elsewhere sheep are found possessing as many as three distinct pairs of horns. The additional horns are slighter than the true horns, and grow usually on the upper part of the head, pointing upwards, while the true horns curl downwards in a spiral. Iceland and Northern Russia have some of the many-horned sheep; they are large, and though they appear formidable, they, too, are gentle like the Arabian variety. Their wool is double; next the skin is a fine soft growth, and above this is dark brown wool, long and hairy.

The sheep possessing the finest horns of all is the Cretan or Wallachian sheep, found in some European countries, and in Western Asia. Its horns remind us of those with which some of the deer tribe are furnished; they are large, and have a spiral shape, rising upwards, the first turn being the biggest. A few of them have the tips pointing downwards. Their wool is very soft and warm, making fine overcoats for winter.

J. R. S. C.

'WITHOUT FEAR AND WITHOUT REPROACH.'

Tales of the famous Knight, Bayard.

XI.—THE FLOWER OF CHIVALRY.

A GREAT battle was in progress round the walls of the town of Brescia. The Venetians were holding the town, which was very strongly fortified, and the French were trying to take it by storm. Bayard was in the thick of the fight, for he had



Four-horned Sheep of Arabia.

volunteered for the most dangerous post, that of leading the assault upon the strongest part of the fortifications.

The French seemed likely to carry the day, in spite of the gallant defence. They had reached the last rampart, and Bayard, at the head of his men, sprang on to the walls with a cry of triumph. But as he

turned for a moment to call up those behind, a Venetian soldier caught him unguarded, and thrust his pike deep into the knight's thigh.

Bayard fell, wounded, it seemed mortally. But Molart, his companion in that part of the assault, was furious at the loss, and crying to his men, 'Forward, my friends, to avenge the death of the bravest



“‘My lady, I have here a wedding portion for each of your daughters.’”

knight in the world,’ he led the way over the rampart with such fire and vigour that the enemy fled headlong. In a little while the whole town was at the mercy of the French, who, in return for some former treachery on the part of the citizens, plundered and robbed without restraint.

Bayard, however, was not dead, though very

severely wounded. He had been carried out of action on a gate borne by two of his men; and when the great battle was over he was moved to a large house on the outskirts of the town, whose owner had gone away to fight, leaving his wife and two daughters in it unprotected. The wounded knight was met by the lady of the house at her gate.

'Fear nothing, lady,' he said, though he was hardly able to speak from his wound and loss of blood. 'I will station two of my men at your gate to protect the house.'

'Sir,' she answered, 'I give you freely the house and all that is in it, for it is yours by right of war. I only ask one thing—that you will spare our lives.' 'I know not, lady,' answered Bayard faintly, 'whether I shall live to thank you for receiving me in your house; but as long as I do live neither you nor your daughters shall suffer harm; and while it is in my power to prevent it, no one will come into this house against your wishes.'

His hostess was overcome with joy at his words; and her gratitude soon showed itself in the kindness and care with which she and her daughters nursed him and tended his wound. The stroke in the thigh had been a severe one, and for many days the good knight lay between life and death; but he gradually recovered, though weeks had to pass before he would be able to take the field again. While he was getting well, he caused inquiries to be made for the owner of the house, who, his wife feared, had been killed or taken prisoner. He learnt that the man had taken refuge at a large house some distance off, fearing to be arrested by the French; but Bayard procured his pardon, and bade him return to his home in safety.

At last, after a rest of six weeks, Bayard's wound was practically healed. He rewarded his doctor generously, and told his host and hostess that he was ready to take his leave.

By the customs of war in those days, Brescia having been taken, the house in which Bayard lay ill was considered as having been, in a way, captured by him, and so his property, to do with as he pleased; and not only was the house his, but the owner and all who lived in it were regarded as his prisoners of war, who would have to pay ransom to be set free again.

Bayard's message, then, that he was going to quit the house, was taken by the owner and his wife as a sort of hint that he would like to receive their ransom. But, alas! they had been almost ruined by the long wars, and could not scrape together more than some two thousand five hundred golden ducats; a poor sum to a great knight like Bayard, who might often receive as much as ten thousand ducats in a single ransom.

But the lady of the house knew his goodness of heart, and hoped that the sum, though small, would satisfy him. She put the money into a finely wrought steel casket, and went to Bayard's room, a lackey carrying the casket after her. As soon as she came into the room, she threw herself on her knees before the peerless knight, and began timidly to make her excuses.

Bayard stopped her, and raised her up, and would hear not a word till she was seated before him, while he stood to hear her words.

'Sir,' she said, with tears in her eyes, 'I bring you our ransom, which is all that we can get together, and I must as well thank you for all your kindness and courtesy while you have been in this house. You saved our lives and our goods from those who were plundering the city, and you brought my

husband back free to me. Never a harsh look or unkind word have we had from you since you came into this house. I beg you, then, my lord, to take this poor gift from us, for it is all the ransom we can give.'

She opened the casket and showed Bayard the money. He laughed at the sight, and said, gently and courteously enough, 'How many crowns have you there?'

The lady thought he was dissatisfied with the sum, and began tremblingly to make excuses.

'There are only two thousand five hundred ducats, my lord,' she said; 'but if you would have more we must get it, though I know not how.'

'It was only an idle question, lady,' answered the knight. 'I was not seeking a greater sum. I take no ransom from you; I owe you more than that in gratitude for your care of me when I lay wounded; and as long as I live I will stand your friend, and will be ever ready to serve and aid you.'

The lady, amazed and overjoyed at this answer, threw herself once more at his feet, and thanking, begging him none the less to accept the ducats as a present.

'If you wish it, I will take them,' answered Bayard at last. 'But I beg you to send your daughters to take leave of me.'

While she was gone to fetch her daughters, Bayard divided the ducats into three heaps—two of a thousand pieces and one of five hundred.

'My lady,' he said, when the lady returned with her daughters, 'I have here a wedding portion for each of your daughters when they marry,' and he pointed to the two heaps of a thousand ducats. 'This other heap,' he went on, 'is to be given to the poor who have suffered most from the sacking of the town; and as you know them well, I beg that you will divide it among them. And now I bid you farewell.' With that he left them, amazed at his generosity and courtesy.

It was by such acts as these that Bayard won yet another nickname, expressing more fully that which was already his, a mind 'without fear and without reproach'—the name of 'the flower of chivalry.'

TOO SHARP.

'A JOURNALIST,' relates a famous showman, more remarkable for the wonders of his show than for his scrupulous honesty, 'called on me when I first opened my great museum, and after going over the building with me and admiring my exhibits, he suggested that, if I could obtain the identical club with which Captain Cook had been killed by the Sandwich Islanders, it would prove a great attraction. I had at the time several war-clubs in the lumber-room upstairs, so, seizing on the idea, I told him that, curiously enough, I had secured that very treasure yesterday, and that I would fetch it for his inspection. Having procured a descriptive label, I came down triumphantly, and placed the club in his hands. He turned it over and over; he almost shed tears, I thought; but at length he spoke. "Poor Cook," he said; "poor fellow! I am glad you have shown me this club; but I expected

it. I have been to all the smaller museums in the city, and they all had it, so that I felt sure that a gigantic establishment like this would not be without it."

The showman collapsed, and was more careful thenceforth of the genuineness of his exhibits.

H. B. S.

'A NICE SURPRISE.'

A True Story.



GOOD many years ago, when I and my brother Jack were about nine and ten, my mother told us we were to have a great treat, which turned out to be a visit to Inverness, to stay with a much-loved aunt and uncle. What most excited us was the prospect of some fishing, as our uncle sent us word to come well provided with rods and fishing-tackle.

We were both enthusiastic fishermen, but as yet had had little chance of cultivating our taste, our only fishing-ground being a pool in a small gravel-pit in a field near our home. Here we caught numbers of roach and perch about five inches long, which our family utterly refused to eat, thereby much hurting our feelings. You can imagine our joy when we heard there was a large river running through the town we were to visit, and that our uncle rented some salmon-fishing on that water.

For days we had visions of the mighty catches we were sure to make, and one night Jack woke me up, coming in about two o'clock in a very excited state to tell me he had just landed a large salmon, and couldn't get it out of his bed. I followed him back to his room, fully believing that I should be confronted by a nightmare fish; but I was reassured, though a little disappointed, on finding it was only the india-rubber hot-water bottle in a flood of water—Jack having unscrewed the top, trying to extract the hook, as he explained to me afterwards. He was walking and talking in his sleep, and I had great difficulty in persuading him to get back into bed again.

At last the happy day arrived, and what a journey it was! We travelled for part of a day and a night, as our home was in the South of England, and Inverness, of course, is in the north of Scotland. But Uncle was very glad to see us when we did get there, and welcomed us kindly. He was delighted to hear how much we were counting on the fishing, and promised to take us with him next day to start us. He thought it would be almost best for us not to begin with salmon-fishing at first, but wait till we had got more experience, and suggested eels as a good foundation for our training. We were quite willing to leave the salmon to him as long as we caught something, and so every one was satisfied.

Next morning we issued forth in great spirits, with many cautions and directions from my aunt, who was of a highly sensitive and nervous nature. Uncle took us to the islands in the river and introduced us to the man who looked after the fishing,

and then showed us a lovely bridge where you could look straight down through the water, which was as clear as glass, on to the pebbly bottom. I shall never forget the excitement of lowering your worm at the end of a long cord, weighted so that it rested beneath you in the river, while you could watch the eels come wriggling up to examine the dainty prepared for them. I do not think I have ever felt quite so angry as when I saw once a small, insignificant eel make a dive for my bait and swallow it, while from the opposite direction came a magnificent fellow, just too late.

That day we caught several of these fish, and returned home only to come back each afternoon, as we became more and more delighted with the sport. We were rather annoyed to find that the old man in charge, though kind in killing and baiting for us, invariably sent us away when we had secured several eels, which did not please us at all, as we wanted to stay the whole afternoon.

One day, however, we arrived under the care of my aunt's German maid, and to our great joy found the cottage empty and our oppressor gone. Now we congratulated ourselves we would have a really good time, and catch as many fish as we liked. In a short space, however, our troubles began. We had landed a fine eel, and how were we to kill it? Gretchen refused to help, and only shrieked when we dragged the reptile near her.

'I am sure we ought to bang it on its tail,' said Jack; but, notwithstanding repeated blows, the wretched thing seemed as lively as ever.

'Run up quickly into the road,' exclaimed my excited brother, 'and bring any one down to help us.'

I flew into the road panting with excitement, and was thankful to see a nice-looking gentleman approaching. Without a moment's hesitation I seized him by the arm, and implored him to come to our assistance as I almost dragged him down the path to the river. At first he became almost as agitated as myself, as he seemed to think some one must be drowning; but when I at last got him to understand he quite entered into our enthusiasm, and we both hurried back to Jack, who was much relieved to see us, as the eel was so strong it had nearly wriggled to the edge of the water, though Jack had pulled his hardest. The kind gentleman soon killed it, and helped us to get the hook out of its throat.

All that afternoon we went on catching eels almost as quickly as we could pull them out, and each time one of us rushed up and fetched down a passer-by, who we naturally supposed would enjoy it as much as ourselves, which they really seemed to do. One very nice man, I remember, stayed some time, and helped us to finish off two big fish.

About four o'clock Gretchen said we ought to be returning home; so we tied pieces of string through the jaw of each of our ten eels, and carried them back on a stick between us. During the walk home, Jack and I talked over what we should do with our valuable catch. At first we thought we would take them straight to the cook and ask her to do them for our dinner next day, but then we remembered how kind our aunt and uncle had been to us, and so we decided to make a present of them to one of our relations. (Concluded at page 362.)



"Uncle introduced us to the man who looked after the fishing."



A surprise that did not please my aunt as intended.

'A NICE SURPRISE.'

(Concluded from page 359.)



On arriving home, we ran up to the drawing-room. It was a lovely room, with a soft carpet and rich satin hangings and beautifully covered chairs and couches. Jack and I always felt rather awed there when we went down in the evenings to see our aunt and mother, dressed in our best clothes, and we had to be very quiet; as Auntie's nerves were rather delicate, and she could not bear any noise. We looked round on entering, but the room was quite empty; evidently they had not yet returned from their drive. What should we do? We were just going to retire when Jack hit on a bright idea.

'Let's give them a nice surprise,' said he, and then he explained to me a splendid plan which we thought would answer beautifully, and please my aunt very much, even more than our giving her the present straight off, as it would last longer and be a newer idea. It was to tie our eels separately about the room on to the chairs or anywhere, so that they would find them by degrees. No sooner planned than carried out, and what fun we did have in hiding them in most unlikely places! We put a very fine one on Auntie's cushion at the back of her chair arranged in the form of a C for her initial; at the end we had one remaining without a string, so we hung it over a pale blue satin Japanese screen, and it looked rather like one of the dragons worked on the panels in silk. After we had arranged everything nicely we ran out to play, and then had our tea.

Our aunt and uncle and Mother arrived rather tired after a long drive, and went into the drawing-room, little thinking what a pleasure was in store for them. My aunt approached the fire-place, on the way to her armchair, and on passing one of our chosen places, slipped in the puddle of slime which had collected on the floor. She clutched at the chair to save herself, and grasped one of the eels' clammy bodies. But Auntie was very nervous, and she gave a little shriek, not knowing what she had touched, and threw herself shuddering into her chair.

Now a rather unfortunate thing happened, which we had not intended. You know we had put such a nice eel on the silk cushion in the form of an initial C, and of course when Auntie threw herself down like that, she never noticed it; her head went right in the middle of the C, and the eel slipped and twisted round her neck. At the same time she knocked against the screen, and down came the beautiful one we had placed at the top, like a great serpent, and slipped right down into her lap, just as if it was alive. But Auntie did not like it at all, and went off into violent hysterics, shrieking and kicking with her feet.

Mother rushed to the bell, but there was another great serpent hanging to it; then she made for the door, but there again we had used the handle.

Mother said she nearly went mad; everywhere she turned she came upon snakes, and she could not bring herself to touch the one at the door, as she must have done if she had opened it. At last, hearing the noise, the gardener came to the window, and helped my uncle to collect the eels, while Mother tried to calm our aunt.

I believe it was a long time before they got Aunt quiet. I know we were not allowed to come down till after dinner, and then only just to say good-night. We ran in very excited, quite prepared for the gratitude awaiting us, but were surprised to find Auntie lying back in a chair (not her usual one) looking very white, with her eyes shut, and she took no notice of us when we arrived.

'Weren't you surprised and delighted?' we breathlessly inquired, 'and weren't they beauties?'

My aunt gave a convulsive grasp, and made a curious noise in her throat; Mother hastily called us to her, and after kissing us gravely told us to run off quickly to bed.

'Well,' said Jack as we got outside the door, 'of all the ungrateful persons I ever came across, Auntie is the worst. I wish we had given them to the cook.'

The next day we did not like to say anything, because you cannot ask people to thank you for presents, but at last we told the whole story to Uncle. He said it was a shame, but we must not judge Auntie too hardly, because she had very weak nerves. But he went on to tell us how silly it was to do a thing like that without thinking of the terror it might cause; and he talked to us so seriously that very soon Jack began to cry. We had not thought that Auntie would be frightened, and of course now we were very sorry indeed, for she was always so kind to us, and we would not really have done anything to hurt her feelings. So we went up together to her, and told her how sorry we were, and asked her to forgive us; and she smiled so nicely, and said that she knew we did not mean to frighten her.

The next time we were allowed to go fishing, we caught some more eels. But we did not hang them up as ornaments; we took them to the cook, and asked her to make them into the nicest possible dish, as a surprise for Auntie—a surprise of a different kind!

E. B. P.

DANGER SIGNALS.

XI.—THE ROTHERSAND.

BETWEEN the island of Heligoland and the mouth of the Weser, there is a point where the sea-water at low tide is only twenty feet deep. That is not enough for the great ocean steam-ships, and there was a danger of their running on to the sand-bed which rises so near to the surface. Two or three of the Governments of Europe combined about twenty-five years ago to share the expense of a light-house, as it was to serve them all, and requested a celebrated engineering firm at Bremerhaven, which is at the mouth of the Weser, to consider the matter. One of their engineers, who helped to prepare the plans, came to the conclusion that he would like to undertake the work by himself; so he resigned his

position, and when the time came for sending in estimates to the Governments of what it would cost, the amount he named was the lowest. The work was immediately put in his hands.

All the 'Danger Signals' we have described so far have been built on rock, and the means employed for the erection of one could be followed for the others with little variation. But here was a totally different state of affairs. The sea was flowing twenty feet deep over the place where the foundation must be, and even then there was nothing but sand to carry the weight of the building. It became quite evident that the rock must be *made*. So the engineer obtained what is called a 'Caisson constructor.' That is a huge iron vessel, not unlike a monster collar-box, except that its sides come down lower than its bottom. Thus, under the bottom itself, when the constructor rested on the floor of the sea, there would be room for men to work: the water in the bottom section would be pumped out, while a hole in the dividing floor, through which the men could pass, would admit the air and allow the sand to be removed as they dug it out from beneath the caisson. Little by little the huge vessel would thus be lowered into the sand-bed until the necessary depth was reached. Then the whole would be filled with concrete and form a mass sufficiently solid to bear the weight of the tower.

The plan was a good one, but unfortunately it was not successfully carried out.

It is a considerable distance from Bremerhaven to the Rothersand, and the water is not always smooth. The huge caisson, with ropes attached, was towed out to sea, but not being adapted to an ocean voyage it did not behave itself properly. Resisting all efforts to drag it to the sand-bank, it broke loose and drifted back to shore. The engineer was thankful to find, however, that no serious damage was done, and the next attempt met with success. At the scene of action it was, of course, necessary to sink the caisson so that it rested on the sand, while its iron walls rose above the surface. To accomplish this, a wooden plug was withdrawn from a hole in its side a few feet from the bottom, so as to admit the water, which could afterwards be pumped out. In rushed the sea with tremendous force; but it soon became apparent that it would have been far better if the hole had been made closer to the bottom. *Then* the vessel would have sunk in an upright position, whereas it now went down leaning over to the side at which the water entered. It was hoped, however, that this would be rectified by the sea-current washing away the sand on the higher side; and, fancying that all would be well, several of the workmen, with the engineer, remained on the top of the caisson through the night. But what was their alarm when, before dawn, they found themselves rolling from their perilous beds. The angle at which the caisson stood had suddenly increased, and the lower side had sunk still further. It was as much as they could do to remain on such a slanting floor, and in momentary terror of being shot into the sea they waited for the dawn.

The engineer tried to reassure them. 'It is only the force of the flood tide,' said he. 'When the ebb sets in, the caisson will readjust itself.'

But his hopes, on this occasion at any rate, were ill-founded, and the workmen did not breathe freely until rescued in the morning by one of the attendant ships.

After that the work was pushed on rather too rapidly in some quarters and not rapidly enough in others. As the caisson sank, its walls should have been added to, so that the sea might not break over them into the vessel itself. But this was not done, and when a storm once drove the workers to a distant point of shelter, one of them, a day or two later, was surprised to see, when he looked in the direction of Rothersand, that the caisson had totally disappeared. The sea had broken over its unprotected walls and swamped it on the sandy bed, where all the costly machinery and tools which it contained were buried for ever.

But the Rothersand must have a lighthouse, and this time the work was given to the engineering firm in Bremerhaven, from which the unsuccessful engineer had parted. A new caisson was made, and when the people in Hamburg who keep their eye on the weather said that there would be no storm for the present, it was carefully towed out to sea. To prevent it from rolling too much a large pontoon was attached to either side. In addition to this it was escorted by quite a little fleet of vessels, and if it showed any signs of misbehaviour they were ready to correct it. But there were many delays owing to rough weather coming on unexpectedly, and several days had elapsed before the caisson was pulled and pushed and nudged and coaxed to the proper spot over the Rothersand. Then, as the German flag flew from its top, the water was admitted, and with all the stateliness of a monarch seating himself on his throne, the caisson sank quietly on to the sand in a perfectly upright position. Cheer after cheer broke from those on the attendant vessels, so delighted was every one at the success of the manoeuvre. As the great body sank, of course it carried with it the two pontoons, and it now became necessary to disengage these. This was accomplished by opening valves in them which could be reached from the surface, and as the water filled them, they too sank, unhooking themselves as they did so from the sides of the caisson.

In due course the water was pumped out of the caisson, and the men got to work. Inside the iron walls there were three rooms, one above the other, and as the walls sunk, being undermined in the sand, as I have already described, the bottom floor, with all these rooms upon it, was raised by long and powerful screws worked by one or two men with very little trouble. Down and down went the caisson, lower and lower, but growing at the same time above, to prevent the sea coming in. Even as it sank the stones and concrete were poured in to form a solid block, except where a hole in the centre was left through which the sand passed from the chamber beneath the bottom. At the end of May, 1884, twelve months after its arrival, the bottom of the caisson lay buried in the sand, seventy-three feet below low water. Huge 'bush mattresses,' thirty inches thick, were laid on the sand for a width of fifty feet round the iron wall to prevent the sand from washing the great structure away. Then, being filled tightly with concrete, the caisson was prepared to receive its crown—a handsome lighthouse, with



The Rothersand—a Lighthouse built on Sand.

fixed and revolving lights. The height of the tower is between seventy and eighty feet, and thus there is as much below the surface as there is above.

It is the first lighthouse ever built at a great distance from land without having its foundation on rock; yet we may judge of the safety of it when we hear that in 1884 a Government official who went to inspect the progress of the work was detained on the tower by storm for nearly three weeks, before a vessel could approach to take him off. He had called in passing, when on a Christmas holiday trip, and King Weather had made him a prisoner, forgetful of the fact that Christmas holidays come but once a year.

JOHN LEA.

A FOX ON THE HOUSETOPS.

Founded on Fact.

A YOUNG ostler was busy washing a carriage in the yard of an inn at Market Bosworth one day last winter when some animal rushed quickly by him. He looked up, believing it to be only a

cat, when to his amazement he saw the bushy tail of a young fox disappearing past the high roof of some out-buildings.

'Hi, hi! tally-ho, tally-ho!' shouted the lad in a great state of excitement; 'there's a fox up there—on the roof of our barn!'

A crowd soon collected and gazed for some time at the roof, but nothing could be seen of Master Reynard.

'There's nothing up there,' at last said an old labourer; 'the lad has been dreaming.'

'Dreaming!' said the young fellow contemptuously. 'I never dream at ten o'clock in the morning. I tell you there is a fox up there, and if I could, I would climb up the wall and prove my words true.'

Just then a joiner passed by carrying a ladder, and came up to see what the crowd was about.

'Just lay your ladder against this wall, Mr. Robbins,' begged the ostler; 'I tell the folks I saw a fox slip up there just now, and they will not believe me.'



"There was the fox, snarling at the intruder, making its way across the slates."

"I will have a look myself," said Mr. Robbins, and putting the ladder against the wall, he nimbly climbed up, and soon had his hands on the topmost parapet.

Yes! the ostler had not been dreaming. There, sure enough, was the fox, snarling angrily at the intruder, and making the best of its way across the slippery slates to another place of refuge.

"Yoicks! yoicks! tally-ho!" shouted the joiner, as he waved his felt hat from the top of the ladder; "the fox is here right enough—yoicks!"

Now shouts arose from the crowd as they caught sight of the fox springing from one point to another to avoid capture, the crowd following and shouting and 'tally-hoing' as they ran along after it—now here, now there.

The huntsmen soon began to arrive, with the hounds in front of them, and they were but a little way from where the crowd had gathered, when the fox, realising its danger, made a final dash for liberty. He jumped quickly down, fled across the street, and tried to scramble over the school wall.

'He's over!' cried the ostler, at the top of his voice.

'No, he has fallen back again,' said the joiner.

'It is too much of a jump,' said a bystander; 'the hounds will have him directly.'

But life is sweet, even to a fox, and this one meant to sell his dearly. Once again he tried to jump the wall, but again fell back, and the ostler could not avoid a sympathetic groan for the plucky beast. The hounds had caught sight of their prey, and rushed at the fox, baying wildly. The fox made one supreme effort, and just as the foremost hound had all but snapped at his throat, Reynard was over, safe on the other side of the high wall, and before the hounds could get round to the playground, their prey had made good his escape by going to ground in a sand-pit not far away.

S. CLARENDON.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

61.—GEOGRAPHICAL DECAPITATIONS.

1. A LAKE in Northern Africa; also the name of a fish. Behead, and find the past participle of an auxiliary verb.

2. A grand duchy in Germany. Behead, and find a town, belonging to Great Britain, on the south-west coast of Arabia; behead again, and find the abode of a wild animal.

3. A remarkable parish in Berkshire, a seaside town in Ireland, and a district of Normandy—all of the same name. Behead, and find a line of light.

4. One of the chief naval stations of France. Behead, and find perfect repose.

5. A loch on the west coast of Scotland. Behead, and find an apartment.

6. A river which rises in Essex and falls into the Ouse. Behead, and find the first person singular of a verb.

7. A town in Somersetshire where lace is manufactured. Behead, and find firm and solid.

8. An ancient city in England. Behead, and find a woman's name.

9. An island and cape in Ireland. Behead, and find a legendary king of Britain.

10. The name of a Kentish port and borough; also of two towns in the United States. Behead, and find that which is above.

C. J. B.

[Answers at page 378.]

ANSWERS.

59.—(A.) Tomahawk. (B.) * George Washington.

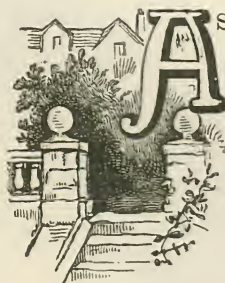
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|----------------|------------|
| 60.—1. Antrim. | 6. Kew. |
| 2. Arran. | 7. Borneo. |
| 3. Asia Minor. | 8. Utica. |
| 4. Indus. | 9. Ryde. |
| 5. Iona. | 10. Samoa. |

* 'George'—a figure of St. George, worn by Knights of the Garter.

THE COMPETITORS.

(Continued from page 355.)

CHAPTER X.



Pillsbury was crossing the quadrangle one day to go to his class-room, he saw two or three boys inspecting and laughing over some printed papers.

'Look here, Pillsbury,' some one said; 'like to have a plunge? Here is a certain profit, as it seems.'

'What is it?—what do you mean?' said Pillsbury.

He took one of the sheets, of which there were several, and glanced at it. The printed contents were an invitation from some firm of rascally swindlers in London to speculate. The invitation was made to read very pleasantly; there was a 'unique opportunity,' it seemed, of making a profit in some foreign mines, which might be bought at a low figure to-day, and would be sure to rise to-morrow to a price at which the fortunate buyer could clear out at a large profit. An investment of five shillings would be almost certain to result, within a few days, in a clear return of as many pounds.

Pillsbury's first reflection was the most proper one possible: a feeling of disgust and indignation welled up within him that any man should be so wicked as to send circulars of this description to schoolboys. 'Whose are they?' he inquired angrily. 'To whom were these vile things sent?'

'Oh, several of us received them,' some one laughed. 'These brokers must have got hold of our address.'

Subscribe a shilling, Pillsbury, and you shall be one of a syndicate of five; if this chap speaks the truth we shall each get back a sovereign—it is good business!'

'Not I,' said Pillsbury. 'Are any of you really going to be so wicked and foolish as to do it?'

'Perhaps,' said Drake, 'and perhaps not. Don't be so free with your sarcasms, Pillsbury; you have not taken out a patent for wisdom, you know.'

All present laughed, and Pillsbury frowned and departed. He put the paper in his pocket and examined it at leisure.

Noel Cherston had received one of the circulars. Pillsbury noticed that he had one when he passed through the quadrangle, and he observed also that Noel was studying his copy alone and with a serious expression of face. Perhaps this circumstance had something to do with Pillsbury's thoughts. It is certain that since the shameful episode behind the five courts, Cherston had been constantly in Pillsbury's thoughts. His very name was, at this time, hateful to Pillsbury.

Cherston, as a matter of fact, was busy considering the circular from the point of view of his intense, almost extravagant, desire to give all he had,

and more if he could, to further the splendid work being done in East London by Mr. Worthing. Was it worth risking his five shillings, which was apparently a kind of guarantee against first loss, though the loss might amount to very much more, in the hope of gaining a considerable sum to devote to the good work?

A score of times Noel told himself that he would risk a little for the sake of the good cause, and a score of times he called himself a fool and laughed the idea to scorn. Why should he trust this man? He did not know him. Why should he be so benevolent as to wish to share profits with strangers when he might, if he chose, take the whole for himself?

'I will not speculate,' Noel concluded, 'but will fill in the paper and see how it looks, and afterwards—if any one goes in for it—I shall calculate how I should have come out.'

During an idle five minutes in class Noel took the circular from his pocket and filled it in, as he would have done in order to enter for the speculation, as invited.

Pillsbury saw him do this, and the sight filled him with exultation.

During cricket practice at the nets that afternoon, Pillsbury, who was bowling, called up a little boy called Street, and bade him fetch his waistcoat from the pavilion: it was not too warm, he remarked; in fact, he felt somewhat chilly. 'My waistcoat is hanging on the second peg from the door,' he added; 'look sharp.' Street brought the waistcoat, but it proved to be the wrong one. 'This is not mine,' said Pillsbury; 'wait a minute, let us see who had the cheek to use my peg.'

He took a key from the pocket; it was a locker-key, with label attached; the label was marked 'N. Cherston.' Pillsbury read it aloud.

'Well, take it back,' he said; 'it doesn't matter; hang this up where you found it.'

Young Street did so, but in hanging up the waistcoat he contrived to extract the key.

Presently he strolled homewards, and finding the passages deserted, paid a rapid visit to Noel's locker.

Now, Noel was treasurer of the school cricket club, and there was a considerable sum of money in the locker. This was placed in a tin box, which had not been locked. Street peeped into the box; there was gold and silver, several pounds. The sight set his greed on fire. How easy it would be to help oneself, and how safe! The key could be taken back and slipped into the waistcoat pocket again. And only think what could be bought! What a splendid lot of sweets, an ounce or two at a time; an occasional pot of jam, or pound of biscuits! The temptation was too great for Street's poor, dishonest temperament. Street had never had a fair chance; at his home he was neglected by a selfish father and a stepmother who did not care for him; let us make every possible excuse for the poor child; certainly he did not realise the full extent of the crime he was committing. Street helped himself to thirty shillings, closed and locked the little cupboard, and sneaked stealthily away, back to the playing-field.

Noel Cherston was still at the wickets at his net. The professional was bowling to him, and Noel was

getting accustomed to the new bat, it may be supposed, for he was punishing the loose balls sent down to him and playing the good-length ones in a style which roused the admiration of Webley.

Poor little Street stole quietly into the pavilion, which was empty; he passed the line of pegs, and slipped Noel's key into the pocket whence he had taken it, and made his escape in safety.

It was a day or two before Noel discovered his loss. Even then he would not at first believe his eyes. A dozen times he went through his accounts, balancing each page, and a dozen times the dismal truth forced itself upon him—he was thirty shillings short.

'I will wait a few days,' thought Noel, cold with dismay. 'Some payment may occur to me that I have forgotten. If it does not, I must go straight to the Head and ask his advice.'

Meanwhile a syndicate of five boys had very foolishly—nay, wickedly—accepted the invitation of the unknown broker to speculate. They subscribed one shilling each. Three days later a letter was received. It came to Drake, in whose name the venture had been made.

'Here we are. Come and see how much we have gained!' said Drake, waving the letter, which he and his partners forthwith conveyed to a quiet place and opened.

To their disgust and dismay the missive informed Mr. Drake that the writer was disappointed at being obliged to acquaint him with the fact that the market had not behaved as had been expected of it, and that, instead of a considerable profit, the speculation showed a loss of thirty-five shillings. A remittance for the money would oblige.

A miserable silence fell upon the five partners.

'That is seven shillings each,' Drake announced at length. 'What fools we have been!'

It was a dismal moment.

The story of the mishap to Drake and his partners very soon went abroad. Pillsbury heard of it among others, and their misfortune seemed to afford him some amusement.

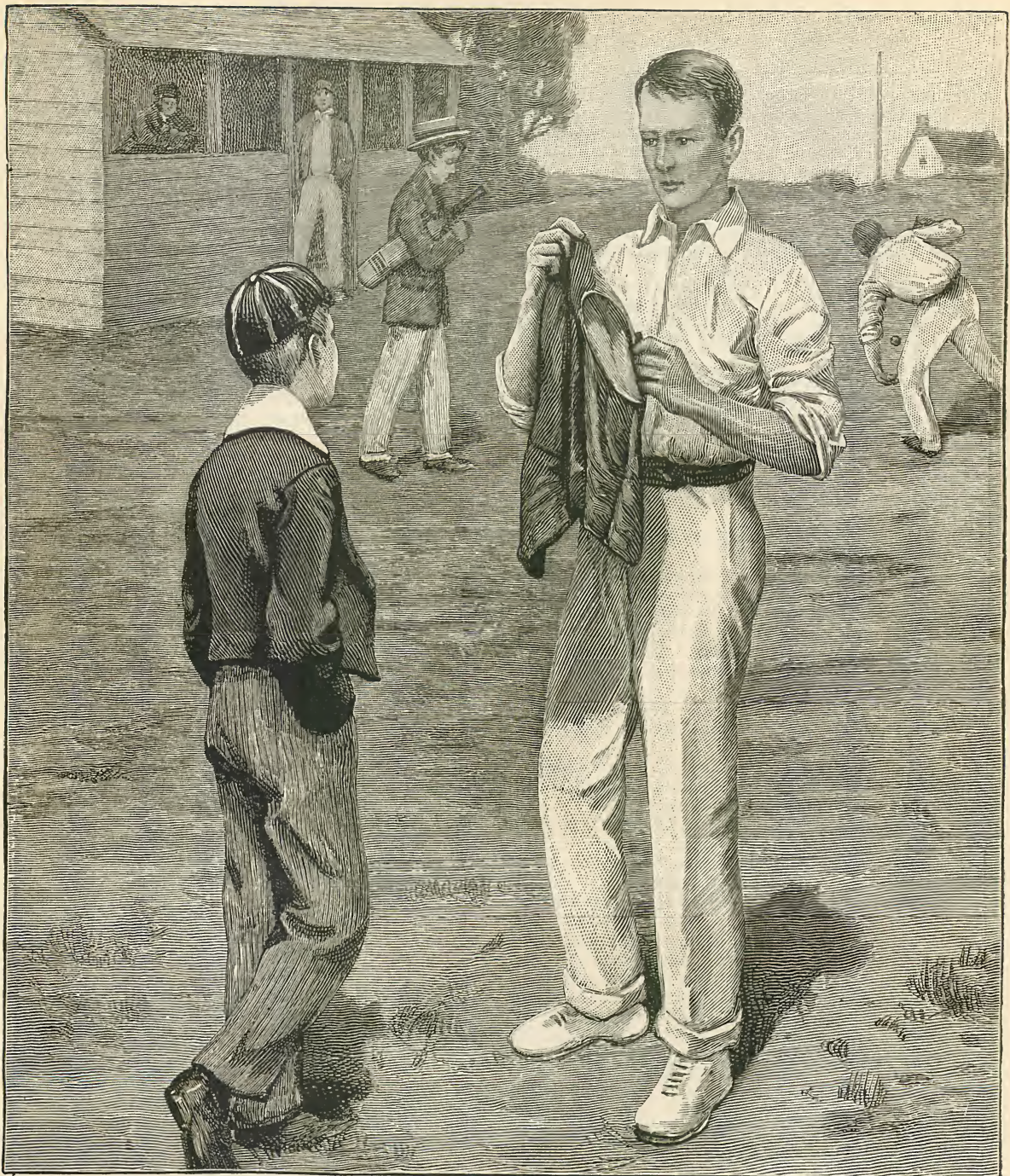
'It will hit Cherston pretty hard,' he said, 'for I happen to know that he plunged alone. He will have to pay by himself. I pity the poor chap; but what fools they all were to do it!'

The story came to the ears of the Head, whose sorrow and indignation were great. That some of the boys should have lost money by their foolishness was nothing; that any firm of brokers could have done so vile an act as to send gambling circulars to schoolboys was in his eyes a terrible matter, and worse still was the fact that his pupils had given in to the temptation.

Mr. Kingley obtained one of the circulars and wrote to the firm. He described his opinion of the conduct of the brokers who could do such a thing in words which must have been painful to the objects of his indignation, but he received no reply.

When Mr. Kingley was informed, presently, that Cherston was involved, among others, in this miserable business, and involved somewhat heavily, he was sorrowful indeed.

'I should never have believed it,' he said. 'Are



"Pillsbury took a key from the pocket."

you sure of the truth of the story, Anderson? Who was your informant?"

"Elliot mentioned it as a known thing. Pillsbury, it appears, actually saw him fill up the form. Cherston is very gloomy, I am told, but does not speak of his loss."

Mr. Kingley pondered long and seriously over the

matter. It was unlike Noel to have done so foolish and wrong a thing—Noel, with his sound sense and sterling honesty. Yet the Head could not forget that only lately Noel had sold his favourite bat, and had given as an excuse that he required money. What did it all mean?

(Continued at page 374.)



The Military Police of Cyprus in pursuit of a Sheep-stealer.

A CYPRUS SHEEP-STEALER.



HERE was a clatter of horses' hoofs along the dusty, stony road, and a confused noise of shouting.

The Military Police of Cyprus were out in hot pursuit of a sheep-stealer, and were rapidly gaining on him, though the thief was mounted on a strong grey horse, and was doing all he knew to avoid capture.

The police, however, were no less well mounted, and at last were so close to the fugitive that they were able to aim at him with their pointless wooden lances. One or two of the lances fell short, but most were aimed with unerring accuracy, and you could hear the dull 'thud! thud!' of the lances against the man's body.

At last a lance struck the man at the back of his head and stunned him; he reeled in the saddle and would have fallen, but the sergeant—a picturesque figure in his scarlet fez (or cap) and embroidered jacket—rode hastily up and caught him as he fell to the ground.

He was not seriously hurt, and before long was chatting merrily with his captors, as they led him—a trooper at each bridle-rein—to the old building at Nicosia, which from time immemorial had been used as a prison.

Prison, however in sunny Cyprus is not the serious affair it is in England, and though our friend Alitso was condemned for his theft to a year's imprisonment, he did not consider his lot a very hard one.

Nor indeed was it. During the day-time he was one of a large party working in airy cloisters, partly sheltered from the sun, but admitting all light and air. Here the company of prisoners, with the warm sunlight falling on them, worked at their several occupations.

Some made rope, others sewed soldiers' trousers, and some were boot-makers, and all were chatting as comfortably together as if prison walls were not around them.

Most of these men, like Alitso, were sheep-stealers, for that is one of the most frequent crimes in Cyprus; but not the only crime, alas! for murders, even for quite trivial causes, are very common, arising often out of brawls after a wedding.

One man, who had murdered another after one of these festivities, fled to the mountains, and finding a shepherd living in a lonely hut, he asked the man to hide him.

'If I hide you, I must be paid for it,' said the Cyprus shepherd, who, countryman as he was, had yet a keen eye for business.

'I have no money,' said the murderer, 'but save me, and I will steal a sheep for you.'

So you see that in Cyprus sheep-stealing is quite an ordinary way of paying your debts.

The island of Cyprus has been under British rule since 1878, but it has been before this a British possession.

Our English King Richard I. conquered the island in 1195, when on his way to Syria for the third Crusade, and he gave the island to Guy de Lusignan, King of Jerusalem, in whose family it remained for about four hundred years.

Cyprus is a wonderfully fruitful island, for nearly everything can be grown here.

Vines and corn grow luxuriantly, peaches and fruit of all sort are plentiful, and the scenery is lovely, whilst the numerous old Greek churches and monasteries, and the ruins of different old buildings, make Cyprus a great place for antiquarians.

The old Greeks used to compare the shape of the island to that of a spread-out deer-skin, the tail being the long isthmus of Carpas. Any one who looks at the map of Cyprus to-day, will be at once struck with the truth of this comparison.

The British rulers are very popular amongst the Cypriotes, and certainly since we took over the island its prosperity has greatly increased.

The locusts which in former times were a perfect pest, often eating up every green shoot, and leaving absolutely bare ground behind them, have been practically exterminated, by dint of immense toil and care. The farmer can now sow his fields with the certainty that the crops will not be swept away in one day, as was once the case. All classes of society profit by the wise laws which are administered by incorruptible British officials.

S. CLARENDON.

DAISY'S PENNY.

LITTLE blue-eyed Daisy sat on father's knee:
Daisy was a dimpled little maid,
Something under four years, something over three;
Golden tresses tied with velvet braid.

'Daisy,' said her father, 'which would you prefer,
A penny or a halfpenny from me?'
And, 'twixt a thumb and finger, he held them out
to her,
While Daisy sat as thoughtful as could be.

At last, in timid accents, she whispered in his ear—
Her golden tresses lying on his breast—
'If I may choose the one I think the *nicest*, Daddy
dear,
Then I should like *the little penny* best.' J. L.

WONDERS OF LITTLE LIVES.

XI.—DEATH-WATCHES; LARDER BEETLES;
TORTOISESHELL BUTTERFLIES.

THE Death-watch has been the innocent cause of unspeakable dread to thousands of the human race, and for this reason: This tiny beetle lives in burrows which it excavates in old and very dry wood, and, in consequence, passes most of its life in lonely galleries of its own construction. When at last the desire for companionship overtakes it, there

is no way to satisfy the longing save by signals, and these are given by tapping, tapping, tapping with the head against the walls of this dark prison, and burrowing a way towards the answering signals of the mate it has not yet seen, but is striving so hard to reach. It is owing to the impossibility of tracing these weird sounds to their source, and to the fact that they are heard chiefly during the still hours of the night, that nervous people have been led to regard them as omens of approaching death to themselves or those dear to them. Were the truth but known, feelings of hope and sympathy would replace those of pain and dread—if they were not smothered in concern for the damage that was being done to the furniture!

The larval death-watch is much more destructive than the adult. After a while it rests, spins a silken cocoon, sleeps and grows, and finally emerges a miniature beetle.

The death-watch and its relatives have a remarkable habit of feigning death when threatened by any danger; this deception they keep up until they imagine the coast is clear.

The presence of this little insect may be detected in woodwork by the enormous number of tiny tunnels which they drill. The legs of chairs and tables, for instance, are often found perfectly riddled by these holes.

The Larder Beetle is known also as the Bacon Beetle, and is thoroughly detested wherever it is met with. The grocer and the curator of a museum alike suffer from its raids. By the former it is hated because of the destruction it causes among his stores of cheese, bacon, ham, and similar goods; and by the latter for the havoc it will create, if undetected, among natural-history specimens.

It is not, however, the adult beetle which is so detested, but the young, or larva; indeed, it is probable that the majority of those who suffer from its ravages have no idea that these hated grubs ever grow into beetles.

The perfect insect is small in size and comparatively harmless. The larva is a little hairy creature, light in colour, and in general shape not unlike a hairy caterpillar.

A relative of the bacon beetle is only too common in dwelling-houses, and causes irreparable damage by destroying furs and natural-history trophies, or whatever furniture it can find which contains hair stuffing.

But the larder beetle is not confined to our houses and museums. Those who care to look for it will find it, together with some others of its kinsfolk, in the bodies of moles transfixed by the mole-catcher on the boughs of trees stuck in the ground—a species of gibbet all too common in the country. The bodies of the wretched victims of the game-keeper are also lurking-places of the larder beetle.

Two distinct species of Tortoiseshell Butterfly are found in Great Britain, and are known respectively as the large and the small Tortoiseshell. The small species is the commoner of the two. The general colour of both is of a rich reddish orange on the upper surface, variegated with black, and more

or less conspicuous patches of white or yellow. The small tortoiseshell may, however, be distinguished from its large relative by the fact that the hinder wings are black half-way from the base to the tip. It is an extremely common butterfly, and might therefore be profitably used as an introduction to the study of the life-history of the butterflies generally. That is to say, care should be taken to find out the peculiarly interesting series of changes which take place from the hatching of the egg to the bursting of the perfect insect from the chrysalis case.

The caterpillars must be sought for in nettle-beds. They are clothed in long hairs, blackish in colour and striped with yellow. When first hatched they live together in colonies, but soon disperse to lead independent lives. The pupa, or chrysalis, is most beautifully gilded.

The long hairs of the caterpillar afford it a wonderful protection, for no bird, save the cuckoo, can eat it. This bird feeds largely on hairy caterpillars of different kinds. As a consequence, when a cuckoo's stomach is opened, the lining thereof is found to be covered with a mass of hairs which have become embedded so firmly as to give the impression that the hair is the natural product of the stomach.

Those who possess a microscope should examine carefully the marvellous array of coloured scales which form the beautiful pattern on the wings of the imago, or perfect insect. The eggs, too, when examined in this way, or even with a pocket lens, prove to be exquisitely sculptured. By the way, the first meal the newly-hatched caterpillar makes is off the shell out of which it has just crawled.

A very careful comparison should be made between the larva, or caterpillar, and the imago. The transformation from the one to the other is really amazing. The caterpillar lives upon hard food which it bites with powerful horny jaws, and crawls about by the aid of sixteen legs! Some of these—three pairs—are used for walking purposes and guiding food to the mouth, whilst the remnant—five pairs—are used both for holding on to the branch on which they rest, and for walking also.

The imago lives upon honey, which it sucks up by means of a most curiously constructed proboscis. It has but three pairs of legs, but has added two pairs of wings. A greater contrast it would be difficult to conceive!

W. P. PYCRAFT, A.L.S., F.Z.S.

ON MANY WATERS.

XI.—GALLEYS.

GALLEYS in old times played an important part in the history of the civilised world, and most schoolboys have read of the biremes, triremes, and quadriremes in which the Romans accomplished their sea victories. Perhaps, however, we hardly realise that all through the Middle Ages, and indeed until a hundred and fifty years ago, most of the fights of the marine world depended on this sort of vessel.

Galleys were long, narrow boats, usually with two masts each carrying a huge lateen sail, though as the



A — Death-watches.

B — Larder Beetles.

C — Tortoiseshell Butterflies.



A War Galley.

science of sailing was little understood, these were only used in fair winds, and the vessel practically depended both for speed and safety on the oars. The common pattern was to have a short raised deck at the prow, whereon the fighting men stood before their cannon. A similar deck was placed at the other end, and on this the Admiral, knights, and

other persons of importance gathered. Between these decks sat the rowers, four or five on a bench to which they were chained. Often a galley would carry as many as fifty of these benches, and between them ran a raised bridge on which two task-masters walked up and down carrying long heavy whips, and woe to any weary or lazy oarsman whom they spied

out! The rowers were almost invariably captives, and the galleys of the Christian nations would be filled with Turkish or Moorish slaves, whilst those of Barbary set their Christian prisoners to a similar task. Whichever the luckless rowers might have been, it is certain that their lives must have been one long torment. Ill-fed, and so closely packed that sleeping at full length was not possible, toiling alike in blazing sun or in bitter winds and rain, beaten and abused, they had to endure often ten or twenty years of suffering until they were set free, or death, more merciful than man, put an end to their misery. Perhaps some of the readers of *Chatterbox* may have read, or have a chance of reading *Ben Hur*, in which there is a most vivid and accurate description of life on a Roman galley, and of the horrors of a sea-fight when the rowers were locked to their seats. This seems horribly cruel, but was absolutely necessary to prevent their siding with the enemy and gaining their freedom if successful.

Owing to these vessels drawing very little water they were of great use in attacking an enemy's coast, as they could run in close, deliver their fire, and dart out again with great swiftness; and in later times, when the fleets of most nations comprised many huge sailing vessels, the galleys still had the advantage of being independent of winds, and could be turned with ease in any direction.

The Genoese and Venetians were especially celebrated for their galleys, and the largest of these were often as much as a hundred and sixty feet long, by thirty or more wide. The smallest of these vessels was known as a Brigantine, which had only one man to each oar, and between brigantines and galleys came the Galleots, which took two or three men to an oar.

The name Galley comes from the Latin word *Galea*, a helmet, and was so called from a basket-work enclosure often placed at the mast-head of these vessels.

In France murderers and desperate criminals were condemned to labour in the galleys, but since 1748 the punishment has been altered. Galley-slaves had a dialect of their own, and a French officer in charge amused himself with compiling a dictionary of this curious language.

HELENA HEATH.

THE COMPETITORS.

(Continued from page 368.)

CHAPTER XI.

WHILE Mr. Kingley was still uncertain what to do with regard to Cherston, Cherston himself came to him and informed him of the loss from the cricket club funds. The Head was left in a yet more distressing position by this disclosure. If Noel had speculated, as he now firmly believed, might he not quite conceivably have been tempted to borrow from the club money, in order to make his loss good?

It was with a heavy heart, therefore, that Mr. Kingley took what seemed to be the only course, and entered upon the most painful undertaking which he had ever yet experienced as a schoolmaster: first

the announcement to the school of the shameful news that a theft had been committed. 'This is a disgrace to us all,' he said, speaking brokenly, 'though only one has actually been a thief. I suspect no one, though possibly unfortunate circumstances may seem to throw suspicion upon certain shoulders'—the Head paused a moment at this point, as though to swallow—'and I would ask each of you to form no opinion upon the matter until inquiries have been made by myself and perhaps others. . . .'

During the morning Drake and his four companions were summoned to the Head, and examined by him as to their foolish speculation. There was nothing to connect any one of the five, however, with the theft. Each proved satisfactorily either that he had had the money to pay up his share of the loss or had written home, confessing his foolishness and asking for a remittance.

After the Head had pointed out to them the grave nature of their offence, and had imposed as heavy punishment as he deemed necessary, Noel was summoned to undergo examination.

He entered the study grim and determined. Of all the feelings which had torn his heart since last night, making it a battle-field of conflicting sentiments, pride remained in the ascendant.

The examination was short. Mr. Kingley had braced himself for the ordeal and wasted no words.

'I am obliged to examine you with the rest, Cherston,' he began. 'I do not wish you to think that I hold you in suspicion, but I shall expect you to answer my questions truthfully.'

'Of course I shall, sir!' said Noel, his eyes blazing; 'have you ever known me to lie to you?'

'No, I have not. I refer you back to the sale of your bat, of which I heard accidentally, and your pressing need at that time for money. Was that money required by you in order to pay a debt incurred in gambling?'

'Certainly not, sir.'

'Very good. You would rather not explain why you required the money?'

'I would rather not. It is a private matter.'

'Very well. I am informed that you, with others, have lately taken part in a speculation, persuaded to do so, I believe, by certain circulars.'

Cherston's lips tightened. 'I should like to know who gave you the information, sir?' he said.

'It is said to be a matter of general knowledge; you were, it is said, seen filling up the form by which you rendered yourself responsible for a certain share in the speculation. Do you deny that you did so?'

'No; I did fill in the paper. I have it in my pocket at this moment. It was never posted.'

'Let me see it.' The Head's voice seemed to have changed a little, as if an unexpected hope had suddenly dawned in his heart. Noel handed the paper to him.

'Of course, this might be a duplicate.'

'May we understand one another, sir?' said Cherston, flushing; 'I feared, and I now see plainly, that I am suspected. Shall I be believed if I make a statement? If not, I prefer to say nothing.'

Mr. Kingley rose from his seat and walked up and down the room.

'Heaven knows I long to believe you and acquit

you, my dear boy,' he said; 'it is true that to some extent I suspected you, though you little know how much pain the suspicion caused me. If you can assure me that you are innocent, even now—'

Cherston's pride faltered and collapsed. Tears came to his eyes.

'Oh, sir,' he interrupted, 'I never thought you would have believed this of me; it has been a fearful shock to me. Would not these circular people tell you that I did not write to them, if you asked them, since you must have proofs that I am not a liar and a thief?'

'Cherston,' said the Head, 'assure me in as many words that you did not gamble, that you know nothing of the theft, and are altogether innocent, and I will not only believe you, but will ask your pardon in public for having allowed myself to suspect you.'

But Noel would not hear of this. 'I have not been accused in public, and I would rather you did not beg my pardon publicly, sir,' he said. 'As for believing my word, it is too late for that. The broker people must tell you that I have spoken the truth.'

'You have a right to demand it, and I will write to them,' said the Head. 'You are angry, Cherston, but when you think over these things you will understand my position.'

'Things can never be the same again, sir, between us,' Noel replied with a sob.

'Better that than the other way, my boy,' sighed the Head. 'I would far rather believe you innocent, as I now do, though it cost me your friendship, than continue to imagine that you might have done this thing.'

But Noel was not to be appeased, and left the Head's sanctum only less miserable than he entered it.

He had received the money for his collection of stamps that morning, and he now purchased a post-office order for three pounds ten shillings and dispatched it at once to Mr. Worthing, together with a letter inquiring whether, if he left school at the end of the term, there was any prospect that he might be taken on in one capacity or another to assist in the great work in East London. The odd thirty shillings out of the five pounds he kept to repay to the cricket club the loss for which he was responsible.

Two days later Mr. Kingley received a letter from his cousin which astonished and moved him considerably.

'What has happened to the Bayard of your school, young Cherston?' wrote Worthing. 'He has written to me in the lowest spirits, wishes to leave school and throw up the competition for your excellent Kingley Scholarship, and proposes to come here as a worker. Why is this? I ought to tell you, further, that he has twice, since my visit, sold certain of his possessions in order to make remittances to me for the good of the cause; first a sovereign a fortnight ago, now no less than three pounds ten shillings. This is far more than the boy ought to give; he may regret his enthusiasm later. Perhaps I ought not to mention all this, but I think it better to consult you. . . .'

'So that explains the mystery of the sale of the bat!' muttered Mr. Kingley. 'Good heavens, how I have wronged the boy!'

One would have thought, maybe, that the recollection of the terrible mistake he had made would have weighed upon the Head in such a way that he would have shown signs of depression; but instead of that Mr. Kingley went about more cheerfully this day than he had appeared for several days.

It was only in the evening, when Pillsbury came to the sanctum to see him 'upon important business,' that the Head lost some of his geniality, and showed signs of the irritation and worry which had lately overshadowed him.

'I heard something in the village, sir,' Pillsbury said, 'and I thought I had better tell you at once.'

'Quite right, Pillsbury. Something connected with the theft from Cherston's locker?' replied the Master.

'Yes. It was at the post office, sir. One of the boys, a senior, has been purchasing a post-office order for a very large sum. I would rather not mention names unless you wish me to do so.'

'Why not, Pillsbury?' asked the Head. 'Speak out.'

'Well, sir, he is a rival of mine in the Scholarship competition, and I should not like you to think that I had any wish to give information that might damage his chance.'

'Don't talk nonsense, Pillsbury. You know very well that if a boy had been guilty of theft, it would be the duty of yourself or any one else to expose him, rather than permit him to be elected to the Kingley Scholarship. Come, who is it?'

'Well, if you put it in that way, sir,' said Pillsbury, with a sigh, 'I must obey you. It was Cherston, sir. The post-mistress says that he—'

'Now, look here, Pillsbury,' the Head interrupted, 'I wish you to understand once for all, and to allow the whole school to understand, that I have examined Cherston with the rest, and that not the slightest shadow of suspicion attaches to him in the matter. He took no part in the gambling scandal.'

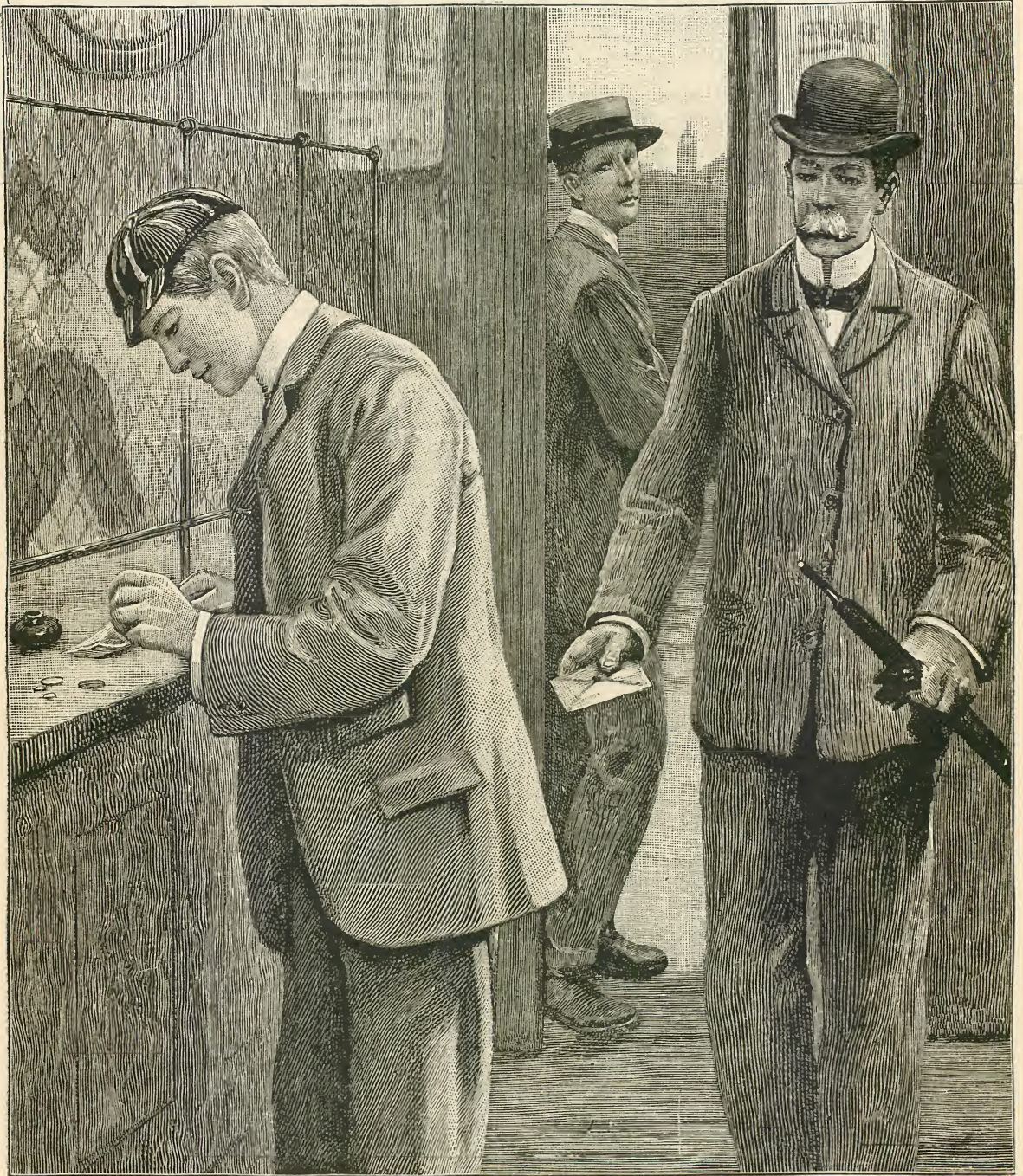
'But, sir, I saw him fill up the form he had,' gasped Pillsbury.

'Do you know, Pillsbury, I am beginning to suspect that you are not always quite sincere. Cherston, I repeat, did not gamble. You may have seen him filling in a form, but that form is in my drawer; it was neither signed nor posted. You need not fear that your information has prejudiced a rival. You may go.'

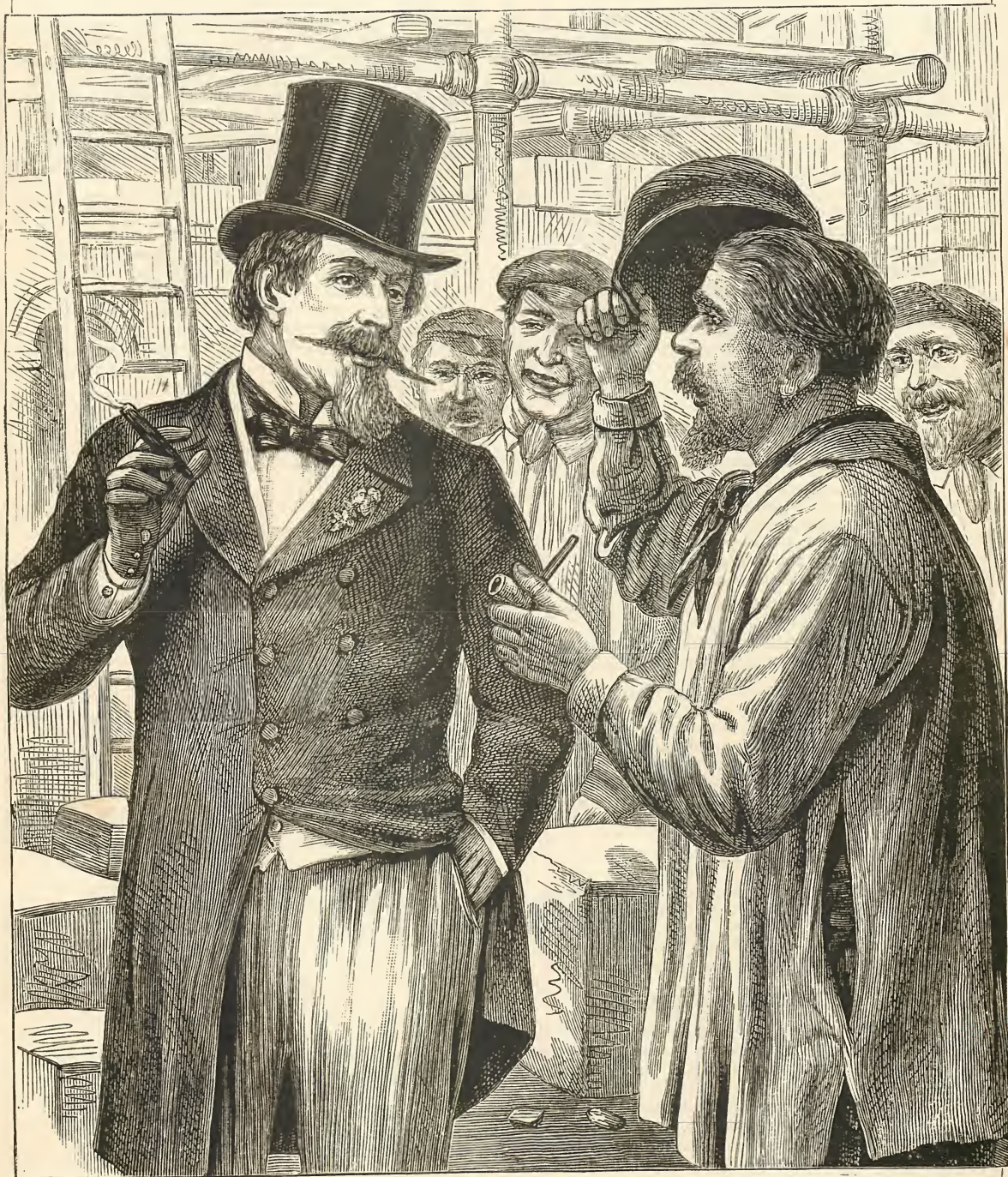
'I hope, sir, you do not think—' Pillsbury began. But the Head waved him to the door, and said not another word.

The matter closed with the broker's reply to the Head, assuring him that no communication had been received from Cherston. But no clue was found to the identity of the thief. On the contrary, there had been two more thefts. Drake had had money taken from his locker, Elliot had missed a pair of gold studs. It was obvious that there was in the school some unfortunate boy whose passion for the appropriation of property belonging to others grew with his success in escaping detection.

(Continued at page 382.)



"He purchased a post-office order and dispatched it at once."



How the Emperor preserved his dignity.

AN EMPEROR'S TACT.

WHILE the works for the completion of the palace of the Louvre were going on, the French Emperor, Napoleon III., used often to stroll about watching their progress. Upon one occasion he had not been long there enjoying a smoke, when he noticed a group of stone-cutters talking together earnestly.

Presently one of them, cap in hand, advanced towards him in a hesitating and abashed sort of way. 'My Emperor,' said the man, 'I have made a wager of five francs with one of my companions that you will permit me to light my pipe from your cigar.'

'You have lost, my friend,' answered his Majesty; 'but here is the money to pay your foolish wager and treat your friends besides.' At the same time he placed a gold napoleon in the mason's hand, adding a few words on the folly and wickedness of betting. Thus by his tact, he managed to preserve both his dignity and his popularity. H. B. S.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

62.—GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMAS.

(A.)—This river's name, now, can you tell?

A gentle sportsman loved it well—
A writer quaint, whose magic pen
Still wins the hearts of angling men.
Poetic is the river's name,
A feathered creature bears the same.

(B.)—A tree that grows in moist or swampy place;

A thing destructive to the human race,
To lower animals, and birds as well;
A healthy spot where troops of soldiers dwell.

(C.)—A most convenient thing to have,
Though hard to get, and worse to save;
A silent, calm, far-stretching pool,
In winter ice, in summer cool.
A land of lakes and hills and rice,
Whose shawls are costly gifts of price.

[Answer at page 399.]

C. J. B.

ANSWERS.

- 61.—1. C-had. 4. B-rest. 8. C-hester.
2. B-aden—Aden. 5. B-room. 9. C-lear—Lear.
3. B-ray. 6. C-am. 10. D-over.
7. C-hard.

A PANIC AVOIDED.

SOME years ago a collection of rare Chinese treasures was on view in a certain large town, before being conveyed to London. In a long, narrow, lofty room just above the exhibition, a meeting of some kind was being held, at which about three thousand persons were present.

It was nearly nine o'clock when the manager of the building, white with terror, came to the leader of the meeting with alarming information. The wooden floor, said he, had sunk nearly a foot in the middle, and within a few minutes the joists

would be out of their sockets. Then the floor would fall upon the Chinese treasures below; the walls, sixty feet high, and the roof, would collapse, and those present at the meeting would be killed or injured.

The leader took into his confidence the gentleman whose turn it was to sing next. He pointed out to him that by singing from the end of the hall he could draw the audience from the sunken portion of the floor to that part where the front walls strengthened the joists to bear the people's weight. The man who was to sing replied that some members of his family were present, and that he must get them out first.

'You shall not,' said the other firmly. 'We must run no risk of panic. The slightest rush—and we shall all be crushed under the falling walls and roof! Five minutes' delay may be fatal.'

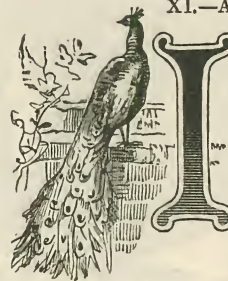
The people were somewhat surprised to be told the song would be sung from the organ-loft, where the speaker now stood. As all the spectators moved towards that end of the room, the pressure was taken off the weakest part of the flooring.

In an unwavering voice a sentimental song was sung, and as soon as practicable the audience was dismissed. Everything was done very quietly, and not a single individual in that large assembly had the least idea of the peril so happily averted by one man's presence of mind. E. D.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

True Tales of the year 1804.

XI.—A PRISON VISITOR.



THINK the coat sets very well now,' said the young tailor, as he smoothed down the gold-laced coat over the coachman's portly frame. 'There is not a crease anywhere.'

'Yes, it seems all right,' answered the coachman, twisting his neck in a vain endeavour to see his

back. 'I am bound to be particular about it,' he went on, 'for the Assizes are on Wednesday, and I have to drive my master to the Guildhall, and it would never do for the coachman to the Governor of the Gaol to have on a shabby livery; we all like to look our best at Assize time—it's a gay time for the whole city.'

'Except for the prisoners, I suppose?' hazarded the tailor.

'Ha! ha!' laughed the coachman, 'you are right there, Redmond; but the less of them the better—just hark at them now! This window over-looks the prison yard, and this noise goes on all day. I wish the Governor would not allow the prisoners to come out of their cells at all: it's quite an offence to decent people to listen to their goings on.'

The tailor, Redmond by name, drew near to the window and looked out on the flags below. He was new to the place, and had never before lived in an

Assize town, and the scene that now met his eye simply appalled the good fellow. It was a lovely summer's afternoon, but the bright sun shone upon such a scene of vice and misery as it would be almost impossible to exaggerate.

A hundred years ago there was little or no classification of prisoners—men and women, old and young, tried or untried, debtors or felons, were all huddled together anyhow. Here, in the prison yard, with high spiked walls surrounding it on all sides, were some two or three hundred prisoners, with no restraint and no occupation, simply given up to idleness and vice. Drink then, as now, was the greatest evil; for incredible as it may now seem, it was quite usual in 1804 for the gaoler to be allowed to sell as much beer or spirits to the prisoners as they chose to pay for; and so profitable was this trade, that in many towns the gaolers not only received no salary, but actually paid a sum every year, for the privilege of guarding the prisoners and supplying them with drink. Here, again, two men were fighting fiercely, with a ring of excited supporters cheering them on. Not far away was another group, of boys and girls this time, who were getting up a travesty of a trial for murder, so depraved had they become under the terrible influence of prison life.

Redmond turned away, sickened at the sight of such unrestrained wickedness.

'It seems a shocking thing that scenes like that should go on,' he said.

'Yes,' said the coachman carelessly. 'It is a good job we have the Assizes three times a year and hang some of them, and get rid of the worst that way,' he added cruelly.

Hanging, it may be explained, was then the sentence for almost every crime, even for those which now appear to us so trivial that we should consider it a harsh measure to impose even a few hours' imprisonment. For instance, the penalty of death was inflicted for stealing anything from a shop above the value of five shillings—for making salt from sea water—for taking fish out of a pond, and so on.

Yet, though the hangings went steadily on, they did not seem in any way to deter people from crime; on the contrary, witnessing so many executions hardened and brutalised the populace, for they took place in public.

But to return to our tailor. The scenes in the prison yard had appalled him, and he felt he could not 'pass by on the other side,'—he must do something if possible to help.

'Does no one ever visit the prisoners, and try to teach them to do something better than fighting and drinking?' he asked.

'Visit them?' said the coachman in amazement. 'Who wants to visit them? No decent folk, I should hope! They have plenty of their own friends to bring them drink and food, and that is all they care for.'

'But surely the children cannot be so hardened?' said Redmond thoughtfully, 'and there seem so many quite young girls and boys.'

'They are the worst of all!' said the coachman decidedly, 'a set of pick-pockets and shop thieves! Why, some of them were born in gaol, and know more wickedness than you or I ever dreamt of.'

'Poor things!' said Redmond softly. 'Could I get into the prison?' he said suddenly.

'Easy enough,' laughed his friend. 'Just take that pair of boots that is swinging over the shop yonder, and you will find yourself in gaol fast enough; then you can stop there till you are taken to the gallows over the Castle gate. But,' he continued, seeing that Redmond was in earnest, 'if you are so anxious to pay the gaol-birds a visit, you need only to slip in behind the man from the "Cross Keys." He goes in every day at dinner-time and supper as well, taking in extra food for some of the prisoners who can pay for it. You follow him, and there will be no questions asked.'

The next day was Sunday, and in the afternoon, Redmond, with many misgivings, made his way to the gaol. He had no difficulty in passing the gates; in fact, all the town seemed surging in, bearing food in their hands, for as the only food allowed to the prisoners by Government was one pound of bread a day, they were utterly dependent on their friends for the means of life.

It is true that, some years earlier, John Howard the prison philanthropist, whose statue now stands in St. Paul's Cathedral, had done much to improve prisons, both in our country and all over the world. But since his death in 1790, things had been allowed to slip back into the old bad state, and in 1804 our prisons were a disgrace to any civilised country.

Were these, indeed, civilised creatures or wild savages, these dirty, ragged boys and girls, who crowded round Redmond as he rapidly crossed the yard and came amongst them?

'What have you got?'—'Hand it here.'—'Give us a copper.' These and similar sentences were shouted at Redmond by girls as well as boys, and one young ruffian got behind him and pulled his handkerchief out of his pocket, to the great delight of the rest. Redmond had a settled plan in his head, and quickly singling out the biggest boy of the band, he said, 'If you and your friends will be quiet, I have a picture to show you.'

'A picture! What's that?' said the lad, curiously, and he hit about here and there till a sort of order was established.

Then Redmond drew out a bright-coloured picture of a lion, and began in easy and simple language to tell them the story of Daniel in the lions' den. The tale was new to most of them, and they all listened breathlessly, and when, at the close, Redmond told them he hoped that, like Daniel, they all prayed to God, one little fellow piped out, 'We don't know how,' and these hardened young ruffians seemed pleased to repeat after Redmond the words of a simple prayer.

'Come again to-morrow!' they shouted to Redmond, when he moved to go.

He did come again, and this time he brought with him some odd bits of coloured cloth and a good supply of needles and thread, and taught such boys and girls as were willing to learn the way to manufacture simple mats of patch-work. He was amazed to find how eager one and all were to learn the sewing. Dirty packs of cards were thrown down, the gaming with old buttons was neglected, and all



“Redmond drew out a bright-coloured picture of a lion.”

came crowding round Redmond, anxious to learn this honest occupation.

In time some did so well that they were promoted to making caps and waistcoats, which Redmond was able to sell at a low price to the country people on market-day, and with the money thus gained the boys and girls were able by degrees to buy decent

clothing for themselves, which they badly needed. The humanising effect of this honest work was simply marvellous, and by-and-by the men and women begged that Redmond would provide them, as well as the children, with work.

By Redmond's direction they formed themselves into classes, and, by degrees, the better taught



Escaped elephants in a railway collision rendering aid to the rescuers.

amongst the prisoners took the task of teaching the others, and thus, by the influence of one poor man, a state of comparative decency and honesty took the place of the former vice and wickedness, and many prisoners lived to bless Redmond's name as one who had brought them from darkness to light.

E. A. B.

FRIENDS IN NEED.

A CURIOUS incident took place a short time ago in the United States. An accident happened on the railway near Durand, Michigan, to a travelling circus. There were two trains of twenty-one cars, and in the cars were about fifty wild animals, which

it was feared would escape in the confusion. Unfortunately, many people were killed and many more injured in the collision; but if the wild beasts had escaped the affair might have been more terrible still, in one way or another. Until it was known that the iron cages containing the beasts had withstood the shock, it was difficult to get rescuers.

The accident occurred through two trains colliding with one another, owing to the air-brakes on the second train refusing to work. There were five elephants in the train; one of them was killed, but the others escaped with hardly a scratch. The four which escaped injury did magnificent work in aiding the rescuers. They were harnessed to the overturned cars, and succeeded in pulling many of them to one side, thus saving the lives of many people who could not otherwise have been extricated.

W. YARWOOD.

THE COMPETITORS.

(Continued from page 375.)

CHAPTER XL.



SOME people might have supposed that little Rapson, after his somewhat unpleasant experience on the cliffs of 'Kittiwake Island,' as the boys of Upton called the island off the mouth of the Rush, would have fought shy of those same cliffs, and perhaps avoided altogether a place which must have been full, for him, of painful memories. But such people would have wrongly estimated the lively nature of Rapson. Far from fighting shy of the island, Rapson spent nearly the whole of his spare time there. He had proved an apt pupil of Bates, who had imbued him with much of his love for birds and beasts, their capture, observation of their habits, and so forth; and since the day of their adventure they had been the best of friends.

When Bates was not available as companion, Rapson frequently went to the island alone. He was after rabbits one day with Bates's ferret. He was not poaching, because rabbits were free to all who could catch them on the island, which was common land.

He knew there was a rabbit in a certain hole because he could hear it moving, down beneath the earth. The ferret had set it wandering, but it hesitated to break out, because it knew Rapson was outside waiting for it.

But while so employed, Rapson suddenly saw two men whose appearance and conduct caused him to forget both rabbit and ferret, and everything else except the new arrivals.

The men were a hundred yards away and did not see Rapson, who quickly squatted behind a rock out of sight. From this hiding-place he was able to observe while remaining unobserved.

The men hunted among the rocks and boulders as though looking for something they had lost. Both

were strangers to Rapson, who knew most of the villagers and fisher-folk by sight at least. He could hear them talking, for they passed presently much nearer him. They seemed to be quarrelling.

'It was a hundred-and-five paces from the rock at the promontory,' said his companion, apparently puzzled; 'but whether it is the tide makes the difference or what, I can't be sure which promontory it was nor yet which rock; I think it was that one, as I say, and yet I don't seem to recognise the spot.'

'Well, what tide *was* it?' asked the other, who looked—Rapson thought—like the kind of man he would *not* choose for a companion in an evening walk down a dark lane.

'It was full tide. Can't you remember, we wanted to cross by the sand-bar and couldn't, and had to borrow a boat?'

'The Scowler,' so Rapson had mentally named him, grunted assent.

'We ought to have come at high tide,' he said. 'Less than-half tide now, isn't it?'

'There's high tide at six in the morning,' his friend replied. 'We had better come back then; we may have something more to put away by then, if we have any luck.'

Apparently this suggestion, though it angered the Scowler, was the only practical solution of the difficulty, for he went off with his companion, still abusing and arguing with him, though evidently consenting. Rapson lay low until the last sound of their retreating footsteps had died away, then he pulled himself together and began to think. Then he went home and had a long interview with Bates.

About five o'clock the next morning the two conspirators quickly rose, and made their escape from the window of their dormitory, as though well accustomed to the feat. They had, as a matter of fact, done it many times before, but their escapades had never before had any guiltier or more exciting object than the discovery of sea-gulls' or other nests. They hastened, under Rapson's guidance, to the spot where the men had been seen by him yesterday afternoon. There they hid themselves behind a convenient rock and waited.

Before long a small boat came round a promontory and hove into view. Two men sat in her. They brought the craft to almost exactly where Rapson had seen his friends yesterday, and ran her nose in between two rocks.

The men came forward across the rocks and looked about.

'This is the spot where we were yesterday, anyhow,' said one; and the other, the Scowler, agreed.

'It looks a bit different in this tide,' said the milder man of the two. 'Strikes me by the look to-day, we are at the wrong promontory. Come round this corner and let's look at the next creek.'

Scowler growled something which the boys did not catch, but he accompanied his friend 'round the corner,' climbing over the rocks with many a grumbling mutter.

'We must follow,' whispered Bates; 'or you stay here, if you are nervous, and I will go after them.'

'I nervous?—not much!' said Rapson.

The two boys scouted quickly and silently after their quarry. Both were accustomed to pass noise-

lessly and well concealed over the ground, for scarcely a day dawned that did not see them stalking some bird or beast for the mere pleasure of stalking.

They kept at an even distance from the two men, who presently stopped and looked about, beginning to argue again after the quarrelsome fashion which seemed natural to them.

'There, this is it, I am sure; I remember that promontory as if it was in my own garden,' said the first. He put his back to a large rock and counted steps along the face of the cliff. When he had counted about a hundred, he stopped.

'Here we are,' he said; 'what did I say?'

'Look at them—look at them! they are at the mouth of a cave,' whispered Rapson, so excitedly that Bates hushed him down.

'Don't lose your head,' he muttered. 'Yes, it is a cave; we dare not go nearer. We must mark the place and come back. Look, they are coming out! Lie low, and don't dare to breathe.'

After five minutes' delay, the two men came out, laughing and talking. Apparently something within the cave had greatly elated them. They came along the cliff, returning to their boat.

'Keep the boulder between you and them; not an inch of you must appear, for your life. They are going to pass pretty close to us!' whispered Bates in some trepidation.

'Hadn't we better get up and run?' Rapson whispered back.

'No, lie still!'

On came the men. Both boys lay low, keeping the large boulders behind which they crouched, well between them and the dangerous persons who would pass, Bates saw, within twenty yards.

It was a moment of intense excitement, of real danger, if the boys had realised it, for one at least of these men was an exceedingly bad character and 'wanted' by the police for many a serious crime.

Nearer they came and nearer. Poor Rapson felt at this moment that the adventure, though delightful, had its disagreeable side.

They heard the men talking so close that the voices seemed to be at their very ears.

'It will have to stay a bit longer, most of it,' said the Scowler, 'my share any way; I suppose I can trust you, as you have not rounded on me all this year. I don't mind telling you, Bill, being a friend, and all comfortable between us again, that if you or any man was to round on me or best me in any way, bless you, I would as soon break his head as look at him—break it so that it wouldn't mend easily, too, mind you.'

'There is no call to think of such things between friends,' said Bill; 'no one has bested you, and no one is going to.'

By this time the two friends, or partners, had passed the crouching boys.

'Don't move yet,' whispered Bates; 'there is no hurry, let them get well away.'

Not till they were upwards of one hundred yards from their sanctuary, did the boys venture to peep out. The men were now close to their boat. Bates observed that each carried a parcel.

'There has been a divide—something to go on

with, I suppose,' he said. 'If we have any luck, Rapson, that is the last they will see of their pile, whatever it may be. When they are in the boat and away, we will prospect. This is something like an adventure, isn't it?'

'It is simply gorgeous,' replied Rapson, with intense earnestness. 'I am dying to go to the cave.'

'There they go in their boat, round the corner and out of sight—come on!'

Trembling with excitement, Rapson followed his companion into the cave. Within was a mass of seaweed, which the ordinary passer-by would not dream of removing, for there was nothing to show that it had been piled there in order to conceal the sack which lay beneath it.

The boys turned the sack out upon the floor of the cave. Out clattered a medley of spoons, forks, a clock, two or three watches, jewellery, and every kind of property of value. There was even money in notes; probably the present owners had not dared to attempt to pass them.

Bates looked down on the heap of mixed property at his feet and coughed.

'I am afraid, Rapson,' he said, 'that your friends are a baddish lot. Burglars, that is what they are, nothing more nor less. These are the proceeds of some big robbery they have carried out. We must find out if there was one anywhere in the district last year, and return the property; how are we going to carry it all? I know—why not carry all this away and hide it in another place? You know the cave where we cooked the rabbit one day?—well, there. We will do that and make inquiries about the robbery for a day or two; when we find the owners we will tell them, and bring them along, and then won't they be grateful?'

'And won't the two chaps be mad? Bates, this is all too splendid!'

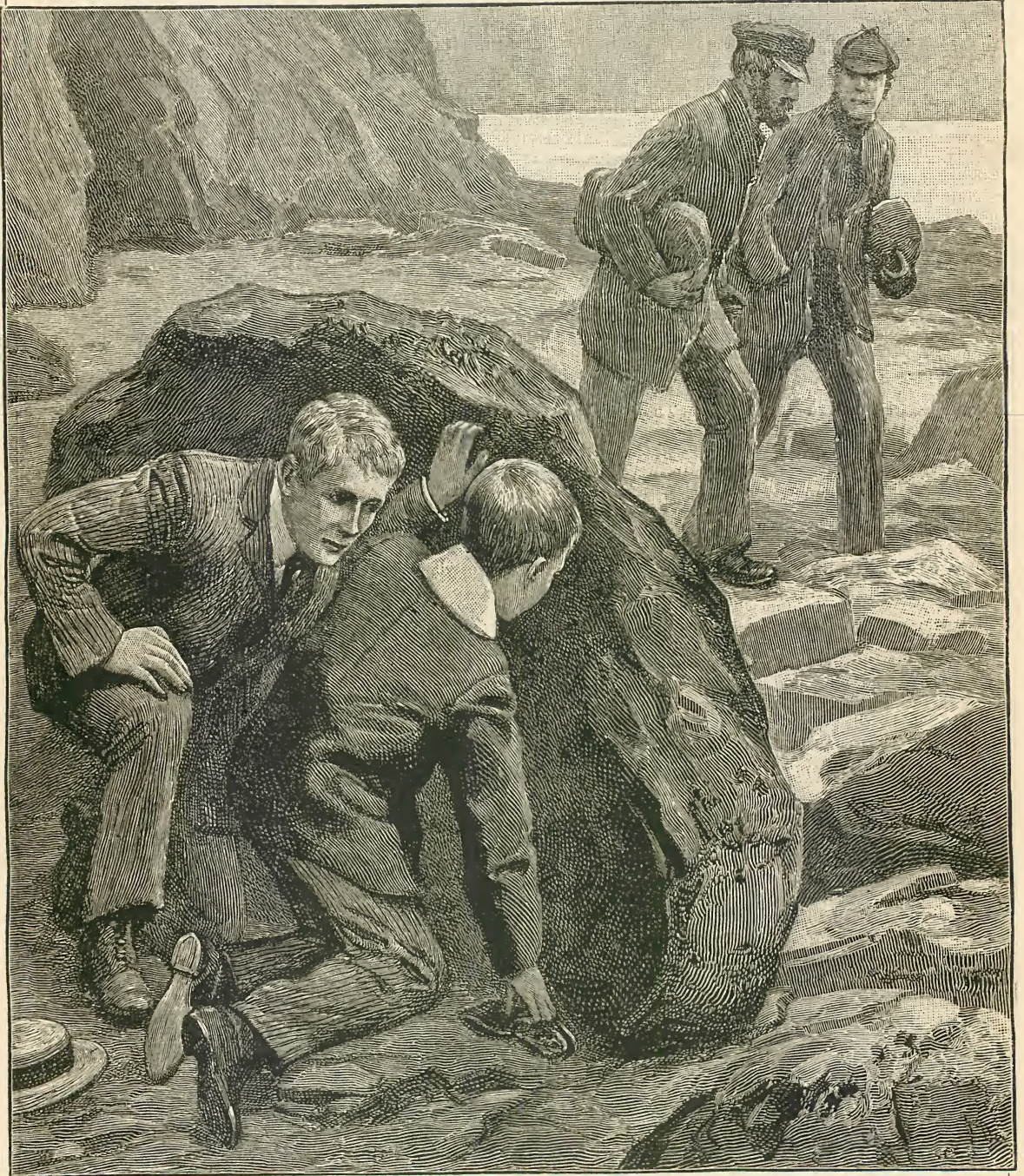
The two boys contrived to remove most of the property to their own cave, a quarter of a mile away. Then they returned home, bathing at the beach on the way, together with others, whom they found there similarly employed. And, with these blameless companions, the two culprits effected an innocent return to their own house.

A few hours later the Scowler re-appeared upon the island. His partner had gone to his work, or elsewhere, and Scowler determined to take this opportunity of stealing a march upon his friend. He would pocket a spoon or two for private melting purposes—they would not be missed.

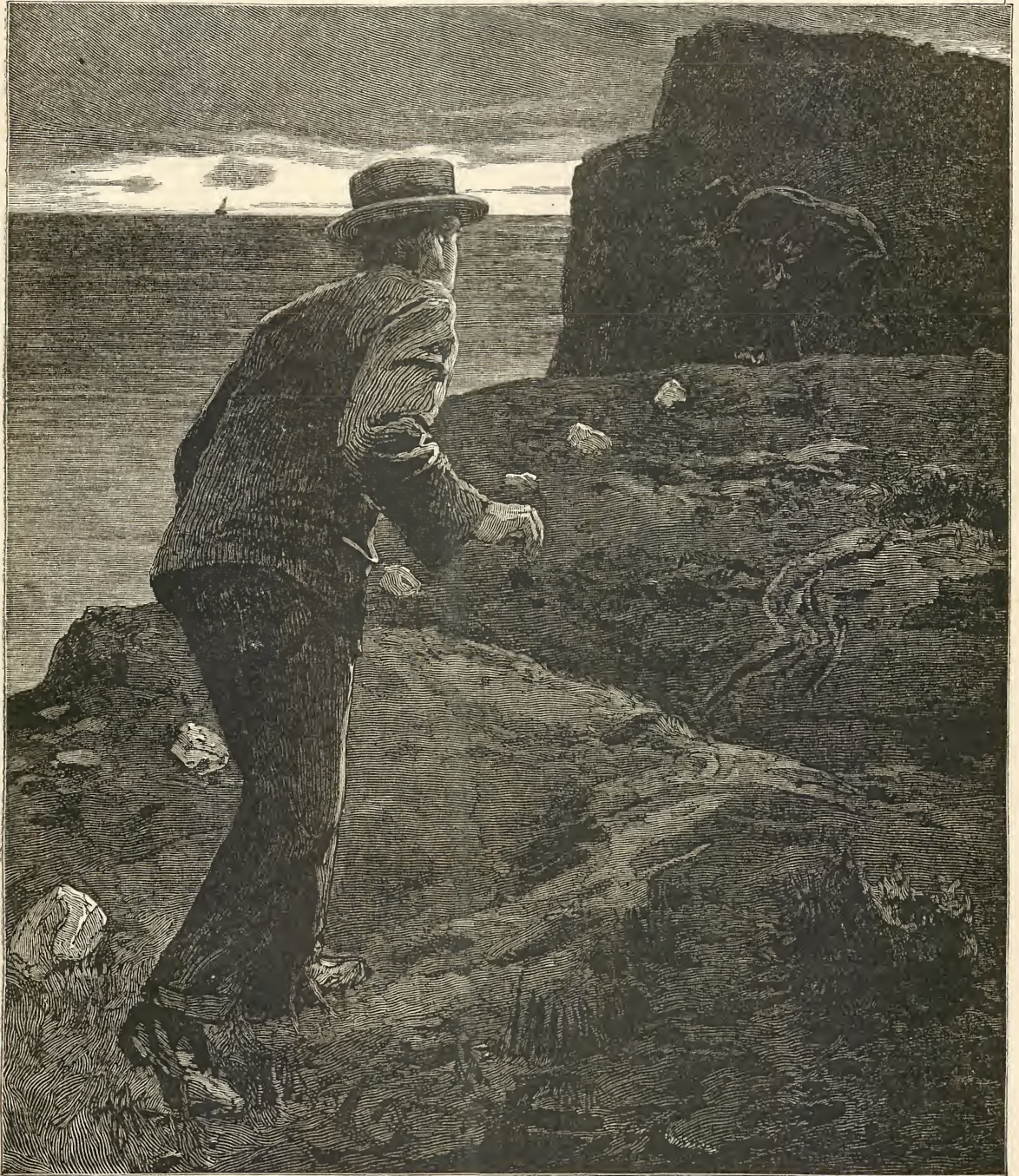
He came cautiously, for it was, of course, within the bounds of possibility that Bill might be engaged upon a similar enterprise, and he took care to assure himself that this was not the case before venturing near the cave. Having satisfied himself that all was well, he came out from his concealment and entered the treasure-cave.

It was well for Rapson, and even the older and more manly Bates, that they were not present when the Scowler came out of that cave a moment later, having made the discovery that his treasures were gone. Bill, the supposed offender, was the subject of his frenzied remarks, which boded no good for his faithful comrade.

(Continued at page 386.)



“ ‘Lie still!’ ”



"Some one was moving the white stones, altering the direction of the path."

THE COMPETITORS.

(Continued from page 383.)

CHAPTER XIII.



THIS day was a day of sensations in the district. In the first place news was brought by the postman that a burglary had been attempted at Kingsbridge, the post-town, and had been partially successful. It was an odd thing, he said, that it happened to be just a year ago that the Manor House, a couple of miles from Cubberby, along the shore, had been robbed. The police were examining a clue at Buxham, said the postman, and were thinking of arresting a man known to be a poacher and a bad character generally.

Secondly, people said that there had been a fight at the village inn at Cubberby. Two men had quarrelled, and murder had almost been committed, though the men had been separated before serious harm had been done to either. Both men were strangers in the village.

As to this quarrel you will guess that Mr. Scowler and his friend Bill were the two men concerned. Bill, upon entering the inn early in the afternoon, had been attacked and struck by his partner, who gave no reason for his violence. Separated and turned out of the public-house, the two men had gone down the road, still quarrelling, but not actually fighting. Bill with an ugly black eye and a gash on his cheek-bone. A little later, they were alone on the road outside the village, when suddenly the Scowler turned and hit Bill savagely on the side of the head, knocking him down. Then he gave him a ferocious kick on the ankle, and turned and walked towards the Ham, which led by the right of Cubberby village to the shore, and so to Buxham village.

Bill sat up and watched him across the Ham. When he had gone out of sight, Bill felt his ankle. The bone was not broken. He sat awhile and reflected. Apparently an idea occurred to him, for he suddenly turned and gazed towards the Ham, as though the thought of the cliff-walk had inspired him.

'Yes,' he muttered, 'that would do nicely. There is no other way he can come back.'

Bill rose to his feet and staggered away, groaning with pain. Every twenty yards or so he sat down and rested, nursing his ankle. It was late in the afternoon when he reached the Ham. He lay down behind a furze-bush and rested for an hour or two, until the Ham seemed to be deserted and it had begun to grow dusk. Then he rose from his sanctuary and began to busy himself in a mysterious manner.

* * * * *

The good people of the Manor House, a certain Colonel Rowland and his family, were kind friends of the Upton schoolboys, who were occasionally invited to parties or entertainments when anything

of the sort went on in the house. Colonel Rowland rarely missed a cricket match at the school field, and had been present at the one a few days ago. He had then invited Cherston and Ward—two special friends of his—to dinner on this particular evening, in order that they might witness afterwards a juvenile entertainment to be given by his children.

Pillsbury, coming late from an afternoon stroll, met the two boys, whom at this moment he disliked more than any one else, walking over the Ham towards the Manor House. They were conversing merrily as they passed, and wished him good night, a courtesy to which he made a sulky response.

Pillsbury was at this time almost beside himself, for he had realised that the end of the term was drawing very near, and that he had undoubtedly lost ground during the last month or two, while his rivals had as certainly gained immensely—Cherston, at any rate. The winning of one of the Kingley Scholarships was almost a vital matter to him now, for his Ladbroke Scholarship of fifty pounds a year would not go far to support him at Cambridge, and his mother, he knew, could afford little or nothing towards his maintenance there. Hence Pillsbury was almost desperate, and a desperate person is scarcely to be accounted sane. Despair, disappointed hope—hope which, until this term, had been almost certainty—had so warped his mind that one is inclined to make excuses for him which could scarcely be admitted in the case of a person in full possession of his healthy senses.

He walked along the Ham plunged in deep thought. He was daily losing hope of the scholarship, and of the career he had mapped out for himself after, and depending largely upon, a course at the University; that longed-for career would end with failure to obtain a Kingley Scholarship; his mother's heart would be broken, everything he had set his own upon would collapse—

Pillsbury brought up suddenly. 'Why,' he muttered, 'how near I am to the cliff-edge.' It was not more than half dark as yet, and Pillsbury observed to his surprise that the white stones which usually indicated the path at a safe twenty yards' distance from the cliff appeared this evening to be nearer the edge. He stood a moment to reflect. A form, indistinct in the dusk, was moving slowly about, busily employed, as it seemed, though Pillsbury could not see what he did. Pillsbury went cautiously and silently forward. Then he saw that some one—a lame man he appeared to be—was moving the white stones, altering the direction of the path. He had almost concluded his work, and Pillsbury saw, to his astonishment at first, then to his dismay, as he realised what had been done, that the fellow had so arranged the guiding stones that any one picking his way in the dark by their means would suddenly find himself falling headlong down the cliffs into the river far below.

Let us do Pillsbury justice. His first impulse was to go straight up to this man, to threaten, accuse, terrify him into replacing the stones as quickly as possible. Doubtless the rascal had quarrelled with some one, and wished to vent his spite by causing his enemy to break his bones. But suddenly two thoughts came into Pillsbury's mind.

The first was this: 'Cherston and Ward will be returning this way in two or three hours.' The second: 'This man's quarrel is no business of mine; I will not soil my fingers by stirring mud!'

Pillsbury took a wide bend to the right and walked homewards. His brain was whirling, his heart beating like a hammer; thoughts came into his head, but he refused them admission; others, darker ones, came surging up, and he welcomed them. In a word, evil had taken deep root in Pillsbury's mind. It was not the real Pillsbury who reached home presently, pale and haggard, and shut himself in his study. The real Pillsbury was at times a sufficiently mean and sneakish person, but not so wicked as this miserable, tormented individual, now sitting in his chair.

An hour passed—two hours: it was nine o'clock. Young Rapson came and knocked at Pillsbury's door. He wanted assistance in some passage of Cæsar too hard for him. Pillsbury was often good-natured in helping the juniors when in difficulties with their work.

Pillsbury opened the door, but did not admit the visitor. 'Go away, Rapson,' he muttered. 'I am ill—I cannot attend to you. Stop! Is it dark outside, Rapson?'

'Dark as the inside of a boiler,' replied Rapson. 'What's up, Pillsbury? Is anything the matter? You look awfully bad.'

'No; I am just tired, that is all,' said Pillsbury.

Rapson went away wondering. 'Pillsbury looks as if he had just woke up from a nightmare,' he told a friend.

'Is anything the matter, Pillsbury?' asked Mr. Anderson after prayers. The wretched boy had stopped behind as though to speak to him. 'You look ill.'

'I am, sir,' said Pillsbury, who stood with one hand on the table to support him. His body shook, and his words were scarcely intelligible for the trembling of his jaws.

'May I go out in the air, sir?' he added.

'Of course. Go into the quadrangle. It has been a stuffy day, and perhaps you have overworked yourself.'

'No, out on the Ham, I mean. Oh, let me go out on the Ham, sir!'

'Nonsense. Are you mad, Pillsbury? Go into the quadrangle for a minute by all means, and then get to bed quickly; it is bed you want, I expect.'

'But, please, sir——' Pillsbury began. He tottered and nearly fell. Mr. Anderson saw that he was really ill; he helped him upstairs to his cubicle and into bed, and sent the matron up to him.

When the matron came, she found Pillsbury raving; he had twisted up his sheet into a rope, and was busily fastening it to his bed-rail, which stood close under the window.

'I want to get out and go on the Ham, Mrs. Smith,' he said, half laughing, half crying. 'I must go; don't tell Mr. Anderson. No; do let me go. I will let myself down by the sheet. You don't know what an important engagement I may have there.'

'Mr. Pillsbury is pretty bad, sir,' Mrs. Smith reported presently. 'He wants to get out of bed

and go out. Had we not better put him in the hospital room?'

They did so. Pillsbury was inclined to be violent. He raved all night, crying out that he would lose his Kingley Scholarship if he were not allowed to go out.

When the doctor came next day he looked grave. 'A slight touch of brain fever,' he said; 'probably from over-work.'

* * * * *

Noel Cherston and Ward drove up to the school-house shortly after ten o'clock in high spirits. The entertainment at the Manor House had been very amusing; they had had a capital dinner, and 'Wasn't it good of the old Colonel?' said Ward. 'He actually sent us home in the wagonette!' 'What's going on up at the Ham?' Noel added. Half the village is up there with lanterns. There seems to be no end of a fuss over something.'

The windows looking out over the Ham were crowded with inquisitive boys. Lights moved hither and thither, and there was certainly, as Noel said, a crowd of people about.

Gradually, however, matters quieted down; apparently the crowd dispersed; one or two stragglers came past the dormitory windows.

'I say, what was it?—what was going on at the Ham?' asked a boy more bold than the rest.

'Oh, you may ask!' said the passer-by. 'Foul work, that's what has been going on. Two chaps quarrelled at the inn to-day, and during the evening one moved the guide-stones along the cliff so that the other might fall over when he came home at night. Well, he came along, and *did* fall over the cliff.'

'Stop a second,' cried a horrified voice. 'You don't mean to say the chap is killed, do you?'

'Not far from it; broken in three places, arm, leg, and ribs, and brain hurt as well.'

(Continued at page 394.)

PUNCTUALITY.

IF you desire to enjoy life, avoid unpunctual people. They impede business and poison pleasure. Make it your own rule to be not only punctual, but a little beforehand. Such a habit secures a composure which is essential to happiness. For lack of it, many people live in a constant fever, and put all about them in a fever too.

WONDERS OF LITTLE LIVES.

XII.—CLICK-BEETLES; CHURCHYARD BEETLES;
MEAL-WORMS.

THE Click-beetle, in its larval or caterpillar stage, at least, has won a very bad reputation. In this stage it is known to the farmer and gardener as the 'Wire-worm,' and by them is heartily detested. And naturally so, for by feeding only on the roots of plants it may reduce a flourishing crop to a withered mass in an incredibly short time, often laying waste whole acres of land. This power of mischief-making is increased by the fact



A—Wire-worm, Click-beetle, and Churchyard Beetle.

B—Meal-worm and Meal-worm Beetle.

that the larval life extends over some four or five years. At the end of this period the full-grown beetle makes its appearance above ground as a 'click-beetle' or 'skip-jack.' Both these names have their origin in the remarkable jumping powers which this insect in its final stage possesses. By a curious mechanism, too complicated to explain here, whenever the creature falls on its back, which it appears often to do, probably deliberately, it arches the body so that only the head and tail rest on the ground; then, with a sudden jerk, a big somersault is turned into the air. Should the little acrobat fall upon its back again, another spring is given, and this is repeated till at last it alights upon its feet. During this jumping process, a curious clicking sound is made, and hence the name of 'click-beetle.' The name 'skip-jack' also obviously refers to the jumping powers.

If rooks, starlings, and peewits or lapwings were not so much persecuted, there would be fewer cases of the wholesale destruction by wire-worms, since these birds feed greedily on this pest.

The 'Churchyard' Beetle is a member of an enormous family—numbering some five thousand different kinds or species! Only a very few, however, occur in our islands, and of these the 'churchyard' is one of the most remarkable. This uncanny title it has gained from the strange preference it seems to show for grave-yards; and for such a

dwelling-place its gloomy garb of black seems to be in perfect harmony. It is, however, a rare beetle. Other closely related beetles found in this country are known as 'cellar beetles,' and are much more common. Some other members of this huge family are remarkable for the extreme hardness of their bodies; and it is further related of a Mexican species that one of them was worn by a lady on her shoulder, secured by a gold chain round its middle. During the twelve months that it was in her possession it never once tasted food, and yet at the end of that time seemed perfectly well! The fire-flies of the West Indies and America are other and more illustrious members of this family.

Another very close relative of the churchyard beetle is the Meal-worm Beetle, so called from its larval stage, which is the familiar meal-worm. Held in the highest esteem by the bird-fancier, it is strongly disliked by the baker and miller, for it seems to flock in enormous numbers wherever flour or biscuits abound. Either in the one or the other this pest has been carried to almost every country in the world.

Many members of the great family to which the Churchyard or Darkling beetle, and the meal-worm beetle belong are quite flightless, and the outer wing-cases, or elytra, as they are called, have in consequence become welded together to form a single shield.



“‘I die an honest man, fighting for my king and country.’”

Meal-worms are eagerly purchased by those who keep insect-eating birds or reptiles. Probably few who purchase these creatures realise, however, that they are larval beetles. Like the silk-worm, the caddis-worm, and the wire-worm, the meal-worm is better known in its larval than in its adult condition. As a matter of fact, of course, the term

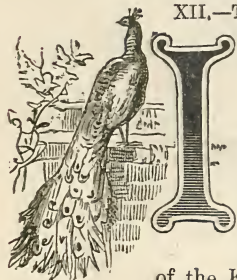
‘worm’ is a misnomer. The true worm belongs to a totally different group of creatures. Worms have no legs nor biting jaws, and breathe either by gills—when they live in water—or through the skin, when this is sufficiently delicate, as in the case of land-worms.

W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., A.L.S.

'WITHOUT FEAR AND WITHOUT REPROACH.'

Tales of the famous Knight, Bayard.

XII.—THE DEATH OF BAYARD.



IN the year 1524, the French army under Admiral Bonnivet was besieging Milan, then held by the Spaniards and their Italian partisans. One of the chief French generals, the Duke of Bourbon, had recently gone over to the enemy, and Bonnivet was a favourite of the King's, who had been put in command without any particular reason. He was apparently not on very good terms with Bayard, and after establishing himself at a village called Biagrassa, some way from Milan, sent the good knight on as a sort of outpost to a little place named Rebecco, close to Milan. Rebecco had no fortifications of any sort, and no walls or ditches. But it lay on one of the main roads to Milan, and Bonnivet wished Bayard to cut off the enemy's supplies in that direction. Unfortunately he only gave him a small force with which to do this—two hundred gentlemen-at-arms and two thousand infantry belonging to the Lord de Lorges.

Bayard saw that it would be impossible to hold Rebecco with such a small force, and he pointed out to the commander-in-chief that the village was quite unfortified. But Bonnivet would listen to no reason, and Bayard, who never in his life had murmured at his orders, obeyed with no more protests; but he set out for Rebecco very sorrowfully, knowing that he might never return.

Bonnivet promised to send reinforcements soon, and Bayard, on arriving at Rebecco, saw that he would need every man he could get. Unhappily, the Spanish general in Milan also knew the weakness of the position, and by means of his spies had found out how scanty Bayard's forces were. He resolved to attack at once, before reinforcements could arrive; and only a few days after Bayard's arrival at the village, the attack was made.

Bayard had himself kept watch at night with his men for the first two nights of his stay at Rebecco; but he had got no sleep at other times, and on this third night was completely worn out. He went to his house, and when the Spaniards attacked was fast asleep. Three of his captains had been ordered to mount guard in his stead, but for some reason they neglected their duty, and left only a few archers to act as sentinels. Six or seven thousand Spanish infantry, with five hundred men-at-arms, were thus enabled to creep right up to the defences of the village without being discovered. When at last the French archers did become aware of the enemy's approach they fled hastily, crying 'Alarm! Alarm!'

Bayard was sleeping when the cries awoke him. He leapt up and hurried out at once, for he had not dared take off his armour while in a position of such danger. He reached the chief barrier in the main

street of Rebecco, and in a little while was fighting desperately by the side of those of his comrades who had come up about the same time. But before long he saw that it would be quite impossible to hold the village, and, most of his men having by this time assembled near him, he told his friend De Lorges what ought to be done.

'Friend,' he said, 'we cannot resist here much longer; we must leave our baggage to the enemy and retire along the road to Biagrassa. Take your men and withdraw, while I and my gentlemen-at-arms cover your retreat. We will fall back slowly after you.'

De Lorges disliked leaving his comrade thus, but there was no help for it. He withdrew, and with his men reached Biagrassa. Bayard also reached headquarters there in safety; but Bonnivet was so alarmed at the Spaniards' advance that he determined on a general retreat. Bayard was once more told off to act as rear-guard while the main army withdrew.

The Spaniards followed up their success quickly, and Bayard found that he was to have no rest from fighting. For over two hours he gave way slowly, engaging the enemy in a fierce hand-to-hand fight all the time. Then the Spaniards brought up some arquebusiers, whose clumsy guns threw great stones from a distance beyond the reach of Bayard's gallant swordsmen. At almost the first volley one of the stones hit Bayard in the back, fracturing his spine. He staggered and fell forward on his horse with a cry of, 'I am slain!' Then he recovered himself with a great effort, and breathed a prayer to Heaven, knowing that he was near death. He sat boldly upright, holding on to his saddle-bow, until one of his squires helped him from his horse and supported him till he reached a tree by the roadside, where he lay propped up against the trunk.

The French were dismayed at the fall of their great leader. But Bayard never lost his courage or let them be thrown into disorder. He had himself turned towards the enemy. 'It is the will of Heaven that I should die,' he said, 'and not even in the last moment of my life will I turn my back on a foe. Let the men charge,' he added to his lieutenant, 'and then they may leave me. It does not matter if I am made prisoner, for I have not long to be a captive on earth. But you must save yourselves. Charge, and leave me here. Tell my lord the King that I die in his service, and that my only sorrow is that I cannot serve him longer.'

The French charged, and then, with the greatest reluctance, left Bayard where he was. It was impossible to move him because of his injuries. Soon the Spanish commander, the Marquis of Pescara, came up.

'My lord Bayard,' he said, when he saw the fearless knight, 'I would rather you had escaped than this. Ever since I have borne arms, I have never seen your peer.'

He summoned a doctor, and everything possible was done for Bayard. But it was clear that he could not live; and all the famous knights on the Spanish side came to bid him farewell. Among them came the Constable of Bourbon, who had deserted France for Spain.

'Bayard, I pity you with all my heart,' he said. 'I honoured you above all the chivalry of France.'

'I thank you, my lord,' answered Bayard proudly. 'I do not need your pity; I die an honest man, fighting for my king and country. It is you who need pity, for you fight against your king and against your own honour.'

A little after this he died, in the midst of a last prayer.

Thus perished the great knight Bayard, whose name has become a proverb for courage and honour. He was but forty-eight when he died, but never in his life had he been false to the name he had won—'the knight without fear and without reproach.' If in these days we do not all get a chance to fight as he did, we have other battles to go through; and we shall have done well if we come out of them with a name no less honourable than Bayard's.

PEMAZANG, THE HILL-ROBBER.



TIBET is a very difficult country for travellers. Dry and infertile plains alternate with immense barren rocks and snow-clad mountains; and, whilst in the valleys the sun is so fierce that sunstroke is an ever-present danger, on the mountain passes the cold is most intense, the thermometer falling often as low as twenty-three de-

grees below zero. This country, wild and inhospitable as it appears to European eyes, has yet a large population, living for the most part in small villages of rudely built stone houses. These houses, however roughly they may be put together, are nearly always painted with broad, perpendicular stripes of red and blue—these being the favourite Tibetan colours.

The mountains of Sakya, some two hundred miles or so to the north of Sikkim, are noted for harbouring a sturdy race of robbers, who make it their practice to slip down into the richer villages of the plains and take anything they can lay their hands upon. So cunning and fleet of foot are these Sakya hillmen that, though their raids are of frequent occurrence, it is very seldom that one of the robbers is captured, and the valley peasants live in daily dread of their hill-neighbours.

One of these—Pemazang by name—left his red-and-blue house one March morning at earliest dawn and skipped quickly down the mountain-side—a very picturesque figure, in gay slippers, loose white tunic, tied in at the waist with a twisted silk sash, in which was fastened his short (but very sharp) dagger, whilst over his long black hair he wore a skull-cap of dark-blue cloth, embroidered with seed pearls.

He reached the village just as the sun was rising, and Pemazang, well hidden amongst some bushy

shrubs, kept a watchful eye on the various households as they set about their daily tasks.

The men led out their yaks to plough the fields, the yokes of the great clumsy animals being decorated with red, yellow, blue, and green hair tassels, making a fine blaze of colour with their collars of coloured wool and cowries.

The women meanwhile were busy in their court-yards with milking and churning, so that the houses one and all were deserted.

Now was Pemazang's opportunity. He crept out from amongst the bushes, and made rapidly for the particular house he had chosen out as most likely to repay a visit.

The reason he had fixed upon this house was that something in the style of its decoration made him know that a wedding was shortly to take place there.

'Where there is a wedding, there is food,' sagely said Pemazang to himself, as he crept softly to the open door.

No one was about, and there, hanging just by the door, was a young gazelle, destined to be the chief dish of the marriage feast.

Pemazang caught hold of the pretty little animal and threw it across his shoulder, quickly returning by the same way he had come. This time, however, fortune was not to favour him, for just as he was crossing the street a woman caught sight of him, and called out shrilly to a man ploughing below:

'Kushto! Kushto! Quick! Yonder shameless hillman has thy gazelle!'

Kushto looked round, and saw Pemazang escaping up the mountain-side; he dashed after him, but the hillman had a good start, and was, besides, fleetier of foot than Kushto and more accustomed to climbing.

But Pemazang had the heavy gazelle on his back, and this gave the villager his chance of catching him up. Both men were, however, determined not to be beaten, and the chase went on, Kushto gaining bit by bit, though he foolishly used his scanty breath in shouting out threats from time to time, till at last the climbing became so steep and perilous that he had perforce to be silent, having no breath to spare.

Now Pemazang had come to a spot where the rock bulged outwards, and a very awkward spot it was for a man with a load on his back, though without that he could have crept by with snake-like rapidity. However, he must make the attempt, and, with a spring, he got round the corner and found himself in safety, with one hand grasping some scanty bushes and his slipped foot firmly planted on a flat sloping boulder.

He was safe; but his prey, for which he had risked so much, had been jerked off his back, partly by the spring and partly by the overhanging rock, and was now falling into the river, hundreds of feet below.

Pemazang stretched out his right hand to catch the gazelle, but was too late; and just at that moment a heavy dust-cloud—common enough in Tibet, swept up from the valley, and, blowing straight at Pemazang, fairly blinded him.

He stood helpless, not daring to move a step lest he should be dashed to pieces over the precipice; and so he became an easy prey to Kushto, who now



"His prey was falling into the river, hundreds of feet below."

came up, and, having had his back to the storm, was uninjured.

Quick as thought, the villager bound Pemazang's hands behind him with his sash, then, taking the dagger from Pemazang, he further utilised the hill-man's sash to bind his feet, and then left him on the hillside, utterly helpless.

When Kushto reached his valley home he told his comrades what had occurred, and they brought down Pemazang, who spent the next six months in a Tibetan jail, heavily chained, and wearing round his neck the dreaded 'cangue', or wooden collar, an instrument of punishment which the Tibetans have borrowed from the Chinese.

S. CLARENDON.



"Noel found Mrs. Pillsbury sitting in the ante-room."

THE COMPETITORS.

(Continued from page 387.)

CHAPTER XIV.



THINK, Rapson,' said Bates on the morning after the accident to the Scowler had been reported, 'that it is about time we came in. That smashed-up rascal is evidently the Scowler or the other fellow; we shall have to identify both him and Bill. First of all we had better tell the Manor House people we may have found some of their goods.'

The two boys walked over to the big house on the cliffs during the afternoon and told their story. The Colonel was immensely interested, not only on account of the prospect of recovering some of his own property, but also as a magistrate. The matter was, he said, of the greatest importance to the district. Fortunately, one of the two rascals connected with yesterday's tragedy on the Ham—in all probability one of their friends of the island—was in safe custody in Buxham Cottage Hospital, and likely to be there for some time; but the other had for the present escaped. 'You will be required to identify him if arrested,' he said. 'Do you think you would know him again?'

'Know him, sir?' Bates laughed, 'I should think so; they certainly looked the two most villainous chaps I have ever seen in my life—no chance of mistaking men with faces like that!'

There was, as it happened, no difficulty in finding Bill. Terrified by the consequences of his deed, and half mad with remorse, he was found hiding on the island when the two boys led the police to the cave where the treasure was hidden.

Since the Scowler and Bill now pass for ever out of the pages of this history, it may be as well to mention here that Mr. Scowler recovered. Both the men were duly sentenced to long terms of imprisonment.

Meanwhile, Pillsbury was very ill indeed. His mother came to Upton to look after him. From the respect and sympathy paid to her by both boys and masters, Mrs. Pillsbury gathered that her son was a popular character. Perhaps he had given her to understand that this was the case, and indeed there had been a moment, about the time of the Ladbrooke Scholarship, when this would have been no more than the truth. At any rate, it made her very happy to believe that it was as she was persuaded.

Pillsbury's illness went slowly through its course. When the fever was upon him he was restless and miserable and seemed to have something on his mind; but when free of fever he would lie morose and miserable, saying little, desiring only to be left in peace.

When in delirium he spoke mostly of matters connected with the Kingley Scholarships; of the Marks Committee, of the chances of various candidates, of many things which his mother did not in the least understand.

Mrs. Pillsbury grew somewhat worn out with constant watching by his bedside, and it occurred to several of the senior boys to suggest that they should take turns in sitting with the patient, both by night and day.

The boys drew lots for the order in which they should take duty. It so happened that Bates was the first on the list of watchers.

Pillsbury seemed glad to see him. He lay and stared for awhile. 'You are Bates, are you not?' he murmured suddenly. Bates admitted it.

'Tell me about—about some of the boys,' he said. 'Is every one quite well and all right?'

'I think so. Tell me whom you wish to know about specially?'

'The seniors—Drake—Elliot—Cherston—'

'Oh, Cherston! I forgot you had not heard things. You haven't heard about Cherston, then; he—'

To his horror, Bates, glancing up at Pillsbury, observed that the sick boy had grown ghastly pale, that he tried to speak and could not; his hand shook as he reached for his glass of water.

Frightened and wondering, Bates gave him the glass; Pillsbury drank a little.

'I felt faint,' he said, 'it's all right. What—what were you saying—something about Cherston; he—he isn't ill, I hope?'

'Oh, no!'

'Not—not had an accident, has he?'

'Great Cæsar, no!' He has got his colours for the Public Schools Eleven—that is what I was going to say.'

The colour came back to Pillsbury's cheeks; he closed his eyes and remained silent for a long while.

'I—I was afraid you were going to say he had fallen over the cliff,' he said at last. 'My mother said some one had fallen over, and I dared not ask her who it was.'

'Oh,' Bates laughed, 'that wasn't one of our chaps! You know the two fellows I mentioned, that Rapson and I saw in the cave; well, it was one of those. His friend had been offended by him—he knocked a hole in his head, or something of that kind, so the friend tried to put things straight by altering the guide-stones on the top of the Ham and got him to walk over the edge of the cliff.'

It was some time again before Pillsbury spoke. At last he murmured, 'You don't know how glad I am to hear it was not Cherston.'

'I am sorry I gave you a fright,' laughed Bates in his good-humoured way. 'I had no idea you were anxious about Cherston; I don't see now why you should have been.'

Noel came in the evening. Pillsbury was somewhat flushed with the excitement of the expected meeting. He held out a thin, hot hand, which Cherston took with some emotion.

'It's awfully kind of you to come, Cherston, you and all the others; perhaps, especially you, because—because we have sometimes not been the best of friends.'

'Oh, I have forgotten all that, Pillsbury,' said Noel. 'You must forgive and forget, too; I have often been hasty and ungently with you—let's begin again with a clean slate.'

'How I wish one could! We may rub out things

and they seem to disappear; but I suppose the record remains plainly written somewhere.'

'I don't think we need bother about that, Pillsbury,' said Noel.

It was an hour later when Pillsbury, having dozed or rested between whiles, suddenly surprised his companion by saying: 'Cherston, there is something I want to say; I long to say it, but I dare not; just a minute ago I had quite made up my mind to speak, and now again I am afraid.'

'I would not bother about it, old chap,' replied Noel, much moved.

'I ought to say it, and—and perhaps I will, some time.'

'Is it something you have done to me and that I don't know of? If so, don't worry about it; I shall consider the thing as good as told.'

'No, it isn't the same thing. I wish I had your pluck, Cherston, I should speak out at once; but I never had, you know; I am a bit of a coward and always have been.'

Noel was too honest to deny this, for he was well aware that Pillsbury merely expressed a truth which he had observed many a time.

'As far as I am concerned, I would honestly rather not know,' he said. Pillsbury stared in Noel's face for half an hour, and then fell asleep. He was restless, however, and in the middle of the night he startled Noel more than once by talking—almost shouting—in his sleep.

On the first occasion he seemed to be addressing his house-master, Mr Anderson, for he cried out repeatedly, 'Oh, sir, let me go out upon the Ham; I must go, sir, I must indeed—it is a matter of life and death!' And again: 'Cherston and Ward, sir, they are coming over the Ham—they must be warned—let me go, sir!'

This delirious raving startled Noel very much. Furthermore, it caused him to think deeply, and to look very grave and sorrowful.

Pillsbury spoke again presently. 'Rapson, there are two of our fellows about to fall over the cliffs, and you ask me to stop and translate Caesar for you. Can't you see that it is unreasonable? I must go to the Ham at once, otherwise I am a murderer.'

After an hour or two, Pillsbury's fever abated and he slept quietly. Noel sat pale and thoughtful and motionless; the hours passed, but he took no notice of their passing. Day broke, and the sun rose in summer splendour. A few birds sang in the little garden without.

'Poor Pillsbury!' thought Noel, as he went about the business of the hour; 'it was true, then. What the poor chap must have suffered that evening!'

Noel was not in the least indignant; indeed, he did not regard the matter at all from his own point of view, but only from Pillsbury's. This was characteristic of Noel.

When Noel came the second time to take his turn sitting with Pillsbury, he found Mrs. Pillsbury sitting in the ante-room.

'You have all been so kind,' she said, 'I shall never be sufficiently grateful. I mean to take my proper place at his bedside now, so I shall not require to ask you to spend your time here. But do sit down and talk to me a little. Do I speak to a

member of the committee of boys who assist the head master in awarding marks to the Kingley competitors?'

'No, I am not a member,' said Noel.

'Then I may speak to you. Poor Gerald has been so worrying all the morning; he is to go home, you know, with me as soon as he can be moved. He is so dreadfully afraid that his absence for the rest of the term may seriously injure his chances of a scholarship, which is a matter of vital importance to the poor boy. I do not think that, in fairness, this would be the case, but perhaps you would say a word for him among the boys. Mr. Kingley assures me that so far as the masters are concerned, Gerald's illness will make no difference.'

'Yes, I will do what I can,' said Noel, after a pause. He left the room somewhat puzzled. In the first place, he had greatly wished to see Pillsbury again in order to hear the confession which he felt certain the sick youth wished to make. Now Pillsbury would leave the place with his confession still unmade. In addition, he had undertaken to do his best that Pillsbury might be awarded a prize which he certainly did not deserve. 'However,' Noel reflected, 'that can't hurt any one but myself, so it does not matter so much as it would otherwise!'

He spoke to several members of the Marks Committee upon the subject. In spite of his illness, Pillsbury, he found, was at present a most unpopular person. As a matter of fact, though it had taken Upton some time to find Pillsbury out, the boys had at last formed a fairly correct estimate of his character.

'My dear chap,' one or two replied to Noel, 'don't bother about Pillsbury; his illness will probably do him more good than harm.'

'I am glad,' said Noel.

'Do you know why? I will tell you: because it keeps him from going about saying and doing sneaky things. Pillsbury's day is over. He is found out.'

'This scholarship is frightfully important to him,' murmured Noel, making a last desperate effort for his rival, in defiance of his conscience, which counselled otherwise.

'That has got nothing to do with it. I should like one too,' laughed the committee-man, 'but nobody is going to award it to me for that reason.'

(Concluded at page 406.)

A TOWN TAKEN BY NUTS.

THE following peculiar device is told of the Spanish general, Porto Carrero, who wished to surprise Amiens. He had been informed that the look-out was greatly neglected. He placed upon the way sentinels, who had orders to arrest anybody going towards the town, and approached it under cover of darkness with five hundred picked men, who hid themselves in the ruined houses and behind the hedges. Then he sent in advance thirty Spaniards dressed like men and women peasants, some carrying baskets and others with carts filled with fruit.



A Town taken by Nuts.

They presented themselves at the gate, which was guarded by townsmen, and, arriving beneath the portcullis, one of them purposely let fall a sack of nuts, which burst, so that the contents were scattered upon the ground. The townspeople ran to pick up the nuts, and the Spaniards, drawing forth their arms, which were hidden in their clothes, made use of their disorder to kill them. Porto

Carrero hastened forward with his troops, and as the carts under the portcullis prevented it from falling too far, he penetrated without difficulty into the city, and took possession of it almost bloodlessly.

For a long time afterwards, if a man wished to put an inhabitant of Amiens in a bad temper, he had only to ask what was the price of nuts.

W. YARWOOD.



“The yacht kept steadily on her course.”

A PERILOUS VOYAGE.

IF I dare him to do it, he will, sure enough, and why shouldn't I?' This muttered speech came from the lips of Gerald Fisherton, a lad of about fourteen years of age, who, until the previous year, had been the leader of Wellborough Grammar School.

Now his place was usurped, without any apparent effort, by Harry Northcote, a fact which caused Gerald many a jealous heart-burning.

Harry was a bright, handsome lad of Gerald's own age, foremost both in sports and lessons, and moreover in any act of fun and daring. Full well he knew of Gerald's feelings towards himself, but so

brimful of good nature was he, that he tried over and over again, by various acts of kindness, to win his school-fellow's goodwill. But so far his efforts had proved in vain.

Harry was the only son of indulgent parents, and owing to their insufficient curb during his early childhood, he was wont at times to get into sad trouble through self-will.

Indeed, so frequent had been his disregard of rules, that a severe punishment was threatened for his very next offence.

'So much the better,' said Gerald to himself, as this thought occurred to him. 'I shall stand a chance for the scholarship then, where I have not a ghost of one now.'

At this moment Gerald chanced to see his rival talking with a group of other lads. Acting on a sudden impulse, he called him by name.

'Well, what is it?' said Harry, coming near.

'I have been thinking of what you said yesterday, about being able to manage old Jack Hassell's boat, and I am sure it is all talk.'

Harry's eyes flashed at the scornful words. 'I only wish,' said he, 'I had the chance of proving it. If it were not that I had a wretched imposition on hand, which will take up the whole half-holiday, I would soon show you what sort of sailor I am.'

'You are not always so particular about doing as you are told,' argued the tempter; 'it's just an excuse, that's all.'

'Is it though?' said Harry, in a tone which argued ill for the performance of his duty; 'we shall see,' and with these words the boys parted.

At three o'clock, that self-same afternoon, Harry was afloat in a small rowing-boat, which he had taken during the temporary absence of its owner, Jack Hassell, well knowing that it was contrary to all rules. Despite the exhilaration which he felt in being out on the sea, he could not quite stifle down the voice of conscience. At length, after about a pull of forty minutes, he decided to turn the boat, and make for shore. But, to his consternation, he found that a strong current was running, and that he could not make the slightest headway.

For some time he pulled hard, realising that it was getting late, but all his efforts were fruitless.

Presently he saw a yacht making its way to the harbour. This he signalled to by waving a handkerchief, but he was either misunderstood or unheeded, for she kept steadily on her course, and his rising hopes were utterly quenched.

At last, worn out with his efforts to pull the boat shorewards, he decided to let her drift. And so the hours passed on, until the darkness came, and with it, well-nigh despair.

At Wellborough Grammar School, a feeling of consternation reigned. The absence of Harry, which at first had occasioned only anger and vexation on the part of his master, had now given rise to anxiety. It was discovered that Jack Hassell's boat was missing, and, putting two and two together, the head master, Dr. Winscombe, concluded that Harry had gone out in her by himself.

Search parties were sent out, returning at dawn, after a night of fruitless toil. Sorrow and dread hung over the whole school, and as for Gerald Fisherton, he was in an agony of grief and remorse. He thought of the many kindnesses Harry had shown him, and of his unfailing good humour, until he could bear his guilty conscience no longer. Seeking out Dr. Winscombe, he confessed that he had dared Harry to commit this act of wilful disobedience, and his reasons for doing so. The Doctor, seeing the lad's great distress of mind, forbore to say much, believing that the trouble which had resulted from his conduct was sufficient punishment.

And Harry, what of him in the meantime? His first night at sea passed drearily enough. For

some hours he slept for very exhaustion, but when the soft May dawn was tinting the eastern skies, he sat up and looked round, scanning the seas for a vessel of some kind. None was in sight.

Hunger and thirst were now added to his miseries, and for the first time in his young life his spirits utterly failed him.

'I brought it all upon myself,' he said, drearily. 'If I could only have my time over again, how different I would be!' Never had life, with its rich and glowing possibilities, seemed so precious to him as now. A prayer went up from his lips, after which hope came back into his heart. But, alas! the hours crept on, bringing no deliverance; rather his peril was increased by the water which broke over his frail craft.

Towards the afternoon the sea grew calmer, and Harry, feeling spent and weary, lay down and slept awhile. He was roused by a sound which fell like music on his ears, the throbbing of a ship's engines. He sat up, and mustering all his strength, he shouted and signalled for help. This time his efforts were not in vain. In a few minutes a large steamer was alongside, and Harry's perilous voyage was ended.

* * * * *

'Can you forgive me, old chap? I shall never forgive myself.'

This speech came from Gerald Fisherton upon the day after Harry's safe return to school.

'Forgive you?—why, yes,' said Harry, taking the hand which was outstretched. 'Just as freely as the Doctor has forgiven me,' went on the boy. 'He's a brick, Gerald, that's what he is, and I never knew it before.'

'And so are you,' said Gerald, in a low tone of voice, as he turned away to hide a suspicious moisture which threatened to dim his sight.

M. I. HURRELL.

SAVED BY A SNOWBALL.



—o—
N a winter's day, some years ago, there was great excitement in a village of the State of Maine, for its inhabitants were fighting fire. The north wind was blowing a hurricane. Much

damage had already been done, and the entire village was in danger.

The school and an adjoining house had been destroyed, and fears were entertained for the church. This stood in a direct line with the fire, but it was hoped that the extensive village green might save it. But if a flying spark were carried towards it, it might well be destroyed. The exposed walls and roof were deluged with water, while hundreds of anxious eyes watched the flying fragments and cinders.

The thing dreaded came to pass. A live cinder, whirling across the green, was carried by a strong current of air, and held against a clap-board of the

steeple until the dry wood ignited, sending up a column of smoke.

A groan burst from the spectators. They had no ladder long enough to reach the steeple, and their church was apparently doomed.

From the blackened hole made by the cinder burst forth a red tongue of flame—then something whizzed up from among the crowd. It was a snowball—big and damp—and it put out the blaze as one snuffs out a candle. That snowball saved the church.

E. D.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

True Tales of the Year 1804.

XII.—SOME QUEER CHARACTERS OF 1804.

TWO celebrated giants became notable in 1804, both Irishmen. One, Fin MacCoul, was generally known simply as 'the Irish giant.' He was seven feet ten inches in height, and was besides big in every other way, being broad, muscular, and well-proportioned. At his death, the coffin and his body together weighed fifty-two stone, and took thirty men to carry it, who were relieved at intervals. He married, oddly enough, a very small woman. He died in 1804, aged fifty-four.

The other Irish giant, named O'Brien, was bigger than Fin MacCoul, being nine feet in height. He was exhibited for some time in 1804 at the Haymarket, London. His great height, however, seemed to have been given him at the expense of the rest of his body, for he was very weak in the legs, being bony rather than muscular. His brain, too, was weak.

Another odd character of 1804 was Samuel Stretch, a miser who died that year, aged seventy-two. He lived at Market Drayton, and used to carry notes and run errands for his neighbours. He was always dressed meanly in the same old ragged clothes—a slouched hat and torn coat, with a shabby bag slung over his shoulder. This bag contained old bones, bits of leather and pieces of paper which he picked up in his wanderings. It also held a few little sprigs of parsley, plucked from his garden; these he used to present to those who had dealings with him. He was so miserly that at his death there was still a good part left of a load of coals which he had bought fifteen years before. He had got together some fine pieces of silver plate, and in spite of a loss of five hundred pounds some years before the end of his life, he left a good sum to be divided after his death. To his relations he bequeathed only half a crown each; the rest of his money he disposed of charitably. Some was left to buy a new bell for Madeley church, to be rung at nine o'clock every night in summer, and eight in winter; a salary was provided for a bell-ringer, and five pounds a year each was given to the organists of Madeley and Market Drayton churches. Madeley alms-houses received a bequest, and money was also left to provide for the bringing up of two poor children until they were old enough to be apprenticed to a trade. His miserliness was not altogether selfish, and his niggardly habits in his lifetime bore good fruit after his death.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

63.—SQUARED WORDS.

- 1.—To beat, to mix into a mass.
A woman's name.
Watery particles frozen.
A bird of prey.
- 2.—To level with the ground.
Grown old.
Beheld.
A girl's name.
- 3.—The reverse of cold.
Bodily comfort.
A quarter of the globe.
A water-fowl.
- 4.—Vainly worshipped.
A round roof.
A sign.
Not a gift.

C. J. B.

Answers at page 411.]

ANSWERS.

- 62.—(A.) The river Dove, where Izaak Walton fished.
(B.) Alder-shot.
(C.) Cash-mere.

ATTACK IS THE BEST DEFENCE.

WE might think, while watching the movements of many of the smaller birds, that they are not watchful enough against the birds of prey which so often swoop down upon them. Sometimes they have wonderful escapes from their enemies, by artfulness, by speed of wing, or perhaps by the united efforts of a party.

Not long ago a number of starlings had been feeding together along a stubble-field, when something made them glance up, and they saw a large hawk preparing to dart down upon them. Instantly they formed into a compact body, and mounting up into the air above the hawk, descended upon him and brought him to the earth. He rose, but the starlings again assailed him, and at last he went off disappointed.

When a sparrow-hawk is visiting some neighbourhood, the birds, in some way we do not yet understand, manage to give warning to each other. The enemy is an impudent, daring bird, but the common sparrow often succeeds in eluding its attacks. Sparrows assemble by dozens and scores if a hawk appears, and fly round it in circles, with loud and angry twitterings, till their enemy is so confused that it retreats. Bolder still, the swift-winged swallows sometimes fly upon a hawk and buffet it till it retires.

To escape from a hawk, a terrified bird has been known to dash through a window-pane, and take refuge in a room, or cling to the dress of some person who happened to be passing near. A bird has also been seen to plunge under water in its terror.

A peculiarity of one kind of hawk, the ger-falcon, is that if it misses the prey at the first stroke, it does not try again immediately, but sits on a tree and sulks.

J. R. S. C.



A Hawk attacked by Starlings.



“Elsie stirred the contents with much deliberation.”

ELSIE'S TWO WISHES.



ELSIE, Elsie, come and have your stir in the Christmas pudding!

'Coming,' replied Elsie, and at that moment a pretty fair-haired little girl of about ten years of age entered the kitchen. The whole family were assembled there, from Grand-

father and Grandmother down to Freddie, the baby of a year old.

'Has Bob stirred yet?' asked Elsie.

'Yes, I have just had my turn,' answered a bright-looking boy of about eighteen. 'You go now, Elsie, stir three times, and wish once for each stir,' he said.

Elsie took the great wooden spoon in her little hand, and stirred the contents of a large bowl on the kitchen table with much deliberation.

It was evident that she had carefully thought over her wishes beforehand. Directly she had finished stirring she slipped back to Bob's side.

'Bob, did you wish about——?'

'Hush!' said Bob, 'we must not say what we wish, or else it won't come true.'

'I can guess what you wished, and I wished the same, Bob, so it is sure to come true,' said Elsie.

Bob squeezed her hand but said nothing. None but he could wish more earnestly for those wishes to come true.

They were a large family altogether. Leslie Gordon, the eldest, was in the army; then came Bob; then Alice, a girl of fifteen; then Elsie. After Elsie there had been a dear little golden-haired boy called David, but he died when he was about seven years of age. Consequently, Freddie, the baby of the family, was rather spoilt.

Elsie and Bob were great chums, though there was such a difference in their ages. Bob's ambition was to enter the army, for all the Gordons had been in the army for generations. Poor Bob was rather the black sheep of the family, and his quick temper was always getting him into scrapes. One day Elsie found him despondently picking large holes in the garden lawn. 'What is the matter, Bob?' she asked.

'Get along,' replied Bob sulkily. 'Oh! well, you can stay if you like,' he added more graciously, as Elsie sat down and put her soft little hand into his big one, and said, 'Do tell me, Bob, what is the matter.'

'Father says I am a disgrace to the family, and he has a good mind not to let me try for the army,' growled Bob.

'Oh, Bob! how dreadful! What have you done?'

'Oh, I only borrowed two shillings from a chap the other day, and now I have no money to pay him back; and if there is one thing Father hates, it is being in debt. I asked him to pay me the money in advance. Of course he asked me what I wanted it for, and I told him. I thought if I owned up he might let me have it, but he will not, and there's an end of it

'Oh, Bob! how could you?' exclaimed Elsie; then as a thought struck her she darted away. In about ten minutes she returned with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes. 'Bob! Bob! I have got it! I asked Father to forgive you this once, and so he has, and here is the money!'

'Elsie, you *are* a brick,' cried Bob; and from that moment they were firmer friends than ever.

Bob had determined he would undo those words his father had said about his being a disgrace to the family, for no Gordon had ever borrowed money before; so he had made up his mind that he would pass his examination come what might, and 'win his spurs' like a true soldier. It is not difficult now to guess what one of his and Elsie's wishes were as they stirred the Christmas pudding.

Christmas Day came, and with it presents innumerable for the Gordon family. The Christmas dinner was great fun, and the excitement was at its height when the Christmas pudding came in.

All watched with breathless excitement as the pudding was cut, each hoping to be the fortunate one to find the ring, the threepenny-piece, or the thimble, which were hidden in it. Oh, how earnestly Elsie hoped that Bob would get the threepenny-piece! She thought it would be a kind of sign that he would pass his examination.

Suddenly Bob gave a shout, 'Hurrah! I have got the threepenny-piece! Here it is, Elsie,' he added, holding it up for her to see.

(Concluded at page 410.)

DANGER SIGNALS.

XII.—HOW LIGHTHOUSES ARE MANAGED.

LIKE all great institutions, the lighthouse system has grown slowly. In the days of its babyhood it was very different from what it is now. Then the few lighthouses that were erected belonged to different people, and by these various owners the tolls paid by passing ships were collected. As commerce on the seas increased, the want of regular law in such things was greatly felt, and in 1612 Sir Thomas Spert founded an Association for piloting ships. This ensured the safety of many a vessel approaching or leaving the English shores, because it prevented any man practising the trade of a pilot unless he possessed a certificate signed by Sir Thomas's Association. Little by little the powers of this Association grew till it became what is now known as the Brethren of the Trinity House. A charter was granted by King Henry VIII. giving them the power of erecting beacons and lighthouses, and placing buoys in the rivers and channels. And splendidly have they taken advantage of their rights. Not a dangerous rock escapes their notice; hardly a current which is likely to carry a ship out of its proper course when navigating our channels or rivers, swirls on its way without some floating buoy to mark its whereabouts, some furnished with bells, some with whistles, and some with lights.

In the olden times it was not very difficult to become a keeper, and even as late as 1860 women used to be employed. But now the work is much

harder, and those anxious for such a position must go to school first at one of the yards belonging to the Trinity House. The principal one is at Blackwall, where lightships are repaired and a large lamp-shop is established. Here the apprentice may study all there is to be learned about the machinery of a lighthouse: how to keep the journal and accounts; how to record the state of the weather. And when we remember how often this changes, we can understand that there is a good deal to be said about it. Then the student must learn how to handle tools; how to make little repairs, for even the best-behaved lighthouses get out of repair sometimes. And beyond this he must understand the management of a steam engine.

There are two towers fitted up in the yard for experimenting with, and here the student has a chance of finding out all about the lantern itself: the proper quantity of oil to use; how best to keep the lenses clean. And as nearly every one of these lanterns is different from the others, there is plenty to engage his attention. You see, if the lights did not vary in colour, movement, or strength, the sailor on the dark sea would not be able to distinguish one lighthouse from another.

It is no easy task that the young keeper has before him, and a careful watch is kept upon the progress he makes. When he shows a certain cleverness in any particular branch of work he receives a certificate, and when, by diligence and care, he has won a sufficient number of certificates for the different classes of work, he is allowed to take a place as keeper's assistant, if a vacancy occurs. Here he must work in earnest, for, if the Trinity House officials had their eyes upon him at Blackwall, they watch him still more keenly at the distant shore or lonely rock lighthouse. Who knows when the Inspector's boat may come in sight? Surprise visits are often paid, and if the Trinity flag is not run up on the tower the moment the approaching boat becomes visible, the Inspector has something to talk about when he lands on the rock. It would never do for the keeper to say: 'I didn't see you coming, sir,' because the keeper is there to see everything that takes place on the water, and it would only show that he was not keeping a proper watch. But there is very little risk of such negligence, for the men are only chosen when they have gone through examinations to prove their steadiness and respect for duty. Yet we can understand that those who use the telescope in the daylight, and set the lamp burning in the darkness, keep their watch all the better for being watched in turn.

The comfort of the lighthouse-men is carefully looked after, and the duties are shared by two or three. In the case of a rock lighthouse, there are always three men together at a time, while a fourth is on shore taking a holiday. As soon as his time of rest has expired, he takes the place of one of the three who is entitled to a few days on shore.

When thus separated from the mainland, the lighthouse is always supplied with sufficient food to last some weeks, in case stormy weather should arise. Some years ago a new inspector visited the Longships lighthouse, which stands on a wild and

lonely island off the coast of Cornwall. It was a beautiful day with a calm sea, and the Longships were quite an agreeable aspect.

'How absurd it is,' said the inspector while making his tour of the premises, 'to have such an enormous store of provisions here. Really it is too wasteful, and I cannot think of allowing the continuance of such bad management.'

'It is kept, sir,' said the keeper respectfully, 'to meet emergencies, and—'

'Fudge! fudge!' interrupted the inspector. 'The sea-passage is a quiet one and by no means warrants the precaution. I found no difficulty in making the journey, and when I return this evening I shall take measures to have such nonsense stopped.'

But he did not return in the evening. While he had been talking the wind began to blow, and when he was prepared to take his departure, such a storm was raging that it was impossible to launch the boat. With reluctant steps he turned back to the lighthouse. He would go home next day. But he did not go home next day, nor the next. Week after week went by, and he was still detained. As time went on the stores had to be used sparingly, and as the inspector watched them decrease, it was noticed that he said nothing about the lighthouse being overstocked. Indeed, he was inclined to complain of the shortness of his rations before an opportunity occurred for crossing to the mainland. Then, when at last he made his report to head-quarters, it contained no mention of extravagance at the Longships.

Such stories of isolation in the rock houses are by no means uncommon, but under the present system of good management, no disaster has ever taken place.

No new lighthouse-keeper is ever appointed after he is twenty-eight years of age, and when he has served with honour for a certain number of years, he is allowed to retire on a pension.

JOHN LEA.

SAILOR-FATHER.

MY father is a sailor
Upon the singing sea,
And morning, noon, and even,
I know he thinks of me.

The big waves rolling restless,
The sun that shines above,
The breezes blowing shoreward,
Seem full of father's love.

Oh, father! sailor-father!
Upon the ocean blue:
I look out in the darkness
At night, and think of you.

You'll hear the splashing water,
And see bright stars above:
Much more than words they'll tell you
How little boys can love.

REED MOORHOUSE.

THE GREAT VOYAGERS.

IV.—WITH LANCASTER IN THE EASTERN SEA.

AMONG the crowd of little ships that growled their defiance at the great 'armada,' as it heaved and rolled its clumsy way along the English Channel, was the *Edward Bonaventure*. One of the commanders who, with this little squadron, defeated the Spanish fleet, was James Lancaster. He had recently returned from Portugal, where he had spent all the years of his boyhood, and was now delighted to find himself captain of the *Edward Bonaventure* when there was so much to be done. Right gallantly did he and his ship acquit themselves on that occasion, and when the warlike thunders had died away to give place to national rejoicings and a more settled state of prosperity, Master James Lancaster and the *Edward Bonaventure* came again into prominence.

The English merchants, ever anxious to extend the country's commerce, decided to send an expedition into the East Indies, where the Portuguese found such fertile islands. They had very little difficulty in obtaining men who were eager for the enterprise; so, on April 11th, 1591, three ships sailed out of Plymouth harbour, the *Penelope*, the *Royal Merchant*, and the *Edward Bonaventure*. James Lancaster commanded the last. Little did those who watched them from the English shore imagine how the expedition would end.

Before the equator was reached, misfortune had overtaken them. The wind forsook their sails, and, for a whole month, the three ships lay idle upon the tropic seas. Then there came on board the dread enemy called scurvy, and two of the crew fell before its attack. Provisions were running very short when a small Portuguese vessel came in sight. She was made to surrender her cargo of wine and olives, and then allowed to depart.

Refreshed thus by the spoils of the enemy, the three ships pursued their course. But though they might vanquish a Portuguese trader, their worst enemy still defied them, and when, on August 1st, the anchors were dropped in Table Bay, it was with the hope that the large number of sailors now suffering from scurvy would be benefited by a short rest on shore. A few miles to the south rose the huge mass of Table Mountain, but in those days no great and prosperous town lay under its shadow. Desolation was around them, and, beyond a few seals and penguins, no living thing was seen. A search for natives proved fruitless for some time, and when one was at last discovered, he failed to guide them to a village. Soon after they had released him, however, he returned with a number of his friends, driving forty bullocks and sheep. The adventurers bought what they required and were refreshed. But the sickness still raged, so those who were most afflicted with it were placed on board the *Royal Merchant*, and her sails were trimmed for England.

The *Penelope* and *Edward Bonaventure* pursued their enterprise alone, one hundred and one men on the former, and ninety-seven under James Lancaster on the latter. They sailed round the Cape of Good Hope and steered for the north-east. They were not to be long in company, for on September 4th, when

off Cape Corrientes, in the entrance to Mozambique Channel, a great storm broke upon them, and, when the morning dawned, the *Edward Bonaventure* was alone upon the sea. The *Penelope* had gone down with all hands. No cry had been heard above the roar of the storm, and Lancaster searched for a time in the forlorn hope that the lost sails might be seen again. Then he ran northward through the channel, and, four days later, his ship was struck by such a 'wondrous clap of thunder' (as they called it) that three of the crew were killed, and the mast split. Sailors of those days had not yet learned that it was the silent lightning which did the damage, while the noisy thunder was harmless.

Surviving this and many other dangers of the deep, the *Edward Bonaventure* reached the island of Comora, which was 'exceeding full of people.' Here fresh water was obtained, but thirty of the crew and the only boat were lost. Against the commander's wish the men had gone on shore for a fourth time, and, in sight of those remaining on board, were set upon and murdered by the inhabitants. To render them assistance was, of course, impossible, as they had taken the only boat the ship possessed to row them to land.

(Concluded at page 410.)

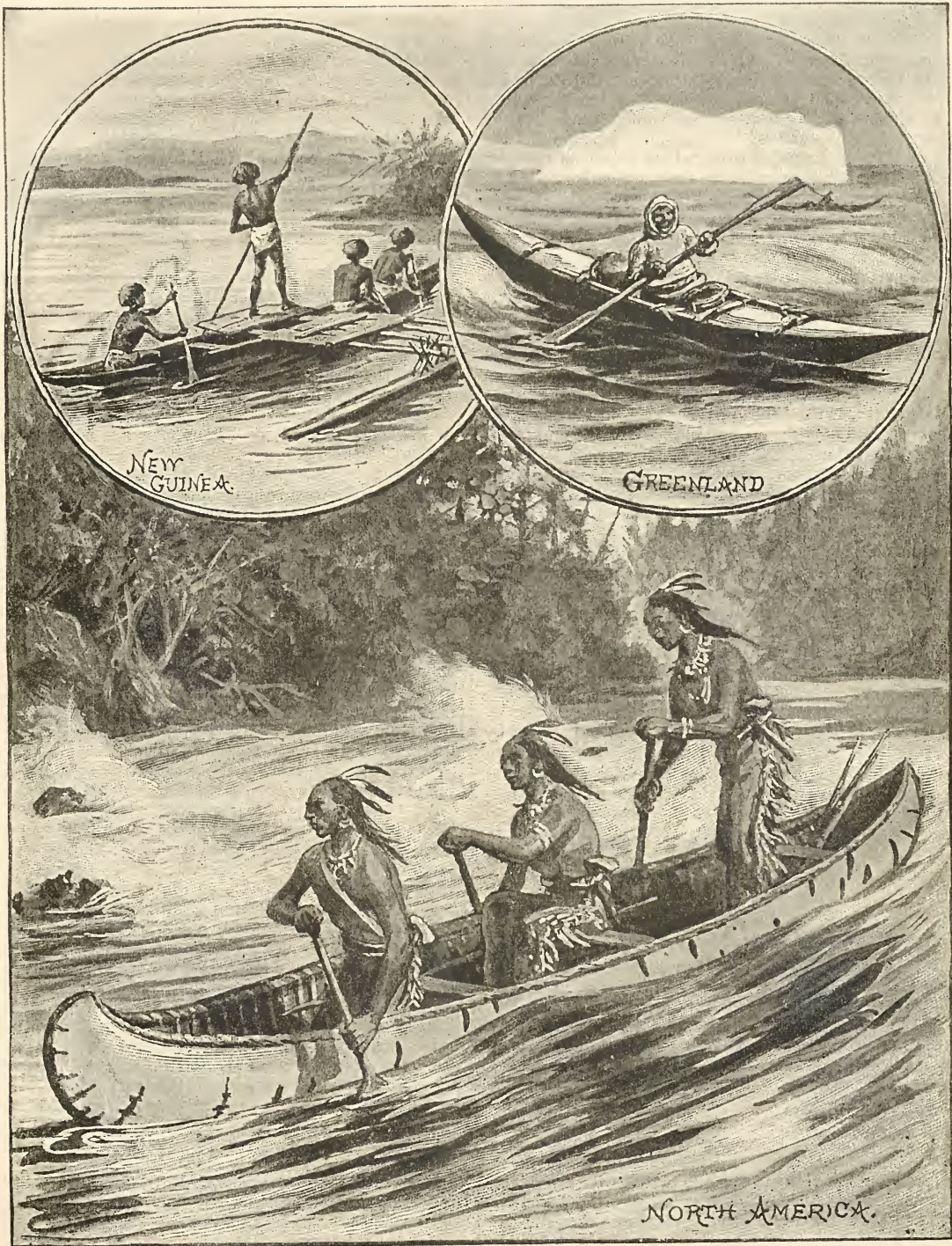
ON MANY WATERS.

XII.—CANOES OF VARIOUS COUNTRIES.

AS might have been expected, the boats in most general use through the uncivilised world are the simplest in form, the kind usually known as Canoes, a word which is derived from the Spanish word *Canoa*. Three kinds are met with, dug-outs or hollowed trunks of trees, frames covered with skins, and boats of bark whether with or without frames. The first were usually scooped out with stone tools or shells, or burned out with fire and sharpened at both ends. These were very common in old British times, and are often found preserved in mud. The people of the Guinea Coast use these easily constructed craft at the present time, made so long and narrow that a great part of the canoe is always under water, and the man who sits behind to steer spends most of his time in the same element. On a coast where creeks and rivers abound in sharks and crocodiles the position of helmsman would be a doubtful privilege. Six or more men often row together, making their boat fly along in smooth weather, but faring badly in heavy seas, for these canoes upset very easily. This, however, troubles the natives very little, as they swim like fishes, and cleverly turn the canoe over above the water, empty it out and settle in again unconcerned, unless indeed one of the sharks or crocodiles has taken this opportunity of securing a dinner.

Some canoes of great size are hollowed out by the Indians of Central America from cotton-trees, and take large loads of sugar and molasses. Some of these carry sail, and in this case the shape of the boat is altered. It is steeped in water until the wood becomes quite pliant; then the sides are extended, and strong beams fixed between them on which a deck is laid. The sails are made of silky grass or rushes.

Next come the canoes made of whalebone frames covered with skins, either of seal or walrus. In



Canoes of various Countries.

them the inhabitants of Greenland and the Eskimo dare the dangers of the Northern deep. The thickness of the whalebone chosen for the purpose is about an inch, and it is used both as a framework, and to keep the sides extended. The boatman sits in the middle. The skin which covers the canoe also lines the whole, so that when Mr. Eskimo has settled himself in and arranged the skirt of his sealskin tunic around the opening, he keeps as dry and as warm as may be. These boats are from ten to twenty feet long by two feet wide, and are shaped like weaver's shuttles, sharp at both ends. The paddle is from six to ten feet long, according to the size of the canoe, and is very light and broad, and flat at both ends. So equipped, the paddler sets off at such a pace that an ordinary boat with ten oars has failed to catch him.

Lastly come the canoes used chiefly by the North American Indians, consisting of light frames of wood covered with birch bark, and wonderfully light and strong. The bark is put on in strips and sewn together with the fibrous roots of fir-trees, the seams being afterwards dabbed over with gum. The canoes are pointed at each end, and in these frail-looking constructions the Indians shoot dangerous rapids, glide in and out between jagged rocks, and paddle against strong currents, seldom meeting with disaster. The Indians of South America also use canoes of birch-bark, and the Australian natives have some made from the bark of the gum-tree; but both of these are always fashioned from a single piece, probably because the makers are not so skilful with the needle as their North American brethren.

The natives of Terra del Fuego and of Magellan's Straits make pretty canoes of a peculiar shape. They take the bark off the largest tree they can find, and bend it into shape so cleverly that it looks very like a Venetian gondola, fixed with ribs and boards. This canoe, from ten to sixteen feet long and two wide, is rowed by men standing, and, when six or eight are pulling together, flies along with great speed.

HELENA HEATH.

THE COMPETITORS.

(Concluded from page 395.)

CHAPTER XV.



PROBABLY the thing which finally turned the scale of the Scholarship marks in Noel's favour was his wonderful innings for the Public Schools Eleven against the Cambridge 'A' team. Going in third wicket down, he carried his bat through the rest of the innings, and was not out with a score of one hundred and thirty-five. His reception at

Upton on his return from the match was a kind of Roman triumph. To his great distress—for he hated this kind of thing—he was escorted from Kingsbridge Road Station, the nearest to Cubberby, by a shouting, cheering mob of admirers. It is needless to add that at the final Marks Committee meeting of the

boys, a few days later, the maximum of marks was given to Noel. Ward's name was scarcely honoured with a dozen this time (alas for schoolboy constancy!) while Pillsbury was hardly mentioned.

The masters, too, met for the momentous decision as to which two of the three 'runners up' should be the actual winners of the first Kingley Scholarships.

At that meeting old Mr. Kingley, the donor, was present. The merits of the three leading boys were most carefully discussed and considered. Masters, in the nature of things, though gifted with experience and preception, cannot know everything about a boy. Three years of careful observation, however, had—perhaps especially during the last term—taught them much as to the three individuals upon whom their attention had been lately fixed. It was decided, with practical unanimity, that Cherston and Ward were the two boys who fulfilled, on the whole, most accurately the ideal set up by the donor as the best all-round schoolboys, though Pillsbury ran them close. Pillsbury had, somehow, insensibly forfeited some of the sympathy of his older as well as of his younger judges during the last term. But for this fact, which no master explained or attempted to explain in words, though all felt it, the final result might have been different. The list, at the end of the meeting, ran as follows: Cherston, Ward, Pillsbury, Elliot, Bates.

When the final result was given out by the Head, such a roar of applause went up from the whole school, that the Head was unable to make his remarks upon the subject heard. When they were audible, they proved very flattering to the winners. Cherston, however, sat with bent head, pale, and obviously ill at ease—unlike Ward, who, flushed and radiant, exchanged handshakes with all about him.

Amid the tumult the donor was seen to approach Cherston with hand outstretched. Noel rose to meet him, and the two conversed in whispers. The donor's eyes sparkled as he returned to the platform; he stood up, evidently about to speak; silence instantly fell.

'I wish to say,' old Mr. Kingley began, 'that Cherston has informed me that the result of this first election to the Kingley Scholarships will fall as a great blow to his companion, Pillsbury, whose widowed mother is unable to afford to send him to the University. Cherston has most generously suggested that one-third of his scholarship should be given to Pillsbury as a special prize. Nothing could possibly have occurred which would have proved to me in so gratifying a manner that the scholarships have been justly and rightly awarded. Though unable to accept Cherston's suggestion, I have great pleasure in announcing that I have decided to award a third prize of one hundred pounds per annum for four years to Pillsbury. There will be prizes of books for the next three boys in order of marks.'

* * * * *

There is little more to be said.

Noel received a visit from Pillsbury during his first term at Cambridge. Pillsbury came, agitated and ashamed, to Noel's rooms.

'Cherston,' he said, 'I have come to thank you with all my heart for what you did for me. But for you—'

'Oh, let us drop all that and come to the truth.'

There is something on your mind, I think, and you have come to tell me, if you have the courage; is it not so?"

Pillsbury grew pale and sat down.

"What do you know, Cherston?" I have often wondered whether I raved that night. Yes, it is true; I would speak if I dared."

"Then be a man and speak out. I may tell you that you *did* rave."

"You know, then, about the stones and my madness? I can't think, Cherston, how I can have done it; I was simply mad, for two terms, at least."

"It was not you who actually moved the stones, was it?"

"No, but that makes little difference. I saw the man doing it, and it struck me that——"

"Yes, I see; I bear you no grudge, and I freely forgive you; perhaps you were mad, as you say. I shall forget the whole matter. As to the scholarship——"

"Cherston, you *are* a good chap; you knew all this and yet spoke up for me."

Cherston smiled grimly. "Yes, and jolly well ashamed of myself I am. It would have been bad enough to let you have a part of my three hundred—three hundred pounds a year is much more than I need; but, as it is, you are simply cheating old Mr. Kingley in taking money from him which, as you and I know, and only we two, you did not deserve on your merits. It's more my fault than yours, and I am going to pay him back."

"I was going to speak about that. I quite feel that my third prize is a swindle. I am going to repay every farthing of it, one day, with interest. It shall be the first charge on my income."

"Good," said Noel, shaking Pillsbury by the hand for the first time. "I am glad to hear you say that, Pillsbury."

During this term, too, Noel received a peculiar letter from young Street, of Upton. Here is the letter:

"DEAR CHERSTON,—I am writing to say it was I that took your money. I never spent it: here it is. I am sending back the other chaps their studs and money that I took, only anonymously, because they are still here. Please don't tell of me. I am going to be honest. I have not had a wink of sound sleep for a year, not many, at least; I have felt such a cad about it. I can't think how I can have done it, really I can't, and I shall never be so wicked again.—Your affectionate
"T. STREET."

Cherston won his 'blue' in his first cricket term. In his third season he played for the Gentlemen of England. Strange to say, his bowling improved to such an extent, that during his last year in England he would have been chosen in any eleven for his prowess with the ball, quite irrespective of his skill with the bat.

For his last year at Cambridge was also Noel's last year in England. It happened that a certain great missionary came to preach to the University men on behalf of foreign missions, and the sermons and lectures of this good man, himself a zealous and unselfish worker, produced an immediate and lasting effect upon Noel's mind.

Noel had intended, if all had gone as he hoped, to go straight to the East End of London upon leaving the University, in order to work with his dear friend, Frank Worthing. But, alas! a year before his final term at Cambridge poor Noel was called upon to suffer a terrible grief and shock. The man he admired and loved more than any other in the world, sickened and died within a week: a violent attack of diphtheria, caught during his visits among the poor, proved too much for a constitution undermined by years of restless activity. Noel felt that without Worthing he would rather leave London on one side and go elsewhere.

To make a long story shorter, he chose China, where his adventures will form, I trust, before long, an interesting tale for those who care to read it.

Pillsbury, once the rival and bitter opponent of Noel, became, while at Cambridge, the most devoted of his friends and admirers. When Noel decided to devote his life to missionary work among the yellow people in China, Pillsbury determined to follow his example. He qualified as a doctor and became a medical missionary; his good work in China is not ended, for he is still there, helping the unfortunate, rendering untold assistance to those whose care is that of the souls of men, as his is of their bodies.

Have any of you read Bates's books? You should, for he is a natural historian of great charm. Of course this is not his real name, however. Ward is an Indian Civilian, popular as ever, and doing well. Rapson is a sailor; he is now Commander Rapson, as dashing an officer as you could find in the British Navy.

Let me just mention one more thing about Cherston. Two years after reaching China, he met Pillsbury at Shanghai, and was glad to hear an important piece of news from him.

"Look here, old chap!" said Pillsbury, showing him two papers which he drew from his pocket. "I told him it was conscience-money, and look what the dear old man wrote in reply."

Old Mr. Kingley's letter ran thus:

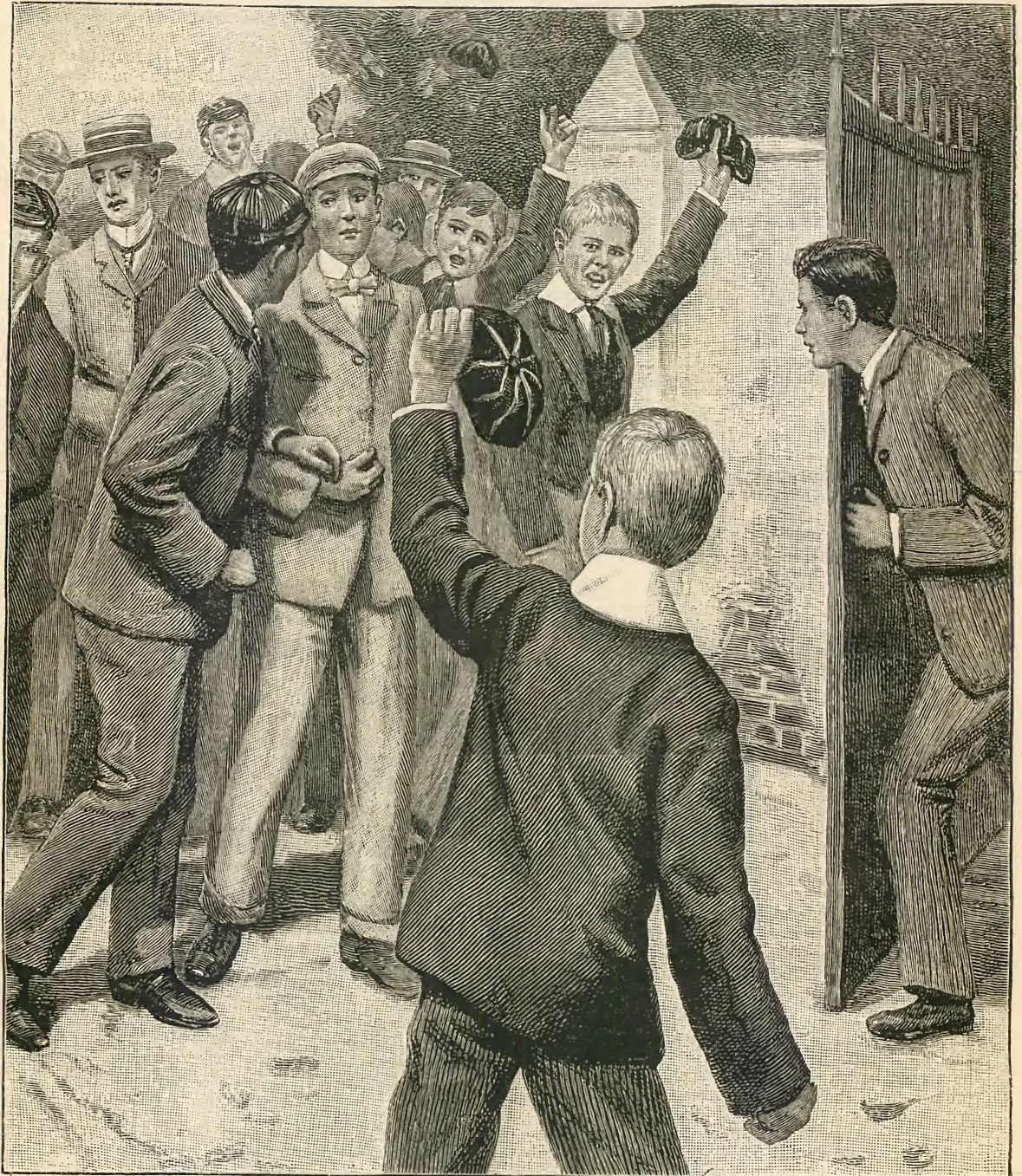
"DEAR PILLSBURY,—I know nothing and desire to know nothing beyond this, that there cannot be much wrong with a man who repays with his first earnings in his profession, a sum of money freely given for good scholarship and good conduct. Allow me to return your cheque for four hundred pounds, together with another for a like amount. Please devote both towards the furtherance of the work you say you are interested in, the building of a small hospital for the natives. I am a rich man and the gift means nothing to me."

"If you should see Cherston, please assure him that I shall at all times be proud to assist him financially, if help be needed, in the noble work to which he has devoted his life.—I remain your sincere friend,

"THEOPHILUS KINGLEY."

"I congratulate you with all my heart, Pillsbury—on both counts—you know what I mean," said Noel gravely; then he added with a laugh, "What a dear old man, indeed! As the schoolboy once remarked, 'I wish he was twins!'"

THE END.



“He was escorted by a cheering mob of admirers.”



"She saw a tall, stalwart figure."

ELSIE'S TWO WISHES.

(Concluded from page 402.)



It was the midsummer holidays, and the Gordons were once more all together. Bob waited in feverish excitement day by day to know the result of his examination. One morning when the post came, there was a long envelope addressed to him. He opened it, then gave a cry of joy, — 'Hurrah! hurrah! Passed! passed!' The envelope contained a list of those who had passed the examination for the army.

'Really, Bob? Oh, how splendid!' cried Elsie. 'It is all through our Christmas-pudding wishes, and now come and tell Father,' she added, dragging Bob along by his coat.

'Bravo, my boy,' exclaimed General Gordon, when he heard of his son's success. 'You are a credit to the family! No one could have worked harder than you have these last few months!'

Bob beamed with pleasure at hearing such praise from his father, who never said a thing unless he meant it.

'I don't believe I should have passed if it had not been for Elsie, for all the time I was up at Sandhurst she wrote every Saturday, encouraging me to stick to it, and I did, though it was hard work sometimes,' said Bob; and he stooped down and kissed his little sister affectionately—a thing he did not often do. There were great rejoicings at the Gordons' that day: Bob was carried round the garden shoulder-high, and the next evening all the friends in the neighbourhood were invited to a grand dinner held in Bob's honour. No one was more excited or bestowed more praise on Bob than Elsie did: she had never felt more proud of her favourite brother in all her life.

* * * * *
Seven years have passed away since we last heard of the Gordons. Bob went out to South Africa and fought under Lord Roberts. He was expected to return with him, but General Gordon received a letter to say he had been transferred to another regiment and would not be home until after Christmas.

When Elsie stirred the Christmas pudding that year, instead of three different wishes, she wished three times for Bob to be home in time for Christmas!

On Christmas Eve all the family were in the drawing-room talking over a party which was to be held the next day, and wishing Bob could have been home in time for it.

'Elsie dear,' said Mrs. Gordon, 'I think I heard the front door blow open again—run and shut it.—Really, my dear,' she continued to her husband, 'we must have that door seen to: it makes the house so cold, always blowing open like that.'

Elsie was crossing the hall to shut the front door when she saw, standing in front of it, a tall, stalwart

figure, brown as a nigger and dressed in a shabby khaki suit.

A moment's hesitation and with a cry of 'Bob, Bob!' she was clasped in her brother's arms. The drawing-room door was flung open and the whole family, who had heard her cry, rushed out, nearly falling over each other in their eagerness to be at Bob's side first.

Oh, the joy of that evening! Elsie could do nothing but sit and gaze at Bob in speechless admiration. How proud she felt of him, her own dear brother! She little dreamt how proud her brother felt of her, for she had grown from a pretty little child to a tall and graceful girl of seventeen. Bob had not known, until after he had sent off his last letter, that he had been ordered home, and would probably arrive there in time for Christmas; so instead of writing to tell his family, he arrived so as to surprise them. The Christmas party went off splendidly, and Bob was the hero of the day.

In the evening Elsie took him aside and said, 'Bob, I knew you would come home, as I wished for you to do so when I had my stir in the plum-pudding.'

'Why, you are getting too old to believe in such things now,' said Bob, laughing.

'Oh, no, I am not!' replied Elsie. 'I shall always have great faith in Christmas-pudding wishes, as the only two that I have really longed to come true have done so. I shall always keep my wishes for Christmas-time in the future,' and Elsie laughed in her turn.

'You see, Elsie, it was not really the wishes after all, or the threepenny-bit, that brought us good fortune; it was my determination, and above all the loving influence of a dear little sister,' said Bob, and he took Elsie's hand, and held it in his own for a moment, and Elsie understood.

WHITE RAIN.

A NEGRO potentate, happening to be in England for the first time during a snowy winter, and never having seen snow before, said, 'No wonder the English have such white skins, since they wash themselves in white rain.'

J. H.

THE GREAT VOYAGERS.

IV.—WITH LANCASTER IN THE EASTERN SEA.

(Concluded from page 404.)

WITH heavy hearts Comora was left behind, and in due course Zanzibar was reached, where a new boat was built. Then the sails were spread once more for the East Indies; but contrary winds and contrary currents drove the ship so near to the entrance to the Red Sea, and seemed so determined to keep it away from its destination, that Lancaster began seriously to think of turning home. So many of his men were ill, and so much time had been lost, that it would have been quite excusable to give the voyage up. But the wind that had teased him so long, now suddenly began to coax him. The sails

filled out, the foam rippled at the bow, and amid flocks of flying-fish and romping dolphins, away they went for Cape Comorin, the most southern point of India, around which they passed, without seeing the mainland, on May Day in 1592. Fearing the monsoon they continued their course for the Nicobar Islands, but owing to a mistake of the ship's master, who had not taken sufficient notice of the southern star, the islands were missed, and soon after the shores of Sumatra appeared on the horizon. Failing to secure a pilot, Lancaster sailed his ship across the mouth of the Straits of Malacca and dropped his anchor off the beautiful island of Pulo Penang (Prince of Wales' Island). The sick and dying were carried on shore, but the welcome nature gave them was not very hearty. Food was hardly to be found at all, though beautiful forests and radiant flowers were all around them. Pulo Penang has changed since then. Though only fifteen miles long and seven broad, it grows for English commerce large quantities of rice, pepper, cloves, nutmegs, cotton, tea, coffee, sugar, and coconuts. But poor James Lancaster, searching for food for his ailing crew, could only find a few shell-fish, and when, at last, he decided to sail to the mainland of the Malay peninsula, fifteen miles away, twenty-six of his companions had died. Only thirty-three men and one boy remained of the hundred who had left England.

Having sailed the narrow channel dividing the island from the mainland, the captain and others went on shore, and after a little search discovered some footmarks which had but recently been made. But the only living things to be seen were flocks of grey sea-fowl, some of which they shot. The next day a canoe with sixteen Malays was seen, but as they were too shy to approach the ship, Lancaster met them on shore and established friendly relations. For a time, at least, the travellers' sufferings were relieved, and fortune still further favoured them when a Portuguese trading ship was attacked. The crew, natives of Pegu, escaped in the night, and left their vessel and all she contained for Captain Lancaster to use as he wished.

For months after this the *Edward Bonaventure* cruised in the Straits of Malacca, and traded with the Nicobar Islands, capturing Portuguese ships now and then (notwithstanding her own crippled condition): and thus the gates were opened, though in such a curious manner, to that great region of commerce since occupied by England.

The object with which Lancaster had left England had now been partially accomplished, and he decided to come home; he did so as follows. While cruising off the coast of Ceylon, it reached his ears that a Portuguese fleet, richly laden with quilts, and other finely wrought productions of the loom, was on its way from Calcutta. He made up his mind to attack the fleet, but, fortunately for the Portuguese, the daring Englishman was overcome by a serious illness, and as he lay helpless in its clutches, his sailors decided that they had had enough of the Eastern Seas. So, hauling up the anchor, they spread the sails to catch all the wind that blew in the direction of England. Having doubled the Cape once more, they stopped for a time at St.

Helena, many having fallen sick again. Scarcely had they recommenced their voyage when the winds fell, and a calm detained them so long that all their provisions were exhausted. It became necessary to alter the course of the ship and sail to Trinidad in the West Indies. Here they eventually received aid from a French ship. Then setting sail for Newfoundland, the *Edward* was beaten back by a storm to the island of Mona, close to Hayti. While lying off this island, the captain, first mate, and all the crew, except five men and a boy, went on shore. During the night a great wind arose, and in the morning, when Lancaster was thinking of going on board again, the ship was nowhere in sight. During the storm the carpenter on board had cut the cable, and, thinking it a good opportunity for ending the voyage, the five men and the boy had turned the prow towards England, where they duly arrived in safety.

Captain Lancaster and his companions, after enduring terrible privations, were at last rescued by two French ships and landed at Rye in Sussex on May 24th, 1594, three years six weeks and two days after they had left Plymouth.

Such was the end of England's first expedition to the East Indies. Out of one hundred and ninety-eight men who sailed round the Cape of Good Hope, only twenty-five lived to return. But this voyage of many sorrows had opened a golden realm for English commerce, and much national prosperity was found in the turbulent wake of the *Edward Bonaventure*.
JOHN LEA.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ANSWERS.

- | | |
|----------------|------------|
| 63.—1. M A S H | 2. R A Z E |
| A N N A | A G E D |
| S N O W | S E E N |
| H A W K | E D N A |
| 3. H E A T | 4. I D O L |
| E A S E | D O M E |
| A S I A | O M E N |
| T E A L | L E N T |

A CLEVER ESCAPE.

DURING the American civil war many private citizens became soldiers for the time being, and many on both sides were taken and imprisoned until the end of the war.

One of these unlucky soldiers had formerly been a tailor, and the commander of the prison barracks where he was confined, being in need of a new uniform, resolved to put his abilities to some use. Accordingly the finest cloth, gold lace, and bright buttons were brought to the prisoner, who worked away cheerfully at his fresh employment.

On the evening the suit was to be delivered, a bright idea occurred to the tailor, and soon he appeared as a spruce young officer who walked past the guards at the prison entrance, secretly rejoicing at the clever plan he had adopted to cheat their vigilance and regain his freedom.

H. B. SCORE.



"A spruce young officer walked past the guards."